LITERARY
SOUVENIR

London
1832

D. M. BEACH'S
BOOKSHOP
52 HIGH ST., SALISBURY

Nearly ready for Publication,

IN SMALL OCTAVO, PRICE ONE GUINEA:

WITH THIRTY HIGHLY-FINISHED LINE ENGRAVINGS,

From the Pencils and Burins of the most distinguished Artists of the Day.

LYRICS OF THE HEART:

THE GLASS OF AGRIPPA;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

The following are the Subjects, either completed or in progress, for this Volume:

EMBELLISHMENTS:

SUBJECTS.	PAINTERS.
1. Portrait of a Lady, (Frontispiece)	*A. E. Chalon, R.A.*
2. The Mirror of Diana	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
3. Ninon	*G. S. Newton, A.R.A.*
4. Naiads by a Fountain	*H. Howard, R.A.*
5. Portrait of a Lady	*Sir T. Lawrence, late P.R.A.*
6. Cupid and Psyche	*W. Etty, R.A.*
7. Composition	*J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*
8. The Garden of Boccaccio	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
9. Iris and her Train	*H. Howard, R.A.*
10. The Favourite Fawn	*Edwin Landseer, R.A.*
11. Morning (Embarkation)	*W. Danby, A.R.A.*
12. The Nine Muses	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
13. The Village Dance	*C. R. Leslie, R.A.*
14. A Florentine Girl	*H. Howard, R.A.*
15. The Dance under the Trees	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
16. Love on the Ocean	*W. Haydon.*
17. The Carrier Pigeon Dispatched	*H. W. Pickersgill R.A.*
18. The Deserted Cottage	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
19. A Seaside Group	*W. Collins, R.A.*
20. The Castle of Palfz on the Rhine	*C. Stanfield.*
21. The Children Blowing Bubbles	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
22. Fetê Champetre	*R. T. Bone.*
23. The Island of Idleness	*W. Danby, R.A.*
24. The Water Party	*G. Cattermole.*
25. Evening (in the manner of Claude)	*G. Barrett.*
26. Morning chasing away the Shades of Night	*H. Howard, R.A.*
27. Children at Play	*T. Stothard, R.A.*
28. The Pleiades	*W. Flaxman.*
29. The Voué au Blanc	*Eugene Deveria.*
30. The Sister of Charity	*A. Deveria.*
31. Catania	*R. P. Bonnington.*
32. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso	*H. Howard, R.A.*
33. Noon	*J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*
34. Fairies	*H. Howard, R.A.*
35. Petus and Arria	*B. West, late P.R.A.*

*** Of the Thirty Plates included in the Work, ten will be Vignettes, and twenty square subjects, about the size of the Forsaken, in the Literary Souvenir for 1826.

A few Copies of the Work will be printed in Post Octavo, with Proofs on India Paper. For these, an early application is necessary, the greater part of them being already subscribed for.

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OR,

CRITICS AND COTERIES.

A Satire.

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AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

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2. Vignette Title	J. P. Davis	Charles Rolls.
3. The Sleeping Child	Alfred Johannot	W. Greatbatch.
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8. Antwerp	D. Cox	Robert Wallis.

The Literary Department is, as usual, composed of Contributions from the most popular Writers for Young People.

London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

ALLEGRA.

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN.

1832.

LONDON :
Manning and Smithson, Printers, 4, London-house-yard, St. Paul's.

TO

SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART.

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF

BRITISH ART,

NO LESS THAN AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY OF
THE PERSONAL ESTEEM OF

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

In dismissing the "Literary Souvenir" from my hands for the eighth time, I beg leave to say, that I have spared no pains to render it in every respect worthy of its predecessors, and of the favour with which they have uniformly been received.

In deprecating the flippant tone in which works of this class are usually reviewed by a certain portion of the periodical press, I have been understood to exhibit an impatience of criticism myself. This was very far from my intention. My remarks were meant to apply in a greater degree to other volumes of the kind than to my own; for I have

but small ground of complaint on this head. I am, however, abundantly convinced of my folly, by the reproof of one of the very persons for whose sakes I incurred so much critical displeasure.

Annual publications are, I suspect, pretty much in the situation of literary ladies, who are often denounced by critics of the ruder sex for the monotony of their materials, and the feebleness of their style; yet the moment they venture upon higher ground, are still more harshly repulsed, for selecting subjects inconsistent with the feminine character. By those who consider it a solecism in taste to publish any thing in an Annual, save mawkish love stories and maudlin rhymes, the introduction into such a work, of a satirical squib, will probably be construed into a "high crime and misdemeanour;" nevertheless, if the general reader be amused and the culprit amended, the leading aim of the author will have been achieved. The only persons who are likely to take offence at my strictures, are those

who, from the indifference they are accustomed to exhibit to the feelings of others, will have but little right to complain.

As one of the charges brought against me last year, was that of a desire to monopolise the property of Annual publications, and one journalist even went so far as to give a formidable list of the volumes which had engaged my attention to the detriment of the "LITERARY SOUVENIR;" I think it as well to mention, that with the exception of the "NEW YEAR'S GIFT," I neither had, nor have an interest, either direct or indirect, in any similar work;—an announcement rendered the more necessary by the fact, that my Publishers have become extensive circulators of books of this description.

Torrington Square,
October 1, 1831.

*** It is particularly requested that copies be retained of all short Communications, whether in prose or verse, which may be transmitted, without solicitation, for the "Literary Souvenir;" as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

*** Mr. Patmore is not the author of the catchpenny novel ascribed to him in a note to "The Conversazione." He is guilty only of having extravagantly praised it.

Page 236, line 1, for *train*, read "twain."

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THE SIGNAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF FRENCH HISTORY."

I had occasion in May last to traverse a considerable portion of the Tyrol; not on foot, however, as such a journey ought to be performed, but in the diligence. Among the finest specimens of the picturesque I saw in the whole country, was the Castle of Salurn.—Some idea may be formed of the *extravagant* situation of this ruin, from a vignette in the Number of Mr. Brockedon's work on the Alps, which relates to the Pass of the Brenner, but only a very faint one. The very preciseness of painting, in fact, which usually gives it the advantage over poetry in description, renders it in this case less faithful to the object. It *materializes* as it were, what seems nothing more than an odd and fantastic *idea*, even when subjected to the scrutiny of the senses. At Salurn, all is dim, and shadowy, and visionary. The scenery is supernatural. It associates itself, in spite of our waking faculties, with dreams and nightly terrors, and the recollections of our haunted youth.

Conceive a vast range of mountains overhanging the valley of the Adige, which seems to have been formed originally of a single rock, broken many ages ago, in some convulsion of nature into fragments. Several of these vast masses appear to pierce the clouds with their jagged pinnacles; others, more hideous, bend over the valley as if laughing at the law of gravitation; while many, subdivided into portions, individually huge but comparatively minute, encumber the mountain side with their unwieldy ruins. One enormous cliff, however, in front of the picture, attracts more particularly the observation of the traveller. It is wholly unconnected with the mountain, with which it seems to vie in height, and is of a form singularly terrific to the imagination. Everywhere, it presents sides that appear to be inaccessible from their steepness, even to the chamois; and next the mountain especially, the gulf between, darkened by eternal shadow, looks like the entrance of hell itself. The top is broken into pinnacles, hung with ivy and lichen; and perched on these pinnacles are the ruins of the Castle of Salurn.

I could learn very little of the history of this remarkable object. Salurn, it seems, was a *ritterbourg*, or knightly castle, of some importance in the middle ages; but the immediate causes of its falling into decay are unknown. Neumaier von Ramszla, an old German traveller, says boldly, that it was impregnable till stormed by spirits; when the family immediately

took to flight. A later visiter, Professor Schubert of Erlingen, assures us in his "Wanderbuchlein," that he himself saw *something*. For my part, I saw nothing but old walls, most romantically situated; and I should have been very well satisfied to have attributed their dilapidation to the change that has taken place in the system of warfare and the habits of the people, had it not been for one of my fellow travellers.

This person was a Bavarian, apparently of the military order, and bore the marks of having been handsome in his youth. He was, however, much disfigured by hard service; and over and above a most ghastly complexion, had a pair of eyes that no one could meet unmoved. What was their particular form or colour, I know not; but perhaps Mr. Coleridge can tell—for I am sure they resembled those of the Ancient Mariner. When I inquired the name and history of the Ritterbourg, he gave me a look which I shall never forget. Nay, he seemed to be on the point of speaking; but glancing suddenly at our companions, he leaned back in his dark corner of the vehicle, where nothing could be seen but the glare of his singular eyes in the gloom.

Several times in the course of the journey to Botzen, where we were to rest for the night, my thoughts recurred involuntarily to Salurn. As we left the magical influence of the place itself, however, I was able to smile at the hold which had been taken of my imagination by the stranger, in connexion with the ruined

castle. It is true, thought I, he is an elderly man, but he cannot be six or seven hundred years old; in spite of his remarkable eyes, he is not the Wandering Jew! He is old enough, however, to know something which may be forgotten by other people, and that may be interesting to a dreamer like myself. I will ask him to supper.

The invitation was given and accepted. We arrived at Botzen on a cold, dark, uncomfortable night. When entering the room appropriated to me, an object I encountered at the door, still more unhinged my feelings. It was the representation, admirably well executed, of a corpse standing erect—naked, ghastly, wounded, and dabbled with blood. From the cross and other peculiarities, I perceived that it was one of those statues of our Saviour which are met with at every turn, both in and out of doors, in this part of the Tyrol. It was the first I had seen, and made my blood run cold with horror. The room was large, carpetless, floored with tile, and without fire. The rain beat against the casements, which rattled in reply. As the wind rushed groaning down the chimney, the flames of the candles wavered, forming *winding-sheets* innumerable on the white tallow. I wished that I had not asked the stranger to supper.

He came. He was a silent, but not an unsociable man. He ate his supper without much speaking; and when the substantials had given place to walnuts and a

bottle of Burgundy, he hemmed several times, and fastening his eyes upon me, awaited the signal which he knew was to be forthcoming.

"Touching this castle of Salurn," said I, "and its history, and antiquities."

"I know nothing of its history and antiquities," said he.

"You surprise me, sir!"

"Why so? I am indeed a sort of antique myself—but I am not the Wandering Jew."

"That is just what I was thinking." The stranger smiled. "I mean," continued I, "that I should not take you to be so very elderly a personage. But the truth is, I imagined from a certain intelligence in your expression as we passed Salurn, that you could tell something about the castle if you would."

"You were right. My story, however, is a modern one; and one that, connected as it is with my family history and reviving recollections, some of pain, and all of interest, I do not choose to recite in a public company. My visit to Salurn was attended, most unexpectedly to me, with circumstances of public moment: and as you appear to be actuated by nothing more than literary curiosity, you are welcome to listen to a page of Tyrolese history." I apologized to the old man for my folly, (discovering at the moment, as the warm hue of life was spread over his complexion by the effects of the wine, that his eyes were not so *very* remark-

able), and requested him to proceed with his narrative which I knew I should find, at least so I said, more interesting than all the ghost stories in the world. The following is, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of what he told me.

My regiment was stationed at Trent, from 1806, when the Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria by the treaty of Presburg, till 1809, the commencement of the present war. This period, of three years, I number among the most remarkable in my life. The early part of it, however, was spent in the lassitude, both of mind and body, which garrison-troops are so liable to fall into when they find themselves suddenly in a place destitute of the unmeaning nothings, which fill up the life of a soldier during peace, under the name of amusement. There were no balls, no dinners, no promenades; the inhabitants were either less civilised in their recreations than we of Bavaria, or even then their fit of sullenness had commenced, before they could point out a pretext for discontent.

We were in fact shunned—sent to Coventry, as the English say; and it is not to be supposed, that we received with any affectation of mildness the tacit insult. Some disorders took place not strictly in consonance with civil etiquette. The inhabitants no longer remained silent; and instead of keeping aloof as here-

tofore, they closed upon us with somewhat too much familiarity: in short a series of mutual aggressions took place, which kept the town in a perpetual ferment.

One day, in the midst of this anarchy, being somewhat heated with wine after dinner, it was proposed by two or three young officers, to present ourselves uninvited at an evening party, which we understood was to be given at a house in the neighbourhood of the town. In a perfectly sober moment I should have thought the frolic too boyish: however, out we sallied, to the number of four, and took the way to the scene of action, laughing boisterously at the idea of a Tyrolese *soirée*. Sending in our cards, we followed upon the heels of the astonished servant, and speedily found ourselves in a room filled with apparently genteel company of both sexes.

The conversation stopped; all eyes were turned upon the intruders; and after a moment's pause, the master of the house bowing politely, asked us to sit down. This was a very unexpected reception. We had come prepared to find informality repelled by rudeness, and after a little badinage with the "country girls," to get back to our quarters sword in hand. We indeed looked a little foolish, and had it not been for the good sense and readiness of one of my comrades—a young Frenchman—we should perhaps have slunk away as suddenly as we had entered. He apologised with great frankness, bewailing the dullness of a garri-

son life, and imploring the ladies to mediate between us and the prejudices of their countrymen; and in a very short time we found ourselves as much at home as if we had come by invitation.

There was one of the ladies to whom I more particularly attached myself. She was very young, but possessed a splendour of beauty which constituted her the star of the evening, and entitled her to the exclusive homage of the senior officers. Dorathen herself did not seem to be displeased with her conquest, but on the contrary paid me every attention that was consistent with delicacy and good breeding; and indeed the whole party by degrees began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of good humour and cordiality, with the exception of one man. This individual, whose name was Rusen, possessed not a line of the German physiognomy, but was evidently a decided Italian, although residing here in the confluence of the blood of the two races. His features were handsome, but his complexion singularly dark, and his eyes of a fierce and sinister expression; which contrasted strongly with the ingenuous blue orbs of Dorathen. The latter was evidently not only his mistress but his affianced bride; and there appeared to exist between them the kind of mysterious confidence which is usually observed among lovers.

By degrees, as my sudden acquaintance with Dorathen seemed to approach towards familiarity, Rusen became first uneasy, then indignant, then cold and dis-

tant. His mistress, who treated his frowns with almost contempt, became alarmed at his desertion, and put in practice a thousand familiar wiles to lure him back to her chair. Was not this like love? And yet I could read something in her eyes that told a different tale. There seemed to be nothing tender in her uneasiness; and once or twice I detected in her stolen glance an expression of fear rather than timidity.

The hour of parting came, and I requested permission to escort Dorathen home, understanding that she resided at some distance on the Botzen road. This was declined on the plea of a similar engagement with Rusen. The latter, however, although within earshot, would not hear. He did not stir from his place; the company had almost all left the house; and Dorathen, at last, with heightening colour, put her arm within mine, and calling her servant, we went out together.

The night was dark, and the way solitary. The servant walked before us with a lantern. Dorathen answered incoherently to my remarks; her thoughts seemed absent and perplexed. At last, suddenly interrupting me—

"Sir," said she, "you are a stranger in this part of the country, and as a Bavarian, the inhabitants imagine that they owe you no good will. For my part, I am at home; and am known both to the townsmen and peasantry; I am under the protection, too, of a trusty servant. Return to your barracks, I entreat you—

return speedily, and not too openly—and forget that I was ever so weak as to accept of a politeness which may cost you but too much!" She was agitated. She pressed my arm as she spoke, and her words came low and muffled, as if she dreaded that some one should overhear her. For my part, I was touched and interested. The intoxication of wine had passed away, and I felt that of love rising upon my heart and my brain. I attributed the fears to inexperience, and the natural timidity of a woman; and continued, in spite of her entreaties, to enjoy my happiness.

On reaching her father's house, all was dark. The family had retired to bed, and she tapped lightly on a window. The window opened; and after whispering for a minute with some one within, a coarse cloak and a peasant's hat were handed to her.

"I entreated you to return," said she, "while yet no disguise would have been necessary. You owe it to me now, were it only for the sake of my own peace of mind, to do me the small favour of throwing this cloak upon your shoulders, and concealing your military cap with this broad-brimmed hat."

"What is it you apprehend?" demanded I, in some surprise—"the Tyrolese and Bavarians are now one nation; we are not in war; the clowns capable of forming opinion, laugh aloud at their late Austrian constitution; and even the peasants will soon get reconciled to a government which demands nothing more than order and submission to lawful authority."

"There is no lawful authority," said the pretty rebel, "either in the sword or the pen—either in battles or treaties."

"In what then, for heaven's sake?"

"In the will of the majority of the nation."

"In the will of the majority of the nation! In the will of an ignorant and ferocious peasantry, who can neither read nor write, and who are equally unacquainted even with the geographical position of Bavaria and Austria!"

"I will not argue with you," said Dorathen, "on a subject on which we never can agree. I demand of you nothing more than a good night's sleep, and that is what you have no right to deprive me of."

"Alas, Dorathen," said I, "it would be in vain for me to make such a demand of you! However, I will not now dispute an authority which I hold to be more lawful than even that of the majority of the nation;" and so saying, I equipped myself in the cumbrous dress she offered.

"Now, tell me," said I, seizing her hand, and bending forward to snatch the salute which I knew the custom of the country authorised on such occasions,—"tell me, Dorathen, are you engaged to the dusky Italian?"

"Yes—no,"—said Dorathen hastily. I closed her lips with mine, thus accepting of the negative.

I began to retrace my steps gaily. She was the most beautiful, and the most interesting piece of

womankind I had ever fallen in with; and in a country like this, she seemed nothing less than an angel descended on purpose to reconcile me to life. My thoughts, however, were soon dragged down to earth by the difficulties of the road. I had no light to guide my steps, and the night appeared to become darker and darker. Trent, however, was in view, or at least its situation was indicated by some straggling lamps in the distance, and I stumbled on without apprehension. Presently I saw something against the dull sky, which resembled the figure of a man; but as it was without the accompanying sound of steps, I was in doubt. The figure vanished; and I became convinced that it was something endowed with the faculty of voluntary motion—for there was not a breath of air had passed through the gloom. A few minutes after, I was startled by a voice close to my ear.

"Is it time?" said some one passing me from behind. "Ay,—time to be in bed," muttered I, catching by the hilt of my sword. The challenger passed on without rejoinder—and I confess I was glad of it, for the voice was that of Rusen. I was somewhat agitated, as you will allow the best soldier may be at the idea of midnight assassination; and determining that it was no longer safe to keep the main road, I struck with as little noise as possible into a bye-path, determining to make a considerable circuit before venturing upon the highway again.

Whether it was owing, however, to my ignorance of the localities, or to my imagination bewildering itself with speculations on the revengeful jealousy of the Italians, and the dexterity of the Tyrolese at the rifle, I knew not; but in a very few minutes I had regained the road. There were some ruins, apparently those of a cottage, by the wayside, and before striking out into the valley again, I determined to make use of the cover they afforded, to take an observation. Accordingly, with my drawn sword under my cloak, for I had no pistols, I crept along the walls, and endeavoured to find some point from which I could view the road both before and behind.

The caution with which I moved was highly necessary; for another step would have brought me into bodily contact with a man who leaned with folded arms against a corner of the ruin. I was surprised that even the little noise I made did not attract his attention, but this was soon effected by the same ill-boding voice which I had heard before.

"Is it time?" said Rusen, passing—for I was sure of the voice.

"Salurn!" exclaimed the man, starting as if from slumber.

"Has he passed yet?"

"No—on my oath; not a mouse could have passed without my observation—far less a Bavarian."

"Let us go farther on then; he cannot be many

minutes longer, and the more distant we are from the town the better."

The confederates moved on; and as soon as the sound of their feet died away in the distance, I stepped from my ambuscade upon the highway, and made as hasty a retreat to quarters as was ever effected by a soldier on foot.

The next day I learned that Rusen was a Veronese of considerable wealth and influence, who had settled in this part of the Tyrol, for the purpose of carrying into effect some extensive manufacturing speculation. He was publicly known to be the accepted lover of Dorathen; although the lady's inclinations were supposed to be biassed more by political considerations than by dreams of matrimonial happiness. She, in fact, as report represented her, was rather an extraordinary character. Although quite a girl when her country was ceded to Bavaria three years before, she had distinguished herself as a member of what was called the French Patriotic Association; and had continued to throw every impediment in the way of the execution of the laws, which female ingenuity could devise. I could hardly conceive that the Dorathen of this romance and my own was the same being. She had seemed to me to be the very beau ideal of gentleness and grace; and she had commenced her acquaintance with one of the *tyrants* by saving his life. It is dangerous for a young man, as I was then, to perplex his mind upon such

subjects. My thoughts dwelt upon the interesting rebel till she became a part of myself; and at our subsequent interviews, I had the happiness to find, or imagine, that I was by no means an object of indifference to her.

At first she made use of all the little arts of a woman to elicit political information, or to convince me of the iniquity of the government of which I was an agent. But by degrees she avoided such subjects; it seemed to me that a feeling of regard for my honour began to mingle with her generous, though mistaken patriotism; she became silent, melancholy, absent; and at last she avoided my company so sedulously, that there was sometimes a week between our meetings. The morose Rusen, in the meantime, whom I sometimes saw, had apparently become more reconciled to my rivalship; and he even attempted, although in vain, to force his acquaintance with me into intimacy. This of course I attributed to political motives; for although at that time we did not dream of actual insurrection, we were aware of the existence of a party hostile to Bavarian interests.

I was ordered to Botzen with a small escort party for the protection of some specie, which was to be transmitted by the way of that town to the capital. It was long since I had seen Dorathen; and certain rumours of her approaching marriage, although I could not believe them to be true, gave me much uneasiness. Her late conduct indeed had appeared cold and capricious; and

the length of time that had elapsed since our last meeting was in part the effect of a fit of love-like sullenness into which I had fallen. I resolved however, on the present occasion, since business would lead me past the door of her house, to condescend to enter, and afford her an opportunity for explanation.

In the first place, however—and I am ashamed to confess it—I was guilty of the boyishness of riding past the windows with my party, in the expectation of being called in. The manœuvre either being unobserved or misunderstood, I was fain to order my lieutenant to proceed to Lavis, and there wait for me; and turning my horse, I went leisurely back. Dismounting a little way from the house, I entered a footpath which conducted to the parlour door; and finding the door open, and no servant at hand, I was just on the point of entering when arrested by the voice of Rusen.

"To-morrow night then," said he, addressing some one in the room, "in the Castle of Salurn."

"Agreed. But hark!"—

The voice which answered was Dorathen's. I know not what idea passed through my mind at the moment; but in a few seconds I found myself again on horseback, and riding like a madman after my party.

We were far on our way to Botzen before I recovered my faculties sufficiently to reason calmly on what I had heard. The purposes of conspiracy, even did one exist, could scarcely be supposed to require the

meeting of a young female with one of the other sex in a situation so wild and so remote as the Castle of Salurn. In the Tyrol there is plenty of waste ground, in the neighbourhood even of the most thickly inhabited places, for any reasonable secresy; and indeed at the very moment when I heard the rendezvous appointed, the parties were, or imagined themselves to be, in the most entire solitude. A meeting of mere love or gallantry, in a place that the owls themselves must have been afraid to inhabit, was out of the question. At times I endeavoured to persuade myself that what I had heard was some nightmare creation of my own jealous brain; but at all events I determined, in conclusion, in case any actual appointment had been made, to be of the party.

On our return from Botzen on the following evening, I halted my party in the village of Salurn, and ordering some refreshment for them and our horses, walked out alone on pretence of inquiring into the destinies of the weather. It was now dark; and as I entered the wilderness of rocks on the side of the mountain, I found that their shadow brought on a premature night, which rendered it difficult for me to distinguish the path. The ruined fortress, however, was full in sight, towering far above my head; and it was bright with the rays of the sun, that were altogether lost to the lower world. I had never seen this magnificent object so near, or in

a light so well calculated to assist its effect; and I lost some time in contemplating the remarkable scene.

I was startled from my reverie by the appearance of a little girl emerging from one of the innumerable creeks among the rocks, and running across my path. As she passed, she threw a small piece of paper towards me from a handful she carried, and immediately vanished on the opposite side. On eagerly picking up the document, which, in the absorbing selfishness of love, I imagined to contain a solution of the enigma that perplexed me, I found written on it, in the patois of the country, *S'ist zeit*, "It is time:" was this the answer to the challenge of Rusen—"*Is it time?*" The affinity between the expressions struck me with a kind of panic, and I endeavoured, in startled haste, to recall to my remembrance what had been the appearance of the people as I passed through the country.

I recollected that I had observed, in the course of the day, various knots of peasants gazing into the waters of the Eisak; and that once, when a sudden shouting arose from one of the groups, it seemed to have been caused by the appearance of a quantity of sawdust floating down the torrent. The people, however, had dispersed to their homes as usual, when the evening set in; and on leaving the village a quarter of an hour before, no sign of tumult had been visible, and, indeed, no appearance of the inhabitants at all, except about half a dozen conversing behind one of the

houses. These last were gazing earnestly towards the Castle of Salurn; and at this moment it struck me, but not at the time, as being strange that their attention should have been attracted so forcibly by so familiar an object. They appeared to be gloomy and discontented; and I heard one of them say, in the constantly recurring form of expression—"It is *not* time."

These things, even when put together, were too slight to amount to much; for even the words of the written note, and its mode of delivery, might have referred to some festival of the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, an indefinite feeling of alarm began to rise in my breast, and I debated for some moments whether I should not return at once to my party. Love triumphed however, assisted perhaps by curiosity; and I determined, since the way was now so short, to climb the castle rock before returning to the village.

The way was not so short as I imagined. Rock after rock was passed—sometimes scaled, and sometimes coasted round—and still the castle appeared to be as distant as ever. By degrees, the portion of its walls that was illumined by the sun grew less and less, and at last, as the light faded altogether, I could only recognise it by its outlines, faintly traced against the dull sky. Plunging on in desperation, I at length reached the base of the enormous cliff on which the castle is built, when there was only light enough to

distinguish that I had thus far succeeded in my undertaking.

The grand difficulty now was to find the path, or stair, which led to the building above; and the search for this object led me nearly all round the rock, and wasted so much time, that it became almost pitch dark. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at this period. Independently of the struggle between public duty and private interests, there strangely mingled with my knowledge of the reality of the rendezvous between Dorathen and her suitor, an idea that the whole was nothing more than a dream and a delusion. As the night wind that had now arisen began to sigh among the cliffs, it seemed to me to convey a sound resembling marching; and when raising my head, I half expected to see between me and the dim sky, some grinning faces looking down in derision. In the midst of these absurd fancies, engendered by the strangeness of my situation, and the loneliness and wildness of the place, I heard, with a distinctness that at once recalled my wandering senses, a human voice.

It was the voice of Rusen, and so near, that I instinctively curved my fingers to return his grapple. The next moment, however, I remembered, that he must be wholly unconscious of my presence, while I, on the contrary, might have expected him; and, coasting cautiously round a jutting point of the cliff, I endeavoured

to steal unheard towards the sound. A gleam of light presently fell, although only for an instant, upon one of the rocks before me; and I conjectured that he was provided with a dark lantern. It had revealed enough of the locality to enable me to gain, without noise, a spot from which I could see the bearer.

Rusen was not alone. Two female figures stood near him; in one of which—notwithstanding that the only light was a reflection from the rock, of the flame of the dark lantern—I recognised Dorathen. The whole three preserved a profound silence for more than a minute; during while, they might have seemed to be a group of statuary.

"Hear me!" cried Rusen, at length, in a stern and almost fierce voice, "let us understand one another. I am no Tyrolese; I have no interest, real or sentimental, in setting this unhappy country in a blaze; but on the contrary, such peaceable schemes as mine can only flourish where public tranquillity is maintained under the safeguard of the laws. I well know the reason why your Association pitches upon me for this service. It is necessary for your success that I should be pledged beyond recall—that the weight of money, influence, and mercantile credit and solidity should be thrown into the scale. Be it so—I consent. But, if I this night set in jeopardy my character—my fortune—my life—it is for your sake Dorathen, in your cause and no other; and it is to you I shall

look for my reward! Say but the word, not equivocally as you have hitherto done, for I will not be trifled with *here*, but openly, distinctly—say that tomorrow you will be my wife; and that instant I shall scale the rock and do—what is to be done."

It was some moments before Dorathen replied; but when she did so, her voice was so low and tremulous, that I could not catch a single word.

"She consents!" cried her female companion: "away if you be a man!"

"I did not hear her," remarked Rusen, sulkily and suspiciously.

"I tell you she has consented—I am your witness." A stir took place among the speakers, but as the flame of the lamp suddenly disappeared, I could not see of what nature. My feelings were by this time excited to a pitch of frenzy. Every thing that had seemed strange in the conduct of Dorathen was now accounted for. Her love—her hopes—her happiness—all were to be offered up with a blind but beautiful piety on the altar of her country. This was the high-place of the terrible superstition—this the moment of sacrifice! I rushed round the point of the cliff, hardly thinking of caution, and only anxious to interpose, I knew not in what way, between her and her fate. Her name was just about to escape my lips, as I groped for her in vain, when I felt my hand seized by some one in the dark. It was Dorathen herself!

"Forgive me!" said she, speaking quickly but distinctly, "in such moments it is only your sex that can be calm and resolute. I do not hesitate! At a time like this, love and hate are alike to me. The first man who reaches the Castle of Salurn is Dorathen's husband! Away!" I looked up involuntarily, and saw the lantern gleaming like a star far above our head.

"Agreed!" said I in a whisper; and pressing her hand, I sprang upon the stair. The steps were steep and rugged, being roughly hewn out of the rock; but, like a man walking in his sleep, I seemed to hit by instinct the proper place for my feet, and ascended with rapidity and safety. I neared the light, and my strength seemed doubled by the common tiger-feeling of our nature when within spring of a deadly foe. The path, however, became more difficult; all trace of hewn steps disappeared, and I imagined that I must have wandered in my excitation, from the track. The light, however, seemed to be stationary, not many feet above my head; and, although a considerable distance from the surface of the earth, as I knew that it could not have reached the earth wall, I conjectured that the steps in this place had really disappeared, through the efforts of time and war, and that the climber was obliged to make one of the projecting points of the rock assist him in his ascent.

This I thought was rather fortunate than otherwise; for if the stair had been the only means of access,

the struggle—for I knew that a struggle must come, would take place on the bare side of the steep. Endeavouring therefore to get round my enemy, and reach the brink before him, I pursued my way more slowly and more cautiously than before. When I approached near enough to the light to see the dim figure of the Italian, and gain some idea of the localities around him, I found that he was standing on a tabular piece of rock, which seemed to have been one of the landing-places of the ancient stairs. He was occupied in scraping out with his knife a hole in the side of the cliff that was choked up with sand and moss. This apparently was a place for the foot; for a very short distance above, the stair recommenced with greater regularity than ever, and ascended till it was lost in the darkness.

The tabular rock proved to be indeed a landing-place, and the only point at which further passage could be effected. The cliff was properly smoothed all round it in a manner that, before the invention of gunpowder changed the art of war, must have made the place defencible by a single man against a thousand. The operations of Rusen were just completed, and he was in the act of raising his foot to the hole, from which a slight effort would lift him to the stair above. I felt that I grew pale. The next instant I sprang upon the rock, and caught him by the throat.

"Jesus Maria!" cried he, returning the grapple, "Is it time?"

"Yes, it is time!" said I; and as the light of the lantern revealed my features to him, I could see a gleam of mingled joy and terror light up his swarthy countenance.

"I arrest you as a traitor," said I, "in the name of the Bavarian government! Do you yield?"

"Yes! take your prize!" replied he, with a grin of mockery and a gripe like that of death.

"I arrest you as an intended assassin! Do you yield?" "No!" "Down then—first to earth, and then to hell! Die, dog, in your guilt!"—and with a painful effort, I bent him down over the abyss, and at the same instant caught by the rock with one hand, to save myself from perishing with my victim. He yielded to the force which perhaps he could not at any time have withstood; and I thought for an instant that I held him suspended over the gulf, into which I could spurn him with my foot. In a moment, however, the wily serpent twined his arms round my legs, and dragged me down with him, upon the edge of the cliff. No situation could be more helpless than mine. Victory indeed was easy, but only in union with death; and it appeared, from the frantic efforts of my enemy, that he himself was content to die, so that we died together.

I was deceived. The next moment he loosed his hold of my legs, and threw himself on the rock, only clinging by the hands to the edge, till he had secured a footing below. This was instantaneously effected;

and with what seemed to me the same motion, he caught me by the foot, and dragged me over the precipice. I clasped him in my arms, as I fell, and tore him from the rock. A yell of rage and terror burst from his lips. The providence of God interfered miraculously between me and what seemed inevitable destruction; for my strongly embroidered military jacket was caught in a point of the cliff, and I hung for some time helpless—*and alone.*

When I descended to the surface of the earth, I found the two females hanging in distraction over the mangled body of Rusen, to the breast of which the lantern was still fastened and uninjured.

"Dorathen!" said I.

"You here! merciful God, is this a dream?"

"Yes—it is a dream which we must all forget.—Away! *You,* at least, should have nothing to do with guilt and death."

She did not reply, but stooped down, and unfastened the lantern from the dead body.

"Unhand me!" said she, in feverish agitation, "I have a sacred duty to perform.—Since Rusen failed, I will myself undertake the adventure!"

"This is madness! You are not in a condition to act, or even to think at present; and I must charge myself with your safety. Come, let us leave this accursed spot, and speedily,—for I, too, have a duty to perform."

"What?" said she, with sudden animation, "to disclose the conspiracy of women, and send the Dorathen whom you affected to love to the scaffold?"

"No, by heaven! not a word—not a look—"

"But there are other witnesses! The castle above contains a—a—paper, which I must burn to ashes, before I can sleep again in this world."

"I myself will do it. Give me the light."

"You! Oh, no—no—no!"

"Time presses—give me the light, Dorathen, I entreat—I insist!" She wrung her hands, and wept.

"Do you fear that I shall read the document, and betray your accomplices?"

"Yes, I fear it!" said she quickly.

"Shall I swear?"

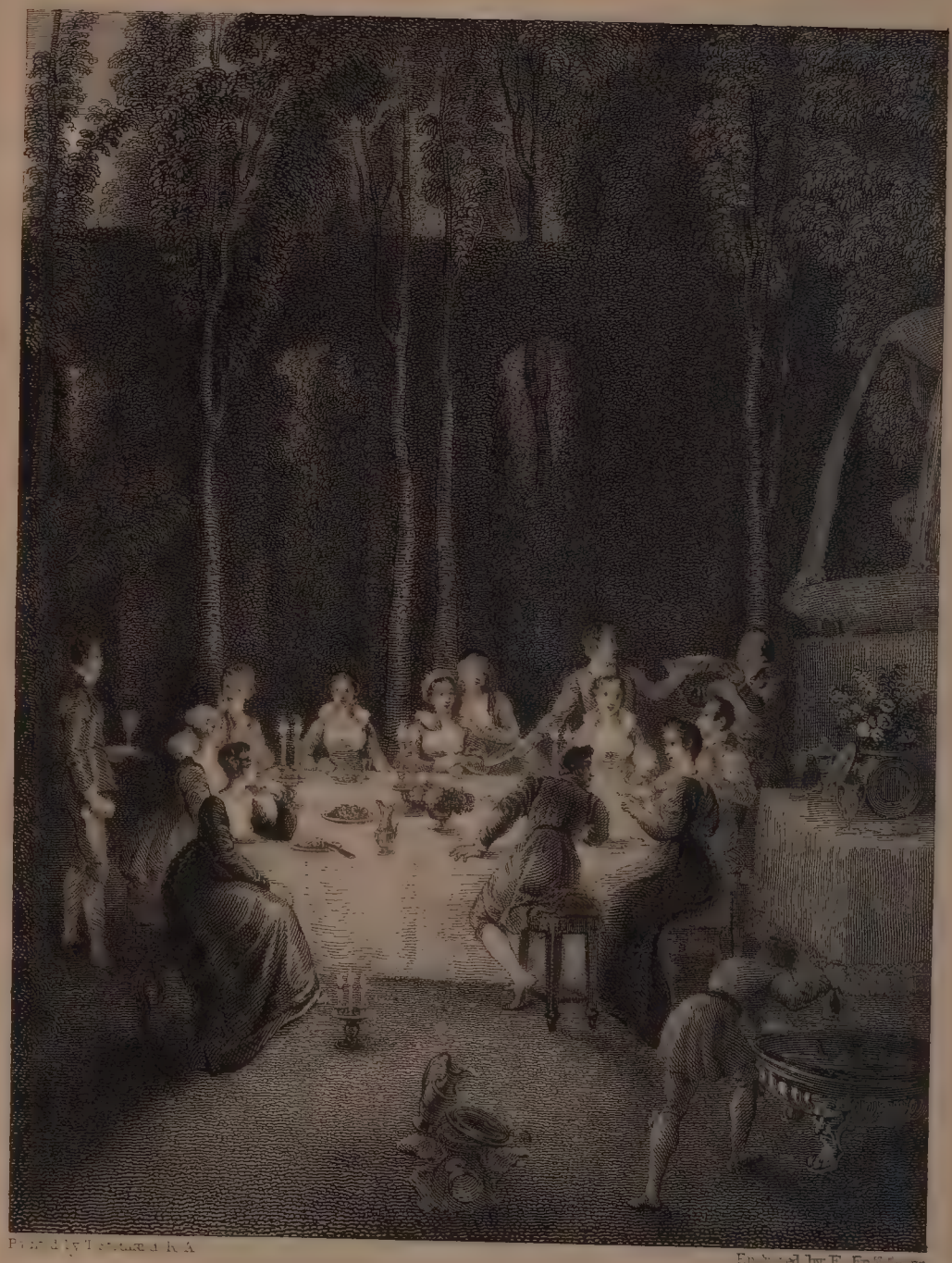
"No!—promise on your faith—on your honour—on your love! The document lies upon a small box, on a table near the window of the tower. Promise, that without reading its address, without touching it even with your finger, you will set fire to it with this lantern, and see both box and paper consumed to ashes. Do you promise?"

"I do, so help me heaven!" I seized the lantern, and sprang for the second time upon the stair. I reached the giddy height of the castle without accident, and ascended the crumbling stair-case of the tower. In the highest apartment, I saw the fatal packet, as described by Dorathen, and looking beyond it to the

window, that I might not read the address, I fixed my eyes upon the dark valley below me, surrounded by its darker mountains.

I could not readily touch the packet with the flame of the lamp without looking, and turned my eyes for a moment upon the table. The packet had *no address.* A nervous tremor seized me at this instant, I knew not why; but the paper had already ignited. It blazed like gunpowder; and the fire communicating to the box, a column of steady flame rose up. I overthrew the table, in a transport of rage and terror, and trampled the fatal apparatus to pieces. But it was too late. The SIGNAL had been given! From every rock —from every mountain top, answering lights glared forth, like spectres in the night; the roll of the drum —and the shrill call of the bugle—and the thunder of artillery, entered through the valleys. That night the Southern Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

I descended the rock, I know not how. I broke from the arms of Dorathen, and rushed like a madman towards the village. I arrived in time to see my brave fellows cut in pieces by the infuriated peasantry. Every where the cry resounded—*S'ist zeit—S'ist zeit!* It is time! It is time! I remember no more:—when I awoke from a raging fever, the Tyrol was again in the arms of its beloved Austria. Dorathen was my nurse. Soon afterwards Dorathen was my wife!



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THE SUPPER BY THE FOUNTAIN.

Published by J. Sharpe, [illegible] Bond & Grace Nov. 1824

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN LADY MYRTLE'S BOCCACCIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

I.

In these gay pages there is food
For every mind, and every mood,
  Fair Lady, if you dare to spell them:
Now merriment, now grief prevails;
But yet the best of all the tales
  Is of the young group met to tell them.

II.

Oh, was it not a pleasant thought,
To set the pestilence at nought,
  Chatting among sweet streams and flowers;
Of jealous husbands, fickle wives,
Of all the tricks which love contrives,
  To see through veils, and talk through towers?

III.

Lady, they say the fearful guest,
Onward, still onward, to the west,
  Poised on his sulphurous wings, advances;
Who, on the frozen river's banks,
Has thinned the Russian despot's ranks,
  And marred the might of Warsaw's lances.

IV.

Another year—a brief, brief year!
And lo, the fell destroyer here,
  He comes with all his gloomy terrors;
Then guilt will read the properest books,
And folly wear the soberest looks,
  And virtue shudder at her errors.

V.

And there 'll be sermons in the street;
And every friend and foe we meet
  Will wear the dismal garb of sorrow;
And quacks will send their lies about,
And weary Halford will find out,
  He must have four new bays to-morrow.

VI.

But you shall fly from these dark signs,
As did those happy Florentines,
  Ere from your cheek one rose is faded;

And hide your youth and loveliness
In some bright garden's green recess,
  By walls fenced round, by huge trees shaded:

VII.

There brooks shall dance in light along,
And birds shall trill their constant song
  Of pleasure, from their leafy dwelling;
You shall have music, novels, toys;
But still the chiefest of your joys
  Must be, fair Lady, story telling.

VIII.

Be cautious how you choose your men:
Do n't look for people of the pen,
  Scholars who read, or write the papers;
Do n't think of wits, who talk to dine,
Who drink their patron's newest wine,
  And cure their patron's newest vapours.

IX.

Avoid all youths who toil for praise
By quoting Liston's last new phrase;
  Or sigh to leave high fame behind them;
For swallowing swords, or dancing jigs,
Or imitating ducks and pigs;
  Take men of sense,—if you can find them.

X.

Live, laugh, tell stories; ere they 're told,
New themes succeed upon the old;
  New follies come, new faults, new fashions;
An hour, a minute, will supply
To thought, a folio history
  Of blighted hopes, and thwarted passions.

XI.

King Death, when he has snatched away
Drunkards from brandy, Dukes from play,
  And Common-councilmen from turtle;
Shall break his dart in Grosvenor Square,
And mutter in his fierce despair,
  " Why, what 's become of Lady Myrtle?"

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I.

Brawling Streamlet!—hasting on
  Through the wild untrodden wood,
Where a voice of mortal tone,
Of thy path—thou lovely one,
  Rarely breaks the solitude!
From the founts that gem the side
  Of the wild bird's mountain home,—
With thine unpolluted tide,
  Wherefore dost thou roam?
Pure thou art, and free from stain—
Ne'er to be so pure again!

II.

Not from forth the sordid clay,
  Grovelling mid the haunts of men,
Rose thy sparkling waves to-day;
But where Heaven's own breezes play,
  O'er the far-off, trackless glen.

There—beneath the eye of God—
As those breezes, lone and free—
Sprang they from the emerald sea,
In nature's purity.
Too glorious scene—too lofty birth—
For what must bear the taint of earth.

III.

Wildly bright, the dashing foam
On thy banks is driven back;—
'T is thy parting message home;
Well it may—thy steps shall roam
Henceforth in a wilder track.
For thy native music sweet,
Of the mountain bird and bee,
Sounds thine onward course shall meet,
Of human misery!
Few but such are ever found,
In the world where thou art bound.

IV.

For the flowers that kiss thy tide,
With their sweet enamelled bells,
And insect troops that o'er thee glide,
Mortal forms shall crowd thy side,
From the haunts where sorrow dwells.

For the cool-descending rain,
  Pure distilled from the skies,
Bitter drops thy wave shall stain,
  Shed by human eyes!
And many a darksome scene be past,
Ere with the main thou blend'st at last.

V.

Human care and pain are rife,
  Where thy devious track must be;
Burning passion, guilt and strife,
All the ills that darken life,
  Are struggling there for mastery!
Reckless and unsullied Stream,
  Bounding on thy gladsome way,
Oh! how little dost thou dream,
  Where thou yet must stray!—
Yet could I weep to think on thee,—
On what thou *art*, and what *shalt be!*

VI.

All unmeet art thou to go—
  Thou—the mountain's purest child!
To a world like ours below;
There, mid passion—war—and woe,
  How soon to be defiled!

Yet 't is thine appointed race:
While I gaze—thou 'rt flashing on;
Wave on wave, that leave no trace
That they have come, or gone.—
And wheresoe'er thy path may fall,
The engulphing sea shall swallow all.

VII.

Dreamer by the brooklet's side!
Tells it not a tale to thee?—
In the ever-changing tide,
Hath not thy musing gaze descried
A type of mortal destiny?
In the far and lofty source,
Whence the fated Stream arose;
In, alas!—its onward course,
Onward to its close!
Buried in the rolling sea
Of fathomless Eternity!

THE REVIEW OF THE VICTIMS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

It was the dead midnight;
No star was in the sky;
The struggling moon shed a troubled light,
As she won her way on high;

II.

And deepest silence hung,
Like a garment, o'er the land;
When a loud, and shrill reveillé rung
From a grisly drummer's hand!

III.

It rolled through the startled space—
That wild, unearthly sound;
Till the martyred dead of a doomed race
Uprose, and crowded round.

IV.

From the sleeping city near;—
From the warm and genial South;—
From the sands of Egypt's deserts drear;
From the Danube's stormy mouth;—

V.

From the ice-realms of the North;—
From devoted Moscow's plain;—
Trooped the might of armed thousands forth
To that stirring call again!

VI.

From the depths of Indian seas;—
From the Tyrol's hills of blue;—
From the base of the snowy Pyrenees;—
From the "deadly Waterloo:"—

VII.

For many a far-off land,
And many a wandering wave,
Had heard that stern and loud command,
And had yielded up its brave!

VIII.

The trumpet's peal is blown;
Those scattered hosts combine;
And the soldier-slaves of the iron crown
Arise and make their sign!

IX.

On shadowy chargers mounted,
With swords uplifted high,
From battle-fields uncounted,
The' Imperial Guards draw nigh ! *

X.

A legion old and hoary,
With cheeks all ghastly white ;
With bosoms gashed and gory,
But eagles golden bright ;

XI.

They raise their pallid brows
In the wan moon's sickly glare ;
But vain the once loved sight to rouse
Their leader's deep despair !

XII.

With folded arms he stands,
As they pass him in review ;
And sadly he looks on those gallant bands,
As he thinks on Waterloo !

* The idea of the Spectre Drummer, is borrowed from a French Poem by Messrs. Barthelmy and Mery. This and the four succeeding stanzas are little more than a paraphrase.

XIII.

Still the drummer by his side,
Plies his bleached and fleshless arm;
Till surging on like the ocean tide,
Those grisly phantoms swarm.

XIV.

They shout no *vivas* now
For the chieftain once so dear;
But curses deep, though murmured low,
Alone salute his ear.

XV.

They clench their bony hands,
As they wheel beneath his sight;
Where with folded arms, absorbed, he stands
On Montmartre's frowning height.

XVI.

Ha! whence that phantom throng,
That file before him now;
And drag their maimed limbs along
So painfully and slow!

XVII.

From Jaffa's burning plain,
That shadowy host hath wended;
In cool and savage triumph slain,
When the battle strife was ended!

XVIII.

He shuts his conscious eyes
Their shrinking sense to save;
But a darker scene within them lies—
'T is the gallant D'Enghein's grave!

XIX.

The torches glare around,
Where the dauntless Bourbon kneels;
In the castle fosse, on the damp chill ground,
As the murderous volley peals!

XX.

And the muffled drum tolls out
The youthful hero's knell:—
The chieftain starts—'t is the battle-shout,
And the roll of the deep *reveil!*

XXI.

Myriads before him spread,
Their standards rear on high;
But the flags are white as the charnelled dead,
For the grave hath the victory!

XXII.

He strains his glance to look
Beyond that grisly train;
What doth he see but a barren rock,
A vulture, and a chain!

XXIII.

The drum hath ceased to roll,
That despot's dreams are o'er;
And the conflicts of his stormy soul,
Are stilled for evermore!

XXIV.

His empires all are gone;
His trappings, once so proud;—
A rock-bound grave is his only throne;
His kingly robe a shroud!

XXV.

And he, whose dread commands
To millions once were doom,
Hath claimed, at length, from alien hands,
A lone, unhonoured tomb!

THE CHOICE.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

If she seem not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Wither.

I.

Tell me not that she is fair,
Queen-like in her mien and air;
Graceful, as the silver swan
Como's sun-lit waves upon;
If, when merit meet her eye,
She can coldly pass it by;—
Modest worth neglect to raise
With the fostering breath of praise;—
Juno-like although she be,
She no Goddess is to me!

II.

Tell me not that beauty lies
In her laughter-loving eyes,
If those eyes, however bright,
Deign a gentle heart to blight;—

If, to prove her beauty's power,
She can trifle for an hour;—
Call up warmest hopes, and then
Freeze them to their fount again;—
Fair as young Euphrosyne,
She no Goddess is to me!

III.

Though the lore of ancient days,—
Though the Bard's sublimest lays,—
Though the learning of the College,
Be to her familiar knowledge;—
If she cannot stoop to find
Wisdom in a simple mind;—
Be content to vail her power,
In her most triumphant hour;
Pallas' self although she be,
She no Goddess is to me!

IV.

Though to her creative hand
Painting hath resigned her wand;—
Though with Sappho's magic art,
She can chain the willing heart;—
Though the charms of all the Graces,
(With their more than mortal faces),—

Though the gifts of all the Nine
In her single self combine;—
She no Goddess is to me,
Wanting human sympathy!

V.

If, when self-conceit be near,
She repress the rising sneer;—
If when wit be flashing round,
She forbear the meek to wound;—
If, subdued by lore Divine,
She o'ercome the wish to shine;—
If Wit, Learning, Pride, or Beauty
Bow before the shrine of Duty;
She, whate'er her form may be,
More than Goddess is to me!

THE BRIDAL OF BELMONT.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

WHERE foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a ruin wan and gray,
O'erlooks the corn-field and the vine,
Majestic in its dark decay.
Among their dim clouds, long ago,
They mocked the battles that raged below,
And greeted the guests, in arms that came,
With hissing arrow, and scalding flame:
But there is not one, of the homes of pride
That frown on the breast of the peaceful tide,
Whose leafy walls more proudly tower,
Than these, the walls of Belmont Tower.

Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a fierce and fiery lord
Did carve the meat, and pour the wine,
For all that revelled at his board.
Father and son, they were all alike,
Firm to endure, and fast to strike;

OBERWESEL, ON THE RHINE.

Little they loved, but a Frau, or a feast,
Nothing they feared, but a prayer, or a priest:
But there was not one in all the land
More trusty of heart, or more stout of hand,
More valiant in field, or more courteous in bower,
Than Otto, the Lord of Belmont Tower.

Are you rich, single, and "your Grace?"
I pity your unhappy case.
Before you leave your travelling carriage,
The women have arranged your marriage;
Where'er your weary wit may lead you,
They pet you, praise you, fret you, feed you;
Consult your taste in wreaths and laces,
And make you make their books at Races.
Your little pony, Tam o' Shanter,
Is found to have the sweetest canter;
Your curricle is quite reviving,
And Jane 's so bold when you are driving.
Some recollect your father's habits,
And know the warren, and the rabbits!
The place is really princely,—only
They 're sure you 'll find it vastly lonely.
You go to Cheltenham for the waters,
And meet the Countess and her daughters:
You take a cottage at Geneva,—
Lo! Lady Anne, and Lady Eva.

In horror of another session,
You just surrender at discretion;
And live to curse the frauds of mothers,
And envy all your younger brothers.

Count Otto bowed, Count Otto smiled,
When My Lady praised her darling child;
Count Otto smiled, Count Otto bowed,
When the child those praises disavowed:
As a knight should gaze, Count Otto gazed,
Where Bertha in all her beauty blazed;
As a knight should hear, Count Otto heard,
When Liba sang like a forest bird;
But he thought, I trow, about as long
Of Bertha's beauty, and Liba's song,
As the sun may think of the clouds that play
O'er his radiant path on a summer day.
Many a maid had dreams of state,
As the Count rode up to her father's gate;
Many a maid shed tears of pain,
As the Count rode back to his Tower again;
But little he cared, as it should seem,
For the sad, sad tear, or the fond, fond dream:
Alone he lived—alone, and free,
As the owl that dwells in the hollow tree;
And the Baroness said, and the Baron swore,
There never was knight so shy before!

It was almost the first of May:
The sun all smiles had past away;
  The moon was beautifully bright;
Earth, heaven, as usual in such cases,
Looked up and down with happy faces;
  In short, it was a charming night.
And all alone, at twelve o'clock,
The young Count clambered down the rock,
Unfurled the sail, unchained the oar,
And pushed the shallop from the shore.
The holiness that sweet time flings
Upon all human thoughts and things,
When sorrow checks her idle sighs,
And care shuts fast her wearied eyes;
The splendour of the hues that played
Fantastical o'er hill and glade,
As verdant slope and barren cliff
Seemed darting by the tiny skiff;
The flowers whose faint tips, here and there,
Breathed out such fragrance, you might swear
That every soundless gale that fanned
The tide came fresh from fairy land;
The music of the mountain rill,
Leaping in glee from hill to hill,
To which some wild bird, now and then,
Made answer from her darksome glen—
All this to him had rarer pleasure
Than jester's wit, or minstrel's measure;

And, if you ever loved romancing,
Or felt extremely tired of dancing,
You will not wonder that Count Otto
Left Lady Hildegonde's ridotto.
What melody glides o'er the star-lit stream?
"Lurley,—Lurley!"—
Angels of grace! does the young Count dream?
"Lurley,—Lurley!"—
Or is indeed the scene so fair,
That a nymph of the sea or a nymph of the air
Has left the home of her own delight,
To sing to our roses and rocks to-night.
"Lurley,—Lurley!"—
Words there are none; but the waves prolong
The notes of that mysterious song;
He listens, he listens,—and all around
Ripple the echoes of that sweet sound;
"Lurley,—Lurley!"
No form appears on the river side;
No boat is borne on the wandering tide;
And the tones ring on, with nought to show
Or whence they come, or whither they go;
"Lurley,—Lurley!"
As fades one murmur on the ear,
There comes another, just as clear;
And the present is like to the parted strain,
As link to link of a golden chain:
"Lurley,—Lurley!"

Whether the voice be sad or gay,
'T were very hard for the Count to say;
But pale are his cheeks, and pained his brow;
And the boat drifts on, he recks not how;
His pulse is quick, and his heart is wild,
And he weeps, he weeps like a little child.

O mighty music! they who know
The witchery of thy wondrous bow,
Forget, when thy strange spells have bound them,
The visible world that lies around them.
When Lady Mary sings Rossini,
Or stares at spectral Paganini,
To Lady Mary does it matter,
Who laugh, who love, who frown, who flatter?
Oh no; she cannot heed or hear
Reason or rhyme from prince or peer:
In vain for her Sir Charles denounces
The horror of the last new flounces;
In vain the Doctor does his duty,
By doubting of her rival's beauty;
And if My Lord, as usual raves
About the sugar and the slaves;
Predicts the nation's future glories,
And chants the requiem of the Tories;
Good man; she minds him just as much,
As Marshal Gerard minds the Dutch.

Hid was the bright heaven's loveliness
Beneath a sudden cloud;
As a bride might doff her bridal dress,
To don her funeral shroud:
And over flood, and over fell,
With a wild and wicked shout,
From the secret cell, where in chains they dwell,
The joyous winds rushed out;
And the dark hills through, the thunder flew,
And down the fierce hail came;
And from peak to peak the lightning threw
Its shafts of liquid flame.
The boat went down;—without delay
The luckless boat-man swooned away;
And when, as a clear spring morning rose,
He woke in wonder from repose,
The river was calm as the river could be,
And the thrush was awake on the gladsome tree;
And there he lay, in a sunny cave,
On the margin of the tranquil wave,
Half deaf with that infernal din,
And wet, poor fellow, to the skin.

He looked to the left, and he looked to the right:—
Why hastened he not, the noble knight,
To dry his aged nurse's tears,
To calm the hoary butler's fears;

To listen to the prudent speeches
Of half a dozen loquacious leeches;
To swallow cordials circumspectly,
And change his dripping cloak directly?
With foot outstretched, with hand upraised,
In vast surprise he gazed and gazed;
Within a dim and damp recess,
A maiden lay in her loveliness;
Lived she? in sooth 't were hard to tell;
Sleep counterfeited Death so well:
A shelf of the rock was all her bed;
A ceiling of crystal was o'er her head;
Silken robe, nor satin vest,
Shrouded her form in its silent rest;
Only her long, long, golden hair
About her lay like a thin robe there:
Up to her couch the young knight crept;—
How very sound the maiden slept!
Fearful and faint the young knight sighed;—
The echoes of the cave replied.
He leaned to look upon her face;
He clasped her hand in a wild embrace;
Never was form of such fine mould;
But the hands and the face were as white and cold,
As they of the Parian stone were made,
To which, in great Minerva's shade,
The Athenian sculptor's toilsome knife
Gave all of loveliness but life.

On her fair neck there seemed no stain,
Where the pure blood coursed through the delicate vein;
And her breath—if breath indeed it were,—
Flowed in a current so soft and rare,
It would scarcely have stirred the young moth's wing,
On the path of his noonday wandering:
Never on earth a creature trod,
Half so lovely, or half so odd.

Count Otto stares till his eyelids ache,
And wonders when she 'll please to wake;
While fancy whispers strange suggestions,
And wonder prompts a score of questions.
Is she a nymph of another sphere?
Whence came she hither?—what doth she here?—
Or if the morning of her birth
Be registered on this our earth,
Why hath she fled from her father's halls?
And where hath she left her cloaks and shawls?
There was no time for reason's lectures,
There was no time for wit's conjectures;
He threw his arm, with timid haste,
Around the maiden's slender waist,
And raised her up in a modest way,
From the cold bare rock on which she lay.
He was but a mile from his castle gate,
And the lady was scarcely five stone weight;

He stopped, in less than half an hour,
With his beauteous burthen, at Belmont Tower.

Gay, I ween, was the chamber drest,
As the Count gave order, for his guest;
But scarcely on the couch, 't is said,
That gentle guest was fairly laid,
When she opened at once her great blue eyes,
And after a glance of brief surprise,
Ere she had spoken, and ere she had heard,
Of wisdom or wit a single word,
She laughed so long, and laughed so loud,
That dame Ulrica often vowed,
A dirge is a merrier thing by half
Than such a senseless, soulless laugh.
Around the tower the elfin crew
Seemed shouting in mirthful concert too;
And echoed roof, and trembled rafter,
With that unsentimental laughter.

As soon as that droll tumult passed,
The maiden's tongue, unchained at last,
Asserted all its female right,
And talked and talked with all its might.
Oh! how her low and liquid voice
Made the rapt hearer's soul rejoice!
'T was full of those clear tones that start
From innocent childhood's happy heart,

Ere passion and sin disturb the well,
In which their mirth and music dwell.
But man nor master could make out
What the eloquent maiden talked about;
The things she uttered, like did seem
To the babbling waves of a limpid stream;
For the words of her speech, if words they might be,
Were the words of a speech of a far countrie;
And when she had said them o'er and o'er,
Count Otto understood no more,
Than you or I of the slang that falls
From dukes and dupes at Tattersall's,
Of Hebrew from a bearded Jew,
Or metaphysics from a Blue.

Count Otto swore,—Count Otto's reading
Might well have taught him better breeding,—
That whether the maiden should fume or fret,
The maiden should not leave him yet.
And so he took prodigious pains
To make her happy in her chains.
From Paris came a pair of cooks,
From Gottingen a load of books;
From Venice store of gorgeous suits,
From Florence minstrels and their lutes;
The youth himself had special pride
In breaking horses for his bride;

And his old tutor, Doctor Hermann,
Was brought from Bonn to teach her German.

And there in her beauty and her grace
The wayward maiden grew;
And, every day, of her form or face
Some charm seemed fresh and new:
Over her cold and colourless cheek
The blush of the rose was shed;
And her quickened pulse began to speak
Of human hope and dread:
And soon she grasped the learned lore
The gray old pedant taught;
And turned from the volume to explore
The hidden mine of thought.
Alas! her bliss was not the same
As it was in other years;
For with new knowledge sorrow came,
And with new passion, tears.
Oft, till the Count came up from wine,
She would sit by the lattice high,
And watch the windings of the Rhine,
With a very wistful eye:
And oft on some rude cliff she stood,
Her light harp in her hand,
And still, as she looked on the gurgling flood,
She sang of her native land.

And when Count Otto pleaded well
For priest, and ring, and vow,
She heard the knight that fond tale tell,
With a pale and pensive brow;—
"Henceforth my spirit may not sleep,
"As ever till now it slept;
"Henceforth mine eyes have learned to weep,
"As never till now they wept:
"Twelve months, dear Otto, let me grieve
"For my own, my childhood's home,
"Where the sun at noon, or the frost at eve,
"Did never dare to come:
"And when the spring its smiles recalls,
"Thy maiden will resign
"The holy hush of her father's halls,
"For the stormy joys of thine."—
But where that father's halls?—vain, vain!
She threw her sad eyes down;
And if you dared to ask again,
She answered with a frown.

Some people have a knack, we know,
Of saying things mal-a-propos,
And making all the world reflect
On what it hates to recollect.
They talk to misers of their heir,
To women of the times that were,
To ruined gamblers of the box,
To thin defaulters of the stocks,

To cowards of their neighbours' duels,
To Hayne of Lady H.'s jewels,
To poets of the wrong Review,
And to the French of Waterloo.
The Count was not of these; he never
Was half so clumsy, half so clever;
And when he found the girl had rather
Say nothing more about her father,
He changed the subject;—told a fable;
Believed that dinner was on table;
Or whispered, with an air of sorrow,
That it would surely rain to-morrow.

The winter storms went darkly by;
And, from a blue and cloudless sky,
Again the sun looked cheerfully
  Upon the rolling Rhine;
And spring brought back to the budding flowers,
Its genial light and freshening showers,
And music to the shady bowers,
  And verdure to the vine.
And now it is the First of May;
For twenty miles round all is gay;
Cottage and castle keep holiday;
  For how should sorrow lower
On brow of rustic or of knight,
When heaven itself looks all so bright,
Where Otto's wedding feast is dight
  In the hall of Belmont Tower?

Stately matron and warrior tall
Come to the joyous festival;
Good Count Otto welcomes all,
As through the gate they throng;
He fills to the brim the wassail cup,
In the bright wine pleasure sparkles up,
And draughts and tales grow long;
But grizzly knights are still and mute,
And dames set down the untasted fruit,
When the bride takes up her golden lute,
And sings her solemn song.

"A voice ye hear not, in mine ear is crying;
What does the sad voice say?
'Dost thou not heed thy weary father's sighing?
'Return, return to-day!
Twelve moons have faded now!
My daughter, where art thou?'

"Peace! in the silent evening we will meet thee,
Gray ruler of the tide!
Must not the lover with the loved one greet thee?
The bridegroom with his bride?
Deck the dim couch aright,
The bridal couch, to-night."

The nurses to the children say,
That, as the maiden sang that day,

The Rhine to the heights of the beetling tower
Sent up a cry of fiercer power,
And again the maiden's cheek was grown
As white as ever was marble stone,
And the bridesmaid her hand could hardly hold,
Its fingers were so icy cold.

Rose Count Otto from the feast,
As entered the hall the hoary Priest.
A stalwart warrior, well I ween,
That hoary Priest in his youth had been;
But the might of his manhood he had given
To peace and prayer, the Church and Heaven.
For he had travelled o'er land and wave;
He had kneeled on many a martyr's grave;
He had prayed in the meek St. Jerome's cell,
And tasted St. Anthony's blessed well.
And reliques round his neck had he,
Each worth a haughty kingdom's fee;
Scrapings of bones, and points of spears,
And phials of authentic tears;
From a prophet's coffin a hallowed nail,
And a precious shred of our Lady's veil.
And therefore, at his awful tread,
The powers of darkness shrank with dread;
And Satan felt that no disguise
Could hide him from those chastened eyes.

He looked on the bridegroom, he looked on the bride;
The young Count smiled, but the old Priest sighed.

"Fields with the father I have won;
I am come in my cowl to bless the son;
Count Otto, ere thou bend thy knee,
What shall the hire for my service be?"

"Greedy hawk must gorge his prey;
Pious priest must win his pay:
Name the guerdon, and so to the task;
Thine it is, ere the lips can ask."

He frowned as he answered—"Gold or gem,
Count Otto, little I reck of them;
But your bride has skill of the lute, they say,
Let her sing me the song I shall name to-day."
Loud laughed the Count;—"And if she refuse
The ditty, Sir Priest, thy whim shall choose,
Row back to the house of old St. Goar;
I never bid Priest to a bridal more."

Beside the maiden he took his stand,
He gave the lute to her trembling hand;
She gazed around with a troubled eye,
The guests all shuddered, and knew not why:
It seemed to them as if a gloom
Had shrouded all the banquet room,

Though over its boards, and over its beams,
Sunlight was glowing in merry streams.

The stern Priest throws an angry glance
On that pale creature's countenance;
Unconsciously her white hand flings
Its soft touch o'er the answering strings;
The good man starts with a sudden thrill,
And half relents from his purposed will;
But he signs the cross on his aching brow,
And arms his soul for its warfare now.
"Mortal maid, or goblin fairy,
Sing me, I pray thee, an Ave-Mary."

Suddenly the maiden bent
O'er the gorgeous instrument;
But of song the listeners heard
Only one wild, mournful word,—
"Lurley,—Lurley!"
And when the sound in the liquid air
Of that brief hymn had faded,
Nothing was left of the Nymph who there
For a year had masqueraded,
But the harp in the midst of the wide hall set,
Where her last strange word was spoken;
The golden frame with tears was wet,
And all the strings were broken!

THE DEATH OF GESLER.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Scene. The lake of Lucerne.—Gesler's bark; the wind against it.—Gesler, Arnold, and soldiers; George and rowers.—Tell, at the bottom of the boat, in chains.

GESLER. Lie to it, slaves!

GEORGE. My lord, they do their best.
The wind is right-a-head, the swell is strong!
Together! *(To the rowers.)*

GESLER. Is there danger?

GEORGE. None, my lord,
As yet; but none can tell how soon there may
Be danger, when the wind begins to blow
Upon these mountain lakes.

GESLER. How deep is 't here?

GEORGE. A hundred fathom, sir.

GESLER. A fathom is—

GEORGE. Two yards.

GESLER. I know—a hundred fathom—so!
A yard, three feet—six hundred feet to hang
O'er nothing!

ARNOLD. Nothing, sir?
GESLER. What is it but
To be suspended in the empty air
Upon a twig. The air floats not the twig
As doth the lake the plank; but this away,
Down!—down you go, as sure! In such a sea,
For sea it is, what could a swimmer do? *(To George.)*
GEORGE. To live, an able swimmer might contrive
In even such a sea.
GESLER. What help could he
Afford to one unpractised in the art?
GEORGE. Small; and e'en that at risk of his own life;
The aid he 'd give, his own disablement;
For oft the swimmer 's grasped by him he 'd save,
To utter uselessness of his own limbs.
GESLER. What does he then?
GEORGE. Drown him that so would 'scape.
GESLER. And if he fails?
GEORGE. Then each doth drown the other!—
A storm is coming on.
GESLER. I see it not.
GEORGE. There 's thunder at a distance.
GESLER. I but hear
The roaring of the lake and wind. It lightens!—
You saw 't?
GEORGE. I did. You 'll hear the thunder now.
Then for a deluge. *(it thunders, and rains in torrents.)*
GESLER. Make to land!

GEORGE. 'T will be
A furious storm.
GESLER. To land!
GEORGE. We dare not do 't—
We do not know the shore! we must keep out,
For fear of shoals or sunken rocks, whereon
To strike were to be lost!
GESLER. Arnold!
ARNOLD. My lord?
GESLER. Sit near me. Hear'st thou voices in the storm?
ARNOLD. My lord?
GESLER. Hear'st thou not voices? Piercing shrieks,
That mingle with deep moans, and outcries hoarse,
And threatening loud;—all kinds of utterings
That wrath and fear yell forth, and agony;
Or furious madness, at its topmost height?
ARNOLD. One might imagine such.
GESLER. Imagine such!
I hear them!—Hark!
GEORGE. *(to rowers.)* We 're losing way.
1st ROWER. We are.
GESLER. Back—back, my friends!
GEORGE. We may not put about!
O'erburthened as she is, we durst not shew
Her side to such a sea!
GESLER. Sit near me, Arnold!
You see that slave with moving lips? He prays!

And yet he 's used to this!—The mutterer!—
Smite him!—

ARNOLD. My lord!

GESLER. How durst he pray? Enough
The storm should talk of death!—How durst he pray?
Sees he not heaven is deaf?—It may shew mercy;
But none to us!—You see!—It waxes fiercer
And fiercer! Heaven abandon its own likeness
To the disposal of the savage elements!

GEORGE. My lord! my lord!—

GESLER. Speak, slave.

GEORGE. One man alone
Can save us. He 's acquainted with each shoal
And inlet of the lake.

GESLER. Where is he?

GEORGE. There! *(pointing to Tell.)*
In chains, my lord. Set him at liberty!
Each moment lost, let 's go a chance of life.
The storm 's not fairly on as yet—
Its fury 's all to come! You hear, my lord,
What roar and crashing are a-head.

GESLER. Take off his chains!

(Tell is lifted by the soldiers from the bottom of the boat, and his chains taken off.)

TELL. Give me the helm—you do not trim the boat;
She 's far too light a-head. There—there—lie to 't.
A steady stroke, and strong! Let all beside
Lie flat, to shew less surface to the wind;

(To Gesler) Heed not the storm, my lord! No stranger 't is
To me.

GESLER. And fear you not those waves?

TELL. Not I!—
We 're old acquaintance. Many a time we 've met.
Welcome! How do you, friends? And are you glad
To see me once again, with limbs at large?
Free as your own you throw about you thus,
In reckless wantonness?—Ay, jostle me!
I know 't is all in kindness.

GESLER. Why the waves
Seem subject to him!—Now we 're making way.
I will reward thee.—*(thunder)* What a peal was there!

TELL. Nothing, my lord! A rough-tongued friend of mine,
No more. You know me, do you?—We have talked
Before together; *(lightning)*. Come you too, my keen
And hot ey'd comrade—Come you too, to take
A look at me? Look on!—and if those bright
And restless orbs of thine flash on me now
With gratulation, how will they flame anon!

(Tell directs the boat towards a rock.)

GESLER. Why turn you?

TELL. See, my lord, that wave
Rolls foaming towards us! We must shun its stroke!

(Tell seizes his bow and quiver, which lie at the head of the boat, and springs on the rock.)

Liberty!
The man that follows me
Rushes on certain death!—*Exit.*

GESLER. Pursue the traitor!—

(Gesler and his party land, and follow Tell.)

SCENE. A CLIFF.

Enter Tell.

TELL. I have the speed of them—
They cannot scale this cliff. Once on its top,
Though the fleet chamois did lack their speed
I 'd mock the chase!—*(Tell climbs the cliff.)*

Arnold and soldiers enter.

ARNOLD. We cannot follow him!

GESLER. *(Without.)* Why do you pause? where are your arrows, Slaves,
They can overtake him!—Send them after him.

TELL. Look to your master first.—Tyrant! take that
For Melctal's eyes!

(Gesler, transfixed with the arrow, staggers in, and falls dead into the arms of Arnold.)

MELCTAL, thou art revenged!
Liberty! *Exit Tell.*

LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRAIT OF THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

It breathes, a mild convincing dignity;
There 's what worth is, and what rank ought to be;
Pride that will turn from what wounds virtue's eye;
Blandness, that beckons Merit to come nigh;
A tenderness, that where it twines doth cleave;
A bounteousness, that ever joys to give;
A peace, the blessed calm of soul-content;
A frankness, that discourseth what is meant!
A grace and beauty, born of heart and mind;
A face and person not such gifts behind!
'Tis Lawrence! Yes, the master-hand is there,
Skilled to perpetuate all that 's great and fair!

Painted by Sir Tho. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by W. Ensom.

THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, Nov.r 1831.

HER NAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

I.

The perfume of a lily pure, the lunar rainbow's light,
The faint farewell of parting day, fast fading into night;
The whispered sorrows of a friend, still softening as they flow,
The gentle murmur of a kiss, which lovers only know;

II.

The texture of that seven-hued scarf, from dying tempests won,
Which like a gorgeous trophy hangs, around the joyous sun;
The thrill a long mute voice inspires—a youthful virgin's vow,
And the first dream whose blissfulness flits o'er an infant's brow;

III.

The chant of distant choristers — the sigh at early dawn,
Amidst the desert's silent wastes, from fabled Memnon drawn;
The murmur of Æolian tones, that tremble and expire,
All the soul's hoarded sweets are poor, to breathe Her Name, my lyre!

IV.

Low be it breathed, as whispered prayer — and yet unbidden rise
In every burst of jubilee that rends the jocund skies;
Be it the hallowed lamp that lights the spirit's inmost fane,
The sacred watchword from within, that ne'er is heard in vain.

V.

O friends! ere in her daring flight my Muse in words of flame
Mingles with names profaned by pride, love's sacred, treasured name,
Let it, in hymns of holiest swell, the soul's deep echoes ring,
As though some passing angel shook Elysium from his wing!

THE JUBILEE.

Some years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed, by voluntary studies at the University of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a

rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods' character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny wedding—by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity; "what do you mean by a 'penny wedding?'"

"Why, Sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while

the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people, at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry *for worse*, instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke, we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the cauldron of Meg Merrilies, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with their accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually staid and somewhat aristo-

cratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognised her old acquaintance, G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin."

"Lord guides! Mr. G——, what's brought ye here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt,—and the house a' disjeskit this gait, wi' the first and last ploy the callants ere got me to countenance within my door? And they had nae hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty?—and gentles to light on 't, for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing

herself up with the demure look of one scandalised with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There 's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye 't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in 't, for the fiddles 'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye 'll no be that ill for supper, for I 've a curn mutton pies by ordinar', that I seasoned mysel, and there 's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a Provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folks' supper comes on;—and for beds—I 'll send the lass to the Minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the Clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I *should* like to see the Manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr. Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He *is* altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words—"grief's a great alterer! o' auld folk specially! and its fifty year come Monday, since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time, since he married me and puir John Cairns docely and Christian-like, in that very spence whar thae daft deevils are makin a mock o' mar-

riage atween twa auld randy ne'erdoweels! But its dinn now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair—to a hungry prospect-hunter—the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savory repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whiskey even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the Exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whiskey, sir!" said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killigie, ye'll kenn a' the less for being a thought primed yersel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, Ise warrant,"—turning with a smile to G—— "a spur in the head's warth twa in the heel!"

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs, by the interval between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity, to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lilt" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who, with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie. *

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis á vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady, soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

* An admirable print from the Scotch Penny Wedding of Wilkie, is now on the eve of publication.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example; a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd remarks, and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters, were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene. I had never before seen a body of Lowland peasantry collected in holiday attire, and certainly their general good looks, neat shoes and stockings, and above all, the prevalence of decidedly dark hair and complexion (among the men especially), gave the lie to many a Southern quip, at the expense of the bare-footed daughters and carroty-headed sons of Scotia.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for awhile there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with

the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half stifled with heat, and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air; and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering, our mite towards the hopeful infant *menage)*, when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I 'm sure ye 'll no tak it ill at my hand; but its time the like o' you were flitting, for the maut 's gettin abune the meal yonder, and they tine respect whiles, and it 's no wise like to be late in a minister's house, on Saturday night at e'en. Mr. G—— kens that!"

"No, indeed—you 're quite right," answered the painter, "and indeed we were going away fully satisfied, when we met you."—"Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I 'll gie yon daft chiels their supper, and hae them a' out of my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naebody say they saw a Sabbath morning within 't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearin, to make a night o't. Ther 's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin or drink, the mair 's the pity!—Hech! but ye 'll be weel aff that 's quiet down by!"

"I 'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs. Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "ony day when y' er daunering out amang the hills. Ye 're awin me a day in haa'rst ye ken for this!"

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming cauldron within; or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage, an atmosphere holier and more healthful still! A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxta-position of the lights and shadows of Scottish life, could scarcely be conceived, than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted (nay, from the open lattice, perfumed) air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the Bibles and Psalters recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been (perhaps from G—'s sense of incongruity in thus intruding) too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the venerable minister's brow, the flush of devotion on whose aged cheek rebuked more strongly than a thousand homilies the feverish glow of revelry on ours, compared or rather contrasted with the "rabble rout" of reeling, romping nymphs we had

left: (the *élite*, it must be remembered, even of peasant maidens, were absent, of course, from such a scene). The slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity; and all, in short, derived romance, as well as interest from the utmost power of contrast.

But there was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors, he rose pre-eminent,—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her grey-haired father, by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy, in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us, that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of her pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the first words of Mr. Maxwell on receiving us, were—"You are welcome once more to Boneil, Willie! you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure;—but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad

blanks it has pleased Providence to make in your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them, I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate." "And wherefore no? Willie!" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart,—"My brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet awhile with the billows. But praised be He who lent them!—they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them, is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman perhaps, turning courteously towards me, will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart, at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie! but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended!—But we 'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild, as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when you knew the Manse; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among others to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr. Maxwell, "I was spared the

degradation of my office, by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make, will end I fear like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads."

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for insisting on keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld lang-syne!"

"Ay that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist; and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited—and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of

labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy; but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods, seem attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow, are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths, teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of Paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath, amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion, with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation, as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," was legible on the toil-furrowed cheek of all who had reached maturity. But it was a graciously mitigated sentence, long merged in the cheerfulness of man's congenial occupation. "Keepers of sheep, descendants in more than their calling from righteous Abel," formed the larger part of the aged

pastor's flock; and their blue bonnets, chequered plaids, and above all, inseparable comrades, even in church, the collies or sheep-dogs, looking almost as sensible as their masters, and banishing by their exemplary demeanour all idea of intrusion on the sanctity of the place, afforded a picture not often exhibited to Southern or even Lowland eyes; and which, with scarlet plaids, still thinly sprinkled here and there, over locks of silvery whiteness, and on one or two fair unbonneted female heads in innocent girlhood, their golden tresses confined and set off by simple black velvet ribbon, the modern substitute for the poetical "snood," wanted only the figure of the venerable minister himself, rising like some fitly adapted pillar of a time-worn edifice, to crown and complete its harmony.

When he did rise, at length, manfully struggling for utterance, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill side, lest a start or suppressed bark, should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever, "when its green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable, and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung as

the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is, by young and old, it was not the voice of the grey-haired contemporary parish clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion!

The text was the simple words of the Psalmist—"I have been young, and am now old;" and perhaps its most affecting commentary might have been found in the time-worn figure in the pulpit, whose manly proportions age and grief had sapped, without being able to obliterate. But when the good man sketched with faltering voice, an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above,—tears, fast and frequent as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

"My brethren!" said he, in a conclusion, accelerated evidently by overpowering emotion on both sides, "Forty years long did the Israelites in the wilderness tempt and provoke Moses, rebelling against his authority, calling in question his kindness, and disobeying, nay, blaspheming his God,—yet in his heart he loved and prayed for them still; beseeching, that if need

were, his own name might for their sakes be blotted out of the Book of life! Fifty years long have you, amid much human imperfection and human infirmity, cherished and borne with me—cleaving to my doctrine, following, as God gave ye grace, my council, and sympathising to the utmost of your ability, in my welfare and my sorrows—judge then if my love to a people like this, surpass not the love of woman; yea, all save that love which shall embrace us both in its everlasting arms. May we all meet at the judgment-seat above! I, to render an account of my ministry—you, to re-echo, if it shall please the merciful Judge to pronounce it, the lenient sentence—'Thou hast been faithful over a very little, enter into the joy of thy Lord!'"

The effect of this appeal may be better imagined than expressed. G—— and I did not breathe freely, till, by climbing the highest hill within reach, we had attuned our minds to an elevation somewhat akin to that of the half emancipated pilgrim. The evening calm, which succeeded the converse of the pastor about his absent (rather than deceased) children, the family thanksgiving for blessings granted and withheld—for comforts to cheer, and trials to wean the immortal sojourner from his exile below, will never, while memory holds her seat, pass from her inmost record.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary; my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly

fêtes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the schoolmaster, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants, and few and far between ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group, in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society—so called—the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table, young Boneil, for so from his property he was styled, walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr. Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you 'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done—

remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a leal one, are aye welcome! Fifty years back, your father bore both, and his son is no changeling! Stay with us now, or return, as best suits you."

"Oh! I dare not stay!" cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Annie, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau, that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye—else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of aunt Annie's puddings in hand!"

"There goes a fine lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me, as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!

Another testimony of grateful affection followed hard on the sportsman's morning tribute. A parcel and

letter were put into the hands of the minister, from the worthy nobleman whose exemplary tutor he had been, at an age when few are able to guide themselves. The letter overflowed with expressions of still youthful kindliness and gratitude. The parcel contained a snuff mull of beautiful workmanship, inlaid with all the valuable Scottish stones produced on the noble donor's estates.

"If I have any good in me," said the writer, in honest sincerity of acknowledgment, "you dug it out from its native bed like these long-overlooked gems, which, but for the hand which set them where they are, might have been still trodden underfoot, or slumbering in their dark hill-sides for ever. When you look on this box, think on your own workmanship, and add one more to the thousand pleasing reflections which make this day a day of pride to all, save your own modest self."

It was not in man to be unmoved by a tribute like this, and from the Duke of ——, the very model and pattern of a pious and patriotic noble.

"Too much, too much!" sighed the meek man, as he read. "God made him what he is! education can do little for hearts and heads like his!"

The Lily was called, and her eyes sparkled through tears as they glanced on the splendid present and ducal epistle; but they did not glisten, nor her soft cheek glow, as while conning every feather on the dark glossy wing of young Norman's sylvan tribute.

Lilly, too, had her present on the way; one to whose safety, in her eyes, that of empires was as nothing: and never was the delay occasioned by traiking Tibbie's late tumultuous nuptials more acutely felt, than when noon arrived, bringing duly Norman's precarious prize, the roe, but no tidings of the fair fabric of Lilly's after-dinner glory—*videlicet*, a huge cake, from the city, which was first to grace with appropriate devices her grandfather's honoured board, and then to gladden, with undreamt-of sweets, the eyes and palates of the whole Sabbath school. The sight of the groups, who in holiday attire were already parading in joyful anticipation, deepened her anxieties; and the joy of eighteen, like the joy of eighty, had thus its inevitable drop of alloy!

The Manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly grey—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency, still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments.

Widows, whose hearts had been bound up by one acquainted with grief, brought all they had—a prayer and a blessing to swell the general tribute: while the Sabbath school children tottered under the load of a Pulpit Bible, purchased out of the hoarded halfpence of the good man's own overflowing liberality.

With this juvenile offering he was fairly upset; and always easily overcome by aught associated with his own childless hearth and early-removed olive plants, he thanked them with tears alone, and deputed the glad Lilly to invite them all to tea on the green. This she could do with an easy mind, for Tibbie had at length arrived,—the enormous weight of the cake balanced, though imperfectly, in her panniers, by two of the hugest ewe-milk cheeses that ever owed their existence to mountain gratitude!

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen!) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his Anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The Dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary Teacher; while the rough diamond of a Doctor eyed him with

the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good Centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "Do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so!

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze, something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say! on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer, before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly! How this was to be brought about or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise,—so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed 'ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind! — Among the healths of that eventful evening, — "absent friends," the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then for the first time, did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by

duty, in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled Scottish brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father's heart *would* yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long banished only child!

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud the rarely dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind,—when, as Lilly, loaded with the huge remnants of her cake, and assisted by Norman, was leaving the house to prepare for her juvenile fête—two plainly dressed, but respectable looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr. Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl,—"but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loth to part with him to-night, even on business."—

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart—and then finding breath to say,—"how is my dear father?"—"Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her own father's neck in frantic joy,—come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly!" said he com-

posedly;—"seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones—Sir," (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and travelling day and night were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty—but the back woods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends, who will make us welcome for his sake!—Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him, into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from painful agitation,—"*you* have seen and spoken to them,—is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly."—"All well, even as your heart could wish—but there are those without, who could tell you better, far better than any words, about those you love!"—"Are they still without, oh, bring them in, pray—our friends will

excuse." "But will you promise?"—the old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face, as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting, half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for such an Anniversary!

ASPASIA.

A SKETCH OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Critics be still! approach with silent awe,
And from Aspasia's lips receive the law!
Censor of books, men, music, plays, romances,
Paintings, busts, speeches, poetry, and dances.
'T is true, her figure is not over fine,
'T is true, her voice is somewhat masculine;
So much the better to perform her task,
Read, cite, denounce, and thunder from her mask:
Besides, for preachments in the learned tongues,
Surely a lady should have learned lungs!

Lo! on a sofa, where she sits, a throne
Approached by few, and filled by her alone,
She reigns a queen, with self-complacent air,
Or like some justice in his elbow chair;

With eye severe, as though all London heard,
And worshipped at the fiat of her word!
Not too loquacious of the lore divine,
She casteth not her goodly pearls to swine;
But if a youth, unconscious of the plume
She wears, should spread instruction round the room,
She eyes him first, with an indignant mien,
As guilty of high treason to his queen.
Then, watching well her time—" Sir, if you please,
" So says not Lucian or Thucydides,
" Good authors in their days, but now it seems
" Laid by as idle and forgotten dreams—
" It needs no fancy, no conjecture vain,
" The Latin text permit me to explain;
" Unless our fair attention you bespeak,
" And wish to quote the unambiguous Greek."
Dumb with surprise—pale fear his cheek inspires—
He looks submission; wonders and retires.
Then she advances from the Delphic cell
Where rest her lightnings—where her thunders dwell—
First clears from comment the laborious text,
Points the satiric dart, and wings it next
Home to her victim; soars on pinions fleet
To the dim bounds where light and darkness meet;
And weaving o'er the argument her web,
Permits her voice to sink, her triumphs ebb.

'T was my good chance, a concert to attend
With her fair self, and many a fairer friend;
With some of wit, sense, feeling, taste possest,
By virtue honoured, and by fancy blest;—
Where the charmed heart, will half forget its wound,
Bounds to, and worships each melodious sound.
Rich, full, and sweet, was music's copious swell;
Anon as evening's zephyr soft it fell,
Pierced the whole range of choral symphony,
But drew no tear from proud Aspasia's eye.
The crowds are gone—performers disappear,
But still their music lingers on my ear:
I ask her, her opinion—simply say,
" Such living sounds we hear not every day: "
She answers with a pshaw! and does declare
She had small pleasure, small enjoyment there;
In truth she would not have known what to do,
But that her friends were all as weary too;
And for the strain, if choose you, you may hear
Such strains each day of the revolving year!
" But was it not an oratorio
Of far-famed Handel's?"—Why, it might be so;
But she was sure, had Handel on his throne
Been there to judge, he 'd not have known his own.
This and that fiddlestring were out of tune,
And much too hoarsely grumbled the bassoon;
The flutes and hautboys made too shrill a noise;
Besides, the chorus had no equipoise.

Another time, conceiving she perchance
Might tread a Pyrrhic, or Romeika dance,
I bade the band strike up a Grecian air;
Then asked a *pas seul* of the classic fair:
"Sir, on my life, I stir not! Lucian bless
"Me!—tread a Grecian dance in English dress!
"I stir not, on my life!—Shall it be said
"That I, in Horace, Aristotle read,
"Whatever dignities my movements grace,
"Made void the unities of time and place?
"No; for the gay, the bounding waltzers send,
"They may amuse you—for they will not mend;
"It is in vain you tell them, that not so
"Electra spread her arms and turned her toe:
"Still swim they on, in undulating wise,
"All heedless of the comic Unities!
"And could they witness that incongruous sight,
"Plautus would smile, and Terence laugh outright."

* * * * *

Much pleased to see the height to which she soars,
I touch the spring—she pours forth all her stores;
Now bounds to metaphysics, dearest still;
The power of fancy and the choice of will;
Eager to shew us all that women can
Assume, whene'er they ape the strength of man!
Then, as the sun shines forth at close of day
With milder pomp and more attempered ray—

Or, as her Homer sometimes quits his sleep,
Nor bids Antinous rail nor Irus weep,
But in the goatherd's lowly cottage views
Eumæus roast his kids and sole his shoes—
So she from Stewart and from Locke descends,
To London *coteries* and to Tunbridge friends;—
Subscription Rooms, where you may read or buy
The maudlin verse of mock-Montgomery;
Novels, Plays, Poems, by earls' wives and daughters;
The buzzing Pump-room, and the healing waters!
Alas! that yet nor wave nor leech's skill
A female cynic e'er could heal or kill!

So soars, so shines Aspasia—glorious flower!
Pomp of a day, and wonder of an hour!
Aspiring holly-hock! which yet supplies
No tint we love, no fragrance that we prize;
Seen for a moment towering o'er our heads,
Surprising by the height to which it spreads;
Seen, and passed by the next, its towering stem
If we remember, 't is but to condemn!

STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

The lady of his love, oh, she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul!

Byron.

Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne
Of innocence and purity, in heaven!

Ford.

I.

I know that it must be!
Yea! thou art changed—all worshipped as thou art,
Mourned as thou shalt be!—sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on thee!

II.

The dim eyes tell a tale,
A piteous tale, of vigils; and the trace
Of bitter tears is on thy beauteous face,
Beauteous, and yet so pale!

III.

Changed, love!—but not alone!
I am not what they think me; though my cheek
Wear but its last year's furrow, though I speak
Thus in my natural tone.

IV.

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose:—once, I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth!

V.

I went into the storm,
And mocked the billows of the tossing sea:
I said to Fate, "what wilt thou do to me?
I have not harmed a worm!"

VI.

Vainly the heart is steeled
In wisdom's armour; let her burn her books!
I look upon them as the soldier looks
Upon his cloven shield.

VII.

Virtue and virtue's rest,—
How have they perished! through my onward course
Repentance dogs my footsteps!—black remorse
Is my familiar guest!

VIII.

The glory and the glow
Of the world's loveliness have passed away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow!

IX.

Is not the damning line
Of guilt and grief engraven on me, now?
And the fierce passion which hath scathed thy brow,
Hath it not blasted mine?

X.

No matter! I will turn
To the straight path of duty; I have wrought,
At last, my wayward spirit to be taught
What it hath yet to learn.

XI.

Labour shall be my lot;
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;
And Fame shall twine for me, in after days,
A wreath I covet not.

XII.

And if I cannot make,
Dearest! thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good and just,
And blameless, for thy sake.

XIII.

Thou may'st have comfort yet!
Whate'er the source from which those waters glide,
Thou hast found healing mercy in their tide;
Be happy and forget!

XIV.

Forget me,—and farewell!
But say not that in me new hopes and fears,
Or absence, or the lapse of gradual years,
Will break thy memory's spell.

XV.

Indelibly, within,
All I have lost is written; and the theme
Which silence whispers to my thoughts and dream,
Is sorrow still,—and sin!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN BENEATH THE RUINED ALCAZAR, AT TOLEDO.

"In front of the Alcazar, is a statue in stone, of one of the Gothic kings."

BY HENRY D. INGLIS.

THINE and thy people's, once, stern King!
Was all beneath thy stony gaze:
And now, these mouldering ruins fling
Their shadows back to other days:

To days, when Roman purple swept
The marble of these regal floors;
Or Gothic kings and conquerors kept
Their jubilee within thy doors;

Or Moor, who smote the Gothic band,
Here idly sat before thy gate;
And gazing o'er the conquered land,
Cried *Allah achbar!*—"God is great."

A Roman arch, a Moorish tower,
And thou, grim King, with eye of stone,
Are all that speak the vanished power
Of lines extinct,—of empires gone!

Painted by Henry Howard, R.A. Engraved by Charles Rolls

NUMA AND EGERIA.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, Nov. 1831.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

A gush of waters!—faint and sweet and wild,
Like the far echo of the voice of years,—
The ancient Nature, singing to her child
The self-same hymn that lulled the infant spheres!—
A spell of song not louder than a sigh,
Yet speaking like a trumpet to the heart;
And thoughts that lift themselves, triumphingly,
O'er time—where time has triumphed over art,—
As wild-flowers climb its ruins—haunt it still,
While, still, above the consecrated spot,
Lifts up its prophet voice the ancient rill,
And flings its oracles along the grot!—
But, where is She, the Lady of the stream,
And He whose worship was—and is—a dream!

Silent, yet full of voices !—desolate,
Yet filled with memories, like a broken heart !—
Oh ! for a vision like to his who sate
With thee, and with the moon and stars, apart,
By the cool fountain—many a livelong even,—
That speaks, unheeded, to the desert, now,
When vanished clouds had left the air *all* heaven,
And all was silent, save the stream and thou,
Egeria !—solemn thought upon his brows,
For all his diadem,—thy spirit-eyes,
His only homage,—and the flitting boughs
And birds, alone, between him and the skies !—
Each outward sense expanded to a soul,
And every feeling tuned into a truth,
And all the bosom's shattered strings made whole,
And all its worn-out powers retouched with youth,
Beneath thy spell,—that chastened while it charmed,
Thy words,—that touched the spirit while they taught,
Thy look,—that uttered wisdom while it warmed,
And moulded fancy in the stamp of thought,
And breathed an atmosphere below, above,
Light to the soul—and to the senses love !

Beautiful dreams !—that haunt the younger earth,
In poet's pencil or in minstrel's song,—
Like sighs—or rainbows—dying in their birth,
Perceived a moment, and remembered long !

Oh, no!—bright visions!—fables of the heart!
Not to the past, alone, do ye belong,—
Types for all ages,—wove when early art
To feeling gave a voice,—to truth a tongue!
Oh! what if Gods have left the Grecian mount,
And shrines are voiceless on the classic shore,
And lone Egeria by the gushing fount
Waits for her monarch-lover never more,—
Who hath not his Egeria?—some sweet thought,
Shrouded and shrined within his heart of hearts,
More closely cherished, and more fondly sought,
Still, as the daylight of the soul departs;—
The visioned lady of the spring, that wells
In the green valley of his brighter years,
Or gentle spirit that for ever dwells,
And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears!

In the heart's trance—the calenture of mind
That haunts the soul-sick mariner of life,
And paints the fields that he has left behind,
Like green Morganas,* on the tempest's strife;—
In the dim hour when memory—whose song
Is still of buried hope,—sings back the dead,
And perished looks and forms—a phantom-throng,—
With melancholy eyes and soundless tread,
Like lost Eurydices, from graves, retrack
The long-deserted chambers of the brain,

* The Fata Morgana.

Until the yearning soul looks fondly back,
To clasp them,—and they vanish, once again;—
At even,—when the fight of youth is done,
And sorrow—like the "searchers of the slain",—
Turns up the cold, dead faces, one by one,
Of prostrate joys and wishes;—but in vain!
And finds that all is lost,—and walks around,
'Mid hopes that, each, has perished of its wound;—
Then, pale Egeria! to thy moon-lit cave
The maddened and the mourner may retire,
To cool the spirit's fever in thy wave,
And gather inspiration from thy lyre;—
In solemn musings, when the world is still,
To woo a love, less fleeting, to the breast,
Or lie and dream, beside the prophet-rill
That resteth never, while it whispers rest;—
Like Numa, cast earth's cares and crowns aside,
And commune with a spiritual bride!

THE BRIDE OF THE NILE.

The moon, not yet a perfect orb, rode high in the azure heavens, throwing her beams over the large sheet of water which yearly for a hundred days overspreads the land of Egypt. The channel of the Nile was lost in a mimic sea, stretching on the east towards the Arabian hills far as the eye could reach; and on the west, restrained in its bed only by the woody mountains which separate the fertile plains of Egypt from the burning sands of desert Lybia. The wide expanse was studded with innumerable islands; for such appeared each mighty city towering majestically from the clear bosom of the waters, as though the glorious works of man could alone bid defiance to the insidious tide which had slowly and silently crept over the pastures of the fruitful land. These temporary islands were linked together by long causeways, breaking by their dark lines the surface of the dormant lake, and forming the only land communication between the several cities while the inundation lasted.

On the banks of the hidden Nile, stood Memphis the Superb, enthroned in all the vast magnificence of age; its splendid halls and ornamented fanes reflecting the rays of the summer moon on their polished columns. South of the city, and washed by the dark river, was the rampart of a hundred stadia, which Misraïm, son of Ham, had built to save his rising palaces from the encroaching waves: and far above it stood in pillared glory, the temple of Vulcan, erected by the same proud founder of the Egyptian monarchy, to emulate in beauty and immense proportions, that far-famed Babel Tower, in whose ruin his father was also involved. Terrace upon terrace rose the varied buildings and noble colonnades, till the whole structure seemed the work of magic, rather than the labour of an oppressed people toiling for a thousand years.

Overlooking the loveliest gardens in the world, and extending the whole length of the city, appeared the palace of the Pharoahs, conspicuous by its isolated situation, and by the many lofty pillars of green porphyry, which, sculptured in imitation of the desert palm, supported the flat roof of the building. Here Mycerinus, the beloved and good, heard the complaints and soothed the miseries of his exhausted people, who, for a hundred years, had experienced every ill the tyranny of his predecessors could inflict. Chæops and Cephrenes, during their long and bloody reigns, had made their fainting subjects toil beneath the fierce glow

of an African sun and the scourges of relentless task-masters, to raise those mighty pyramids, which now stood in the clear distance, scarcely throwing a shadow on the plain at their base. These wonders of every age were erected but for tombs by the cruel monarchs, who imagined fabrics so gigantic alone worthy of their remains. Vain labour! they were denied by their enraged subjects the burial-places they had so dearly purchased. Some spot unknown, unwept, contains their relics, and nothing remains to posterity but the monuments of their cruelty—the catalogue of their crimes.

Mycerinus was now erecting by their side a third pyramid, which though inferior in size, still occupied a million of the cunning artificers of the land. Unlike his hard hearted father and uncle, he employed them only in the cool night season, and had them treated with mildness and humanity. The glare of innumerable torches shone on the wonderful machines and engines, now unknown, by aid of which the ponderous stones were raised, and cast their red light on the rafts, which groaning beneath the weight of huge blocks of granite and porphyry, hewn in the quarries of Ethiopia, were slowly towed along the current of the stream. These blocks when landed on the plain were to be engraven with the mystic characters of the priests; and then, elevated by mighty efforts, they were to be curiously mounted one above the other in giant steps, inclosing a vast square at the base, but gradually lessening the space

as the building proceeded, till, like its fellows on the Memphian plain, a single stone was to form the summit; where, stretching far below, the wide extended land of Egypt might be viewed; its cities, temples, obelisks, and palm groves, scarcely distinguishable in the grey mists of distance. The faint din of this stupendous labour was heard in the very heart of Memphis, though that distant thunder roused not its inhabitants from their luxurious enjoyments. The indolent Egyptians floated along the stream in small boats, which shone like gaudy insects on the surface of the waters; every brilliant hue traced in the rainbow adorning their shallow sides. Some were moved along by the aid of light paddles, whilst others caught on their sails of purple and gold the pure breeze of the Etesian wind* as it swept across the lake, breaking the moonbeams into a thousand brilliant sparkles, yet scarcely rippling the tide sufficiently to rock these light papyrus vessels, which, dedicated to Isis, were sacred from the grasp of the fierce river-monsters. For when the Goddess sought the body of her lost Osiris on the waves, she framed her bark of the sacred Byblus-plant, from which circumstance the holy crocodile, remembering her despair, in reverence shuns these fragile boats.

There seemed this night a strange commotion among the usually drowsy people; the numerous vessels were propelled with greater swiftness; sometimes hundreds

* North-west wind.

of them congregated together forming one dark mass, then darting off in different directions, they joined other parties, or were lost under the black arcades beneath the royal gardens. Consternation appeared to reign around, but chiefly within the stately palace of the king. The monarch had rent his clothes, and sprinkled ashes on his head, thus mourning his threatened doom; the courtiers had thrown themselves with their faces to the earth; the maids of Egypt chanted the dirge of Alancros, and nothing was heard throughout those splendid halls but lamentation and prayer.

Mycerinus, when he ascended the throne of his father, had piously sent to the city of Butus, south of the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, to consult the oracle of Latona concerning the future events of his reign. For a year and a day, the Goddess heeded neither the daily sacrifice smoking on her altars, nor the mighty incantations of her holy priests; till Mycerinus, impatient of the delay, sent other and more splendid gifts. With infinite labour he caused to be conveyed down the river, as a propitiatory offering to Latona, a wonderful chamber, formed of a single stone hollowed out, and containing a square of forty cubits on every side. To the priest of the temple of Apollo in the island of Chemmis, which floated on a broad deep lake near the city, he gave three golden suns enriched with costly gems, one for each of the altars of the god; and to the shrine of Diana, a crescent of the purest diamonds. These

offerings had procured a reply from the reluctant deity, but it was one that plunged the nation in grief. Woe was denounced to the land of Egypt! The reign of its beloved sovereign was to last but seven years, and desolation was to follow his decease!

Mycerinus, angry at the unjust decree, summoned his sages and magicians before him, and demanded why the guilty reigns of his predecessors had been long and prosperous, whilst his was to end ere it had well begun. The astrologers gazed on each other without speaking; nor was there one who could answer the important question. The king, enraged at their silence and want of skill, commanded them from his presence, in order that he might consult the stars respecting an expedition he purposed sending to the oracle of Ammon, nine days' journey across the deserts of Lybia, with the hope of obtaining from thence a more favourable reply. He then ordered another embassy to depart for Butus, laden with fresh conciliatory gifts, to bring back, on pain of death, the reason of the cruel words the oracle had spoken. After which, retiring into the depths of his palace, he lamented and wept, refusing to hear the voice of the comforters, who reminded him of all his good and virtuous deeds, and swore the gods must listen to the prayers of one who had restored their ancient glory and renown.

Mycerinus had indeed revived the worship of the gods, and renewed with double splendour their mystic

ceremonies, so long neglected. He had opened and endowed with fresh magnificence, the temples of Apis, Isis, and the Sun. The trembling victim once more bled before the gilded altar; and he had celebrated with the greatest pomp, that ceremony, so grateful to the powerful deity of the Nile, who in return had sent his fertilizing waves more plenteously than ever over the fevered land. This sacrifice (for such it was, though many were eager to be chosen the destined victim, so great was the honour esteemed), was called the marriage of the Nile. The bride was chosen by lot, from among the fairest of the land; for which purpose every beautiful and high-born virgin, on a certain day, placed a papyrus leaf inscribed with her name, in a vase appropriated to the purpose, and she whose scroll was selected by the gods, was hailed the River Queen. For sixty days did all the priests and nobles bow before her. The richest gifts were laid at her feet, and her very eye-beam falling on the new-born babe secured its future fame. But when these few short days of adoration and delight were over, the fatal wreath of lotus was twined around her brow—the mystic ring was placed on her finger, and, amid the shouts and acclamations of the superstitious multitude, the hapless maiden was plunged into the remorseless river, to rise no more from her cold bed. Under the sway of this righteous king, the bodies of the mighty nobles were again brought to repose in the city of the dead, near Memphis, that their bones

might rest in the same spot where the remains of Great Osiris were so highly honoured; while their departed souls were wafted to the eternal spheres above, and their memory consecrated by the prayers and offerings of the priests, who yearly passed through mazy labyrinths hollowed under the channel of the Nile to the otherwise inaccessible isle, which rose before the two colossal porphyry sphinxes and brazen bars of the water gate of the city. Here they crowned its sepulchre with blooming wreaths of flowers, chanting the hymn of the dead beneath the sacred branches of its solitary and wide spreading tree; and yet, though the perfumed smoke of incense and the voice of prayer rose high to heaven, the sound of lamentation was echoed through the land, and heard by all, save one. Mycerinus spoke not of the sad tidings to his only and well-beloved child, the beautiful Nementhis; he deemed that sorrow was a feeling too much of earth, to approach one so pure and lovely. Fairest and best among the daughters of Egypt, her beauty yielded not the palm to that bright "stranger Venus," whose shrine appeared conspicuous with its golden fretwork in the splendid fane which Proteus raised, when Trojan Paris brought Helena to the Egyptian court.

The wind gently whispered through the foliage of the regal gardens, and was answered by the slow gurgling of the stream, which strove faintly with the innumerable arches beneath. These gardens were raised upon piles

driven deep into the bed of the river, and extended over a space of five hundred arouras.* Above, were verdant bowers of rose, acacia, jasmine and citron; and long avenues of the dark sycamore, the golden orange, and the figtree with its azure fruit. Beneath was a vast hall, the roof of which was supported by massive columns of basalt, reflected in the green waters of the Nile, which formed the only pavement to this unequalled structure. In the centre of its labyrinth of sombre pillars was a large dome, open at the top, and surrounded by a balustrade of vivid blue and gold, permitting the eye to wander to the far higher and more brilliant dome above, which surmounted the garden pavilion. Through this opening, and springing almost to the summit of the second dome, rose a fountain; which, till it reached its destined height, was one unbroken column of water; then spreading itself into a sparkling shower, it fell like a silver veil beyond the balustrade; and was received in a perforated trough within the pavilion.

This fairy temple was paved with rich mosaic work, extending to the golden bases of forty pillars of polished rose-coloured granite, which supported the dome above; their capitols were likewise of wrought gold curiously beaten into lotus flowers, intermingling one with the other, and forming a wreath of foliage around the

* Aroura is half an acre.

dome, which like the balustrade was of the same precious metal, enamelled with azure. Forty steps of porphyry led from this pavilion into the luxurious garden, called from the perpetual and lulling sound of the waters beneath, the Garden of Dreams.

On the steps around the saloon of the fountain, lay sleeping on cushions, the maidens and attendant nymphs of the princess Nementhis, who herself reposed within the building on a mattress of rose-leaves, the sweetest in the world.

Robed in a loose dress of the finest linen, curiously wrought in gold and needlework, her rich bracelets of engraven gems scattered among the flowers she had thrown upon the tessellated pavement, and her beautiful head resting on fragrant pillows, she lay dreaming the lingering hours away. In her slumber she fancied she saw a splendid but unroofed temple, of which the varied beauty might have caught her eye, had it not rested on the figure of a blooming youth, around whose head was twined the golden serpent crown, the emblem of immortality. There was an aërial grace in the apparition, such as is found in dreams alone, as pointing to his natal star above with a radiant smile, the figure invited her to follow, and she sprang forward to obey; but ere she reached the spot, a rush of many waters sounded on her ear and divided her from the figure, which seemed to melt into air, and was lost amid the wild waves that now surrounded and gained fast upon

her. Struggling and panting, with a half-uttered exclamation of agony, the princess started from her sleep. All was calm around, and she raised herself on one hand to collect her scattered senses, as passing the other over her brow she turned towards the light of the declining moon. Was she indeed awake? Within the sacred line of columns, where none but royal foot had ever trod, there stood before her, proud in commanding height, the same faultless form she had beheld in her troubled dream. The same deep blue eye was fixed on hers, but no aspic crown encircled the brow of alabaster, from which the wind gently raised the rich and clustering curls, that needed not the foreign garb he wore to mark the youth a stranger. Her senses were bewildered, there was still the sound of waters, but it was her own pellucid fountain's murmuring fall! The strange and wondrous temple had indeed faded from her sight, and there was nothing but a sweet familiar scene around. She gazed again in mute astonishment upon the youth who seemed about to speak, but a faint stir amongst the drowsy maidens without, startling him, with a light and hasty tread he reached the verge of the pavilion, whence having turned once more to look on the motionless princess, he snatched a rose from the flowers scattered around, and bounding down the steps, his form was lost among the aromatic shrubs of the garden. Alarmed, yet pleased, despite herself, the fair Nementhis rose from her perfumed cushions, but

cared not to awaken the still slumbering attendants, nor did she seek the interpretation of her dream, for she loved to think it was her guardian spirit she had seen, clothed in an earthly though a beauteous form,—the sounding footsteps of the stranger having proclaimed that it was no aërial visitant that had broken on her repose, although his dignity and grace, almost divine, might well have made her think him such. Full of these gentle fantasies, she wandered forth among the roses, and mused on the vision that had passed.

The night was far advanced, and the moon was gradually sinking, casting a last lingering ray through the sapphire sky, so pale that it no longer obscured the myriads of twinkling stars which had till then been lost in its mild radiance. How many gazing eyes were now fixed intently on those bright luminaries, which shone in the blue arch of heaven with a concentrated light unknown to colder climes! From many a lofty tower, the priests and sages of this mystic land breathed holy aspiration to the souls of their departed great, whom they fondly thought enshrined in those distant spheres of glory; or traced with wrapt, prophetic eye, the eternal hieroglyphics of the sky, which it was given to them alone to read. In bright succession had arisen, far above the dark verge of the horizon, the clustering Pleïades, the sparkling Aldebaran, and stormy Orus,* with his brilliant belt and sword; the last, on earth

* Orion.

a hero and avenger of his father's wrong, now fixed immortally on high, heralds the approach of Sothin,* and of Kyon,† sacred to Isis and Osiris. Slowly the hour arrived when Egypt was to bow before these orbs, greeting the two brilliant stars, as they rose long before the sun, "sentinel and watchdog of the year." The astrologers read in the expanded volume of the universe, a table of mysterious ill, and the only reply they could give the king concerning his meditated embassy, was, "woe and death" to the noble who should undertake to lead it—further they could not declare. None but one of the highest rank was deemed worthy to enter the sacred precincts of the Lybian temple, and hear the heavenly voice of the oracle, which invariably refused all reply to other than a *voluntary* messenger. It was therefore in vain that Mycerinus, still determined on his project, issued his proclamations; in all the land of Egypt there was not one found who would brave the prophecy of "Woe and Death." The king offered gold, jewels, honours—yet none appeared; till he swore by Isis and Osiris, to grant to him who would perform his will, a boon, whatever he should ask, even were it the half of his dominions. A mournful silence reigned throughout the vast peristyle, as the assembly around the throne waited the result of this royal promise. Not a voice was heard even to whisper, and every eye was

* Sirius. † Procyon.

turned to the enamelled gates of entrance. At length they slowly unclosed, and the officers of the court led forward a young man of majestic height and noble bearing. He bent his forehead to the ground before the monarch, then stood erect in native dignity, whilst the venerable Uchoreus, chief of the thirty judges of the land, announced him as willing to obey the king's behest. But there arose a murmur of disapprobation from the surrounding courtiers.

The candidate was evidently a foreigner, and as such ought not to enter the immediate service of the king, who was attended only by natives of noble rank. Perhaps some lowborn slave was now before them, and could such be worthy so important a mission? A glance of scorn shot from the eyes of the youth, and his full arched lip expressed haughty contempt as he heard the sounds of disapprobation, which, waxing louder and louder, were mingled with vituperative exclamations against the hated Greeks; and words of surprise that their monarch should hesitate, even for an instant, to dismiss one of that nation, an abomination in their sight. Then rose Uchoreus, and waving his ivory and jewel-tipped staff, the tumult sank to a slight murmur. Advancing from his seat, the sage prostrated himself before the monarch, and having obtained permission to speak, he thus addressed the assembly.—"Ye lords of Egypt, wherefore are ye murmuring among yourselves? Can the wisdom of the king be arraigned? Can ye say

aught against the line from which Uchoreus springs? Say, my colleagues, was I not chosen as your chief because no son of Egypt boasted a nobler or more pure descent?"—Unanimous were the voices bearing testimony to the words of their honoured judge. "Then hear me," continued the venerable man; "he against whom ye raise these cries, is of the blood of Misraïm's kings; the son of mine only daughter, my loved and lost Salatis. Ye know that when the mighty Chæops sent me into Greece, my fair child journeyed with me, but returned no more! Sorrowing, I left her in that distant country, the plighted bride of Codrus, last and best of the Athenian kings; but though pre-eminent in virtue, as in rank, I long denied a daughter of the unsullied race of Egypt's kings to a detested Greek—but alas! in vain—she left me: for when were youthful affections swayed by the cold counsels of age? I forgave and blessed her; but never more did these old arms embrace the darling of mine age—she died in her adopted country, sorrowing for the husband of her choice! During the fatal wars between Athens and the Heraclidæ, the voice of the Delphic Oracle declared the victory to that nation whose king was slain the first—bravely did Codrus sacrifice himself, and justly was he deemed 'the father of his country!' The Athenians proclaiming none worthy to succeed him but Jupiter, appointed twelve Archons to rule over them. Medon, first born of the patriot monarch, judges

in Athens. Neleus and his Ionians are founding cities in Asia; whilst Oryntheus the youngest, and the child of my Salatis, disowned by his Grecian brothers, stands before you, ready to devote himself for the king, to whom he now vows fealty. No longer does he own proud Athens for his country: his beloved mother with her latest breath bequeathed him to my care, and he is to me as the child whom I have lost. As servant of the great Mycerinus, this youth, unappalled by the fatal prophecy, would seek the Lybian Oracle, bear to the monarch's feet the answer of the God, and then in triumph claim his promised boon." Heedless of the warning aspect of the astrologers, sounds of approval floated through the hall; and on a signal from the throne, Uchoreus, touching the Greek with the jewelled image suspended from his neck, named him as the appointed messenger to the Oasis of Ammon.

A hundred changes of raiment, gems and gold, were bestowed upon him; and with a numerous escort bearing various gifts for the god, in a few days he quitted Memphis for the desert, the sun of hope leading him fondly on, and gilding with its rays the dark prophecy which hung over him.

For fifteen days the people mourned Latona's fatal words, when rising from their grief, with renovated joy they commenced their preparations for the grandest festival of the year. The moonless night was employed in bringing by torchlight to the Temple of Serapis the

most beautiful stuffs, with which the ground was covered; in keeping silver lamps constantly fed with incense, burning before the statue of the god, and in throwing flowers into the deep basin, from the centre of which rose the pillar that marked the increase of the Nile: planted in the bed of the river, this pillar towered to the roof of the temple, and bore on its polished shaft the numbers that told the height of the inundation. By day, victims were sacrificed, and their entrails consulted in all the temples of Memphis; and offerings were laid before the gods, by the high born maids of Egypt; for on the third day, that day when the Nile attained the greatest height, was his chosen bride to be declared.

The moon rose bright, and its dawn greeted the ambassadors' return from Butus. The answer of the Oracle again spread consternation through the land.—It said, that the will of the gods was to afflict all Egypt for thrice fifty years, in order to purge it from its sins. Therefore, as Mycerinus was careful of his country's peace, the inscrutable decrees of fate permitted him to reign over it but seven years, when his death would again reduce the nation to slavery and despair. With heavy hearts the afflicted people assembled in the temple of Serapis, where the veiled and trembling maids awaited their fate. Many were the prayers put up by those who coveted the high, but dear-bought honour; but more were breathed from lips that loved not the cold kiss of the impatient wave; from hearts that shrunk

from their dark resting-place within its bosom. Among these last was the young Nementhis, who had ceased not to weep or pray since she had first been made acquainted with the misfortunes hanging over her father.

She was now standing in the temple undistinguished from a thousand other virgins of the land, who, in the glorious light of the morning sun, robed in white, with long veils embroidered in hieroglyphics depending from their lotus crowns, were waiting to place their small papyrus scrolls in the vase of fate. The priests chanted a low hymn, while the customary victim was led before the altar; the chief priest, laying his aged hands on the beast of sacrifice, loaded it with imprecations, whilst every voice joined in loud prayer to the gods, entreating them to cast upon the head of that victim all the calamities which so sorely threatened the land. It was then slaughtered, and the blood having been caught in a golden cup, and sprinkled on the porphyry vase which stood alone in the centre of the vast building, the priests resumed their chant. One by one each trembling maid advanced; then making the circuit of the vase, threw into it her scroll. The ceremony was long—there were many of the fair and noble standing in that temple with palpitating hearts! At length the lots were all thrown in, and a golden veil spread over the vase. The rays of the sun turned cold and pale, and a silent awe struck the assembled multitude, as four of the priests left the altar, each armed

with a ponderous brazen club, and broke the vase to atoms: the glittering veil enveloped its ruins, covering all save the one small leaf, on which the name of the chosen bride was traced. Darker and darker grew the heavens as the chief priest, sorely dismayed, slowly advanced to raise the fatal scroll; he already held it in his hand, when the mysterious rite became complete. The affrighted priests and women sank on the ground uttering wild cries of horror, while the rest flew through the arcades of the temple, lighted only by the incense lamps before the shrine, into the darker streets without. Holding the unread scroll in his trembling hand, the venerable chief priest prophesied aloud; "Woe, woe!" he cried, "woe to the land of Egypt! the sun of her prosperity is hidden beneath a dark cloud cast o'er its brightness by the wrath of heaven!—Mourn, oh ye inhabitants of Memphis, the curse of the gods is on ye! Mourn, oh ye daughters of Egypt, the loved and the good shall be taken from ye!" His voice was lost in the lamentations of the multitude. But soon the portentous darkness began to yield to the reviving influence of the god of day; the cold, damp chill that had fallen on all, was dissipated by the returning radiance, and light and hope were renewed together. "Behold!" cried the aged priest, "behold the type of Egypt's fate: her sun of glory shall be dimmed but for a season! More bright, more cheering shall it shine again, when the curse of heaven shall have passed away! Praised

be the immortal gods!" He spoke, and through the mighty temple a thousand voices echoed, "Praised be the immortal gods!"

The hot blast of the desert was tempered in its course by the verdant and flower-enamelled pastures of the Oasis of Ammon; and the burning rays of the noonday sun were intercepted by its dense and ever sheltering palm groves. The Egyptians and their Grecian leader slept through the sultry hours beneath the awnings of their tents, dreaming of the trackless waste of sand they had so slowly traversed, to renew at their awakening the joy with which they had arrived at this blooming paradise, the bourne of their pilgrimage. Guarded from the intolerable heat, the patient camels at length reposed after their toilsome march, crouching in the deep shade of the date and fig trees, and snuffing the cool fragrance of the rippling streams, that wandered through bowers of clustering fruit trees and plants of aromatic sweetness. No living object was seen to stir throughout the happy spot, except the grey swallow which sought with drooping wing her cool nest amongst the pillars of the temple; and the small green bird of the desert, whose glittering plumage glanced amid the dark stems of the Doum palm-tree. All was hushed, save the murmur of the sacred fountain of the sun, which gushed from the bosom of the earth, throwing its icy waters far into the sultry air, as though they sprang to meet their tutelary god.

This calm and beautiful Oasis seemed a small island, green as the Smaragdine stone,* in a boundless ocean of arid sand, and extended fresh and fair, around the solitary and far-famed temple of Ammon. A dark, massive, and unornamented gateway presented a strange contrast to the magnificent building of which it formed the entrance. In this gateway, the stranger wishing to consult the oracle, was constrained to await the mysterious answer of the god: it contained one chamber, lighted by an opening in the roof, and its walls were thickly covered with hieroglyphics, representing the various deities of Egypt, standing side by side in long succession, with their names and histories traced beneath them. Two small doors facing the east and south, opened on the groves of the Oasis, and the wide expanse of country beyond; but on the north appeared a large, thick veil, which, when casually raised, disclosed the small court, paved with granites of different hues, that separated the gateway from the temple. Of that glorious pile, the exterior alone was ever seen, none but the priests being allowed to cross its sacred threshold, under penalty of certain death. For ancient records inform us, that one audacious mortal, who dared to enter these sacred precincts, returned no more! His fate was dimly known, but the priests affirm, that no sooner did he behold the mystic light of the wondrous lamp that

* Emerald.

burns unquenchably before the shrine, than he sunk a blackened corse, as though scathed by the lightning of Heaven! All, therefore, that could be seen by the profane eye, was an immense building of a circular form, surrounded, midway of its height, by a terrace elevated on ninety lofty columns; ninety more of smaller size, rising from this terrace, supported the flat roof above.

The balmy breeze of evening had succeeded to the heat of day, when the pilgrims awoke from their refreshing slumber, and Oryntheus deeming the night hour unfavourable for announcing his mission to the chief priest, paced slowly through the palm-groves till he reached the borders of the fountain. Before it, an aged man was prostrated in prayer, and the Greek awaited beneath the shade till his orisons were finished. He watched him take of the clear water in his hand, and muttering some unknown words, sprinkle it on the turf, and afterwards turn towards the temple to depart. The youth arrested the old priest's steps and bent reverently before him, then encouraged by the mildness of the eye that rested on his, he ventured to ask of that holy fountain, and its hidden virtues. "My son," replied the votary, "by day the stream of that fountain is chill and cold, though touched by the desert's burning winds, but as the shade of evening gathers around, it absorbs their ardour, and stealing from them all their fiery heat, lets the freshened breeze pass on; thus at dead of

night, the waters flow like liquid fire, but grow cold by degrees, as the morn advances. At this season too, when the first ray of the bright star, Canopus, shines above the wide horizon, they give an omen of the fate of love." Oryntheus drew nearer the old man, who continued, "At that propitious moment, some gem or flower hallowed by the touch of the beloved one, must be cast into the stream: if fortune smile, the gem will be thrown from its bosom, shining with brighter hue, and the faded flower, thus restored, will bloom again; but if the omen be of evil, or gem or flower is lost in the eddying water, and seen no more." With these words, the venerable priest gathered his robe around him, and slowly quitted the spot. Left alone, the youth threw himself beside the warm fountain, and yielded to the sweet thoughts that stole over him. He recalled to his remembrance that night, when, profiting by the confusion of the palace, he had quitted the side of the sage Uchoreus, and unperceived by all, had entered the royal gardens. Aided by the murmuring water, he now in fancy again beheld that pavilion with its polished columns, that flower-strewed pavement, and that still fairer object, on whom was placed his every hope,—the young princess. He again beheld her dark and wondering glance, her graceful form, and her small foot, shining like silver in the clear moonlight. Drawing a rose from his bosom, which had once been the brightest of those bright roses that bloom nowhere

but in the gardens of the Nile, he pressed it to his lips—it was withered; but he looked on the fountain, and he looked on the heavens!—Oh, yes! it would bloom again! that faded flower would return from the reviving wave, sweeter and fresher than when first it dropped from the hand of the fair Nementhis! The hours passed on, and the eye of Oryntheus traversed the dark extent of sand, and the moonless sky lighted only by its starry lamps, till it remained fixed in eager gaze on the spot where the signal-star was first to shine. At length it slowly appeared, and he cast the rose into the fountain: it sank in the bubbling water, which sent ripple after ripple to the shore, but restored not the flower again. The youth watched long and despairingly each crystal wave that laved his hand; the stream grew cooler and cooler, and as the red sun rose, the living waters gushed with renewed force and coldness,—but they gave back the rose of love no more!

From among the hundred priests who served in the temple of Ammon, twenty were chosen to attend their chief, who waited in the gateway chamber to receive the messengers of the king of Egypt. Slowly Oryntheus presented himself, and as he rose from a low obeisance, he recognised in the chief priest, the old man who had knelt beside the Fountain of the Sun. The glance of the venerable sage fell on him with the same mild expression as before, and receiving the scroll from his hand, he bade him abide there the answer of

the god. Shortly after he had withdrawn, the perfumed breath of burning incense stole through the chamber, despite the thick veil which separated it from the temple; the mighty Ammon had rejected the sacrifice, and the morning beams which shone through the opening above, no longer glowed with their pristine brightness; the darkness of his frown was over his people. A cold shudder ran through the veins of Oryntheus, as the surrounding priests announced that the God was indeed in wrath; they knew it by the unwonted power of the incense,—they knew it by the gathering gloom; and fear came upon them all as they fell with their faces to the earth. Once the youth raised his eyes; but he found that all was darkness, and he re-closed them in mortal terror, nor recovered from his stupor till the voice of the chief priest sounded on his ear. Their fears were indeed too true; the oracle had refused an answer to the king, and the impetuous Greek remembered, but too late, that the monarch's gifts had not been laid before the shrine. He hastened with the priests to seek the neglected offerings in the tents. They found the Egyptians, affrighted at the supernatural darkness, prostrate on the earth, believing their last hour was come; and scarcely could the assurances of their youthful leader restore them to composure.

All nature seemed to shrink from the anger of

the god, the camels had broken from their drivers, and were running with frantic speed into the desert, and the birds uttered wild cries as they darted to their nests. But the visitation was brief; the portentous shadow had passed from the sun; and the heavens brightened again with his glorious smile, when Oryntheus with the royal gifts returned to the presence of the high priest. He then learned with dismay that the oracle might not be consulted twice for one suppliant without an interval of fifty days.

The impossibility of accomplishing the object of his embassy ere the lapse of so much weary time, together with the evil omen of the night, so tortured him with anxiety, that he vowed at all hazards to learn his future fate.

Collecting the jewels bestowed by the king, on bended knee he craved the services of the chief priest for one of the royal blood of Athens and of Egypt, when taking from his sunny hair the golden grasshoppers, token of his high descent, coeval with the earth itself, and placing it with the gems at the feet of the old man, he retired in silence to his tent.

Heavily the lingering hours passed away! alternate hope and fear chequered their course, till at length Oryntheus was again summoned to the chamber of the gateway. The high priest was already there, and his aged features glowed with a benignant smile as he placed in his hand a small scroll, on which was traced

the answer of the oracle. The youth eagerly unfolding it, read these lines with trembling haste,—

"The royal Greek who seeks a royal bride,
Shall find her where the Nile's green waters glide!
Let him return in triumph to his shore,
And meet his loved one there, to part no more!"

Joy, the most tumultuous, flushed his countenance on beholding these blissful words; every doubt, every fear vanished from his breast, and hope already seemed to place him at the summit of his wishes. Love and ambition would alike be gratified. The beautiful Nementhis would be his; the serpent crown of royalty might hereafter bind his brows, and haughty Egypt own a Grecian lord! The days flew on in dreams of happiness unclouded by a single care, save impatience at being so long detained from his promised bride, even amongst those groves of exquisite loveliness. He wiled away the time in listening to the words of heavenly wisdom, flowing from the lips of the good and holy priests, or in wandering through the verdant recesses of the woods, and in exploring the dark and sacred grottos where the mummies of the happy Ammonians repose; his thoughts were all of joy and future bliss, and the evil omen of the fountain was forgotten, or remembered only with contempt.

At length he placed in his bosom the oracle's reply, containing the fate of the king of Egypt; it was inscribed on a papyrus leaf, closely wrapped in many

folds of perfumed byssus, and his heart beat wildly against it; he felt with added certainty, that he now indeed might claim the hand of the fair princess as his promised boon.

He hastened his departure, and soon his white tents were no longer seen beneath the palm trees—no dark Egyptians rested in their shade; the stir of the encampment was succeeded by profound repose, and the verdant Oasis was once more left, with its stately temple, its sparkling fountain, and its sacred groves, to the solitude of the desert.

After nine days' tedious travel, Oryntheus and his wearied escort emerged from the last gorge of the Lybian mountains, and slowly descended upon the plains of Egypt. Far different was the prospect opening on their view from what it had been when last they passed that way. The wide lake had yielded to the richest pastures; on every side extended vast tracts of cultivated land and fruitful orchards; the busy people were scattered over the fields, engaged in their various employments, and rejoiced at being no longer confined to the dull monotony of their cities. The teeming earth appeared to joy in its release from watery bondage; and though in other climes it was the season of the falling leaf, in this blessed and fertile land a second spring put forth its dewy blossoms. All nature seemed

to harmonise with the feelings of the exulting Greek as he mounted his fleet courser and scoured across the plain, leaving his fainting people to their calm repose. He rode with headlong speed through the heat of day, and twice before he reached his journey's end was he obliged to stop at the public stables on the way, to change his flagging steed. At length the distant towers of Memphis rose before him, but the sun was fast declining before he entered its unclosed gates.

'T was strange! There were no thronging crowds within the streets, and even the buildings seemed untenanted; nothing obstructed his way to the palace of the Pharoahs. He hastily dismounted, and passed onwards. The slanting rays of the sun fell on the red pillars of Joseph's Hall, but that, like all around, was deserted. At last, he descried a few stragglers hurrying through the streets; and following their steps, they led him towards the banks of the Nile. Some sacred rite, some holy mystery was enacting. Not a single bark floated on the river, but a countless multitude thronged its shore, and it required the whole force of his youthful strength and towering height to pierce through the dense mass; at length, he came to a line of priests, in their nebris robes of panther's skin, and vests of fine linen, dyed of a purple colour, the sun shining on the golden asps which encircled their brows and waists. A barrier, impervious to the struggling crowd, was formed by the sacred persons of these

motionless priests, but they recognised and immediately gave way to the messenger of their king; to one who, they trusted, had brought the long-expected answer of the oracle; and they passed the young prince through their ranks, when the whole scene was disclosed before him.

It was the marriage of the Nile, and all the wealth of Egypt seemed scattered on its shore. A wide amphitheatre was marked out by a circle of golden censers, their curling smoke obscuring the forms of the priests behind them. The whole ground sparkled with gems of various colours, which were lightly pressed beneath the measured tread of a thousand dancing maidens, who were throwing flowers and perfumes in the air. A splendid throne was raised at one extremity of the open space, and its golden canopy gleamed in the last rays of the setting sun; but the king was not beneath it. Oryntheus beheld him standing on a high terrace, immediately above the river; there too, the thirty judges of the land, and the chiefs of the Memphian temples were assembled; and, as they all turned towards the sun, a low chant sounded on his ear. He advanced and mingled with the group: still gazing on the face of Mycerinus, he perceived in it an expression of despair so terrible, that it seemed as if the solemn ceremony alone stayed the utterance of grief almost too dreadful for human feelings to support. A quick movement among the priests hid the monarch

from his view, and following the impulse given, he found the group had divided, withdrawing on either side, and leaving two figures alone; one the chief priest of Serapis, and the other a veiled female. The old priest held in his hand a consecrated lotus wreath, and with apparent force drew the unwilling bride to the river's edge. At that moment the red disc of the sun touched the verge of the horizon, the multitude began a loud song of triumph, but Oryntheus fancied he distinguished shrieks, as of a soul in agony, mingling with the joyous hymn. Instinctively he darted forward—the priest threw off the maiden's veil to place the lotus wreath upon her brow, and he beheld in the destined bride of the Nile, the pale features of his beloved Nementhis! For one fearful moment he stood bereft of sense and motion—but, as the mystic ring was placed on her finger, the eye of the beauteous victim rested upon him; she recognised him, and struggling in the grasp of the priest, stretched her arms towards him, faintly murmuring, "Save me, save me!"—He rushed forward to throw himself between the maiden and the dark abyss—but it was too late! Ere he reached the spot, a deep plunge was heard, and the daughter of Egypt was gone for ever! His starting eyes gazed on the eddying waters that hid her from his view. Immortal gods! was this the joyous bridal? In this dark scene of horror, were the bright words of the oracle indeed fulfilled? Raising his clasped hands in

agony to heaven with a wild cry, he sprang into the fatal stream, thus meeting his promised bride in death, to part no more !

The answer of the oracle perished with Oryntheus in the dark waters of the Nile, but its fate was unheeded by the wretched king. His child, his only child, was taken from him; he had lost the hope of his old age, and now, far from regretting that his reign was soon to have an end, he cursed the lagging years, that still separated him from all he had ever loved on earth.

In the city of Saïs, he caused a splendid monument to be erected to the memory of the hapless princess, and there in a gloomy hall he passed whole days alone, ceasing not to lament the doom of the young Nementhis. Within this stately edifice were burned the most delicious perfumes, and a bright lamp was fed with consecrated oil, and never permitted to be extinguished.

A series of misfortunes pursued Mycerinus from the time of his daughter's sacrifice till his death, which happened as the oracle had foretold, when he had ruled over the land of Egypt for seven years. The dark sarcophagus that contained his remains, instead of being laid in the vast pyramid he had raised, was, by his own desire, placed in the monument at Saïs; and the last regret he ever knew was, that he had not died like Oryntheus with the "Bride of the Nile."

GOING TO MASS

THE THREE AGES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How beautiful are ye,
Age, Youth, and Infancy!
She, with slowly tottering pace,
She, with light and youthful grace,
And the child with clustering locks;
All, all are beautiful!
For in them I can see,
Thus pictured forth, a lesson that is full
Of the strong interests of humanity.
Childhood all sorrow mocks;
It dwells in pleasant places;
Sees ever-smiling faces!
Flowers, and fair butterflies, and pebbly brooks,
These are its teachers and its lesson-books!
If chance a cloud come over it to-day,
Before to-morrow it hath passed away.
It has no troubling dreams;
No cogitations dark, no wily schemes;

It counteth not the cost
Of what its soul desires, with thoughtful trouble;
Knows not how days are lost—
How love is but a bubble;
Knows not an aching forehead, a tired brain;
Nor the heart sickening with a hopeless pain!
Oh, happy infancy!
Life's cares have small companionship with thee!

A child no more! a maiden now,
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly, and a dove-like eye;
And all hearts bless her, as she passes by!
Fair creature, in this morning of her youth,
She is all love, she is all truth!
She doubteth none; she doth believe
All true, for she can not deceive!
Dear maiden, thou must learn, ere long,
That Hope has but a syren's song;
That Love is not what he would swear;
That thou must look before, behind—
The gentlest need be most aware—
A serpent 'mong the flowers is twined!
I mourn, sweet maiden, thou must learn
Aught so ungracious, aught so stern!

Oh, youth! how fair, how dear thou art;
How fairer yet thy truth of heart!

That guileless innocence, that clings
Unto all pure, all gentle things!
Alas! that Time must take from thee
Thy beautiful simplicity!

Age, leaning on its staff, with feeble limb,
Grey hair, and vision dim,
Doth backward turn its eye,
And few and evil seem the days gone by!
Oh, venerable age! hast thou not proved all things,
Love, Hope, and Promise fair,
And seen them vanish into air,
Like rainbows on a summer's eve!
Riches unto themselves have taken wings;
Love flattered to deceive;
And Hope has been a traitor unto thee!
And thou hast learned, by many a bitter tear,
By days of weary sorrow, nights of fear,
That all is vanity!

Yet, venerable age,
Full of experience sage,
Well may the good respect thee, and the wise!
For thou hast living faith,
Triumphant over death,
Which makes the future lovely to thine eyes!
Thou knowest that, ere long,
'T will be made known to thee,

Why virtue is so weak, why evil strong;
Why love is sorrow, joy a mockery.
And thus thou walkest on in cheerfulness,
And the fair maiden and the child dost bless!

Oh! beautiful are ye,
Age, Youth, and Infancy!
These are your names in Time,
When the eye darkens and the cheek grows pale;
But in yon fairer clime,
Where Life is not a melancholy tale,
Where woe comes not, where never enters Death,
Ye will have other names — Joy, Love, and Faith!

FEMALE "FRIENDS."

I write of what I know.
EVELYN.

GENTLE Reader, hath it ever happened to you to have been domesticated, for any length of time, with a family belonging to the Society of Friends? If it have, you will be able to judge of the fidelity of my picture; if, on the contrary, they have flitted before your sight, leaving nothing on your memory but a vision of a plainly-dressed, plainly-spoken, and, it may be, plainly-featured people, the following little sketch may not prove uninteresting, from its novelty.

It hath fallen to my lot, in the earlier period of my life, to be thrown into the society of not a few of the most distinguished families of the Sect. On my first acquaintance, I was greatly at a loss to distinguish any difference in the female part of the fraternity. In their instance, youth and age seemed to have lost their usual characteristics, when attired in the same sombre livery: and when at length I learned

at a glance to distinguish the matron from the maiden, I found that it required a still keener perception to distinguish one maiden from another;—the same brown gown and poke-bonnet were common to them all; and it was not until after a two months' residence among them, that I learned to separate the *smart* from the *staid*. By the end of that period, however, I became familiar with the nice distinction of a *plaited* and *drawn*-crowned bonnet; between the bonnet lined with *white*, and the bonnet lined with the *same* colour; between the gaiety of white strings, as compared with the gravity of strings made of the palest drab!

On my first introduction to a Friend's family, the peculiarity that most struck (and I must confess, surprised) me, was the entire absence of all *finesse* in the manners of the ladies. To my sophisticated taste, there was something, as it seemed to me, too unveiled—too straightforward—both in appearance and manner;—a sort of angularity, which appeared to me to want rounding off. They asked questions without circumlocution, and returned answers without any softening qualification. It hath been said, that "a Quaker never gives a direct answer." This saying appears to me to belong to that family of jests which are more distinguished for their piquancy than their truth. I should say, that the reverse of this maxim is the fact; but that I fear to attempt, by my individual strength, to remove what has been considered so ancient a land-mark.

Another peculiarity, which forcibly struck me in their conversation, is what Mrs. Malaprop would call, a "nice derangement of epitaphs;" in other words, an extreme propriety of diction—their strict attention to the strictest rules of Lindley Murray. With them, our excellent friend Hannah More could have no pretext for reiterating her favourite precept of "calling things by their right names." With them "pink is pink, and not scarlet!" In their conversation, there is an utter absence of all exaggeration or embellishment; and I am almost tempted to believe, that their children are *born* with a knowledge of the degrees of comparison—of the distinction subsisting between positive and superlative. However this may be, I am quite certain that a mere child would stand a chance of severe reprehension, who should be guilty of characterising an *accident* as a *misfortune*.

But my reader must not imagine that I gained all this information as easily as he does. No, indeed! it required some tact to approach very near the gentle Sisters, (of the Brothers, I profess to know nothing), for they have a profound horror of ridicule, and a shrinking sort of distrust for all who are clad in motley. This feeling does not arise from coldness, but is the result of a retired education and a secluded life. To a Quaker, the presence of a silly woman of fashion would inspire more restraint than that of a whole body of profound philosophers.

Their peculiarity of language, too, which they value as the hedge of their "garden enclosed," tends to place a great gulf between them and the rest of the world; they cannot ask you how you do, without feeling that they have not even words in common with their fellow-creatures. This prevents a free interchange of ideas, and may be one cause why they are so little known; they seldom, perhaps, feel quite at their ease, excepting in the society of persons of their own persuasion.

And here I cannot but remark how seldom a correct version of the Quaker phraseology is to be met with, even in the works of such writers as have chosen members of that body for their *dramatis personæ*. Our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, has made worthy Joshua Geddes guilty of *swearing* at little Benjie; and his gentle sister Rachael manifests small respect for the rules of grammar. The sentiments imputed to these good people, are, however, more in accordance with those of the "Society" than their phraseology; the acquisition of which would seem to be a matter of some difficulty, since their trusty friend and well-beloved champion, Charles Lamb, is not entirely guiltless of now and then murdering the Friends' English.

But if any adventurer, urged by curiosity, or a better feeling, will take the trouble to break the ice, and pierce beyond the veil, I do not think that he will find his labour ill bestowed. He will immediately be struck with what I have already noticed — a startling

candour of manner; the result either of great confidence or great singleness of mind—he must decide which; if he appeal to me, I shall without hesitation refer it to the latter cause. And now, supposing my reader to have advanced some steps towards an acquaintanceship—to have got over the chill which the THEE and THOU will not fail to throw over a first colloquy—he will still stand some chance of being frozen back by a want of sympathy in the material of small talk. Music, and places of public amusement (those staple commodities of the overture of conversation), will not avail him here; to them, dancing and music are forbidden things. Of all such tastes and sciences, our Protestant nuns are profoundly ignorant. Their education has unfitted them to decide on the respective merits of a Pasta or a Sontag. They cannot descant on the talent of the rival composers, Beethoven or Rossini, or decide on the superior charm of the mazurka or the gallopade.

But though they can do none of these things, and are not versed in the art of elegant trifling, we will venture to predict that he will meet with no lack of useful or valuable information among them. If the superstructure be without ornament, the foundation is not without solidity. He will find none of that ignorance of matters which should be of universal notoriety, which is sometimes to be met with in the conversation of their more showy neighbours. No female member of

the Society of "Friends" would ever be likely to mistake the Reformation for the Restoration; or confound *Scotland's* with *England's* last Catholic King James.

If our friend be a man of science, whether naturalist, geologist, or botanist, we will venture to promise that he shall not enter ten families without finding in five of them, ladies, neither old nor ugly, who are able to encounter him on his own ground; and this too without any assumption of extraordinary learning. With them, such knowledge is too much a matter of course to be made a matter of vanity; and if we must acknowledge that their elders are somewhat rigid in excluding them from the amusements that are to be found abroad, we must not omit to allow that they amply provide them with such as are calculated to embellish home.

Again, if our visitor be a poet, we will ensure him abundant sympathy in his favourite pursuit. Poetic taste, which may almost be said to amount to a passion among the youth of their sect, is, I fancy, the escape-valve through which their repressed musical talent evaporates. Among their most accredited favourites, are Wordsworth, Beattie, Montgomery, Cowper, and Campbell; and if the former have most of their praise, the last has, I suspect, most of their love. Campbell is, indeed, the Apollo of the Friends; and I scarcely know amongst them a damsel of seventeen, who cannot repeat the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," from beginning to end.

Of prose-writers that are not of their own body, their theological favourites are Cudworth and Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, the writings of the latter are in such high repute among them, that had the Quakers a bishoprick to bestow, he would undoubtedly have been called upon to fill its chair. Of their favourite novelists, I dare not say much, for this class of reading is strictly forbidden, under the designation of "unprofitable books." Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, I have usually discovered, that the younger part of the body contrive, by some means or other, to make themselves acquainted with the works of our most popular writers of fiction. I feel a tenderness in alluding to this subject, from a fear of getting my fair friends into a scrape. Nevertheless (*sub rosâ*) such is the fact.

Of their parliamentary favourite, for each heart hath its own peculiar star, Wilberforce was the idol before whom they bowed. This may seem odd in a sect whose policy is so evidently liberal; but in this instance, what they consider the smaller good, is made to bend to the one of greater magnitude, and thus they forgive his Toryism, for the sake of his philanthropy.

"So much for mind, and now for outward shew."

As a lover of impartiality I must not neglect to caution any unfortunate husband who may be smarting under the recent infliction of a bill from Madame Carson,

and who is ready to wish that his wife had been of the sect that are limited in the choice of their dresses, from being over hasty in his judgment.—I am of opinion that when the Creator, for the sins of our first parents, ordained that they should need clothing, he imparted to the original offender and all her female posterity, a taste, which converted the penalty into a boon; on this principle only can I account for the love of dress so common to them all. Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, "refrain from outward adorning," and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First there is white, pure unadulterated white; then there is 'dead' white, then there is 'blue' white, then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites.—Next follow the greys: first there is simple grey, then 'blue' grey, then 'ash' grey, then 'silver' grey, then 'raven' grey, and, for aught I know, a dozen other greys.—Then come the fawn, the 'light' fawn, the 'dark' fawn, the 'red' fawn, the 'brown' fawn, the 'hare's back,' and the 'brown paper' colour;—then

follow (with their endless subdivisions) the families of the 'Esterhazies,' the 'doves,' the 'slates,' the 'puces,' the 'mulberries,' the 'bronzes,' and the 'London smokes,'—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a Lady Friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay: let him rest assured that his burthen is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteenpence, but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also, and that the "Sisters" have a peculiar *penchant* for the latter priced article. It is true that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufacture,—no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn!

And then their *chaussure*—in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people: It is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours—brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many.

And then their gloves—who ever saw a Quakeress

with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital coverings? And well may it be so; for, though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual fingers.

And then their pocket handkerchiefs — I verily believe that the present fashion of the *Mouchoir brodé* proceeded from them. It is true, that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open work border on cobweb-like cambric: nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessaries in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessaries of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity.

So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was "curious in his linen as a Quaker:"—and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century, is fully in force at the present day.

One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire, ycleped a shawl, we will match any pretty 'Friend' against any fair one of the European continent, (always excepting a lady from Spain). O, the

smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders!—O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend, in the sweep of its remorseless folds!

All this have I witnessed; yet if any sceptical reader doubt the fidelity of my sketch, and inquire how I became acquainted with all these mysteries, I may tell him that I do not know by what authority he presumes to doubt my veracity. If, however, a knowledge of the truth will lull his suspicions, I may as well confess the fact,

> "That the glance which I cherished most fondly and dearly,
> Beamed from under a bonnet of drab-coloured hue;"

and that though my fair one, had the bad taste to prefer a husband from among her "own people,"—that though I am in my forty-fifth year, and a bachelor for her sake, still I cannot forget the trepidation which the rustle of a certain drab-coloured gown used to produce, or the hopes which a placid, sister-like smile once excited in my heart. These are—it may be—dull reminiscences, still I can never see a covey of these human partridges in their annual migration, without a certain

aguish feel, nearly allied to melancholy. Still I am unable to pass the plainest of the sisterhood, without internally wishing her "God speed," for the sake of one who was the flower of the flock, and the queen of them all.

A friend who did me the favour to read the above pages, observed, "Yes, it is a pretty picture, but how do you reconcile inconsistences? By your own account, there may be as much vanity in the russet stole, as in the gold brocade." I acknowledge the fact fully; I know very well that vanity is indigenous in the human heart, and that if it be to be rooted out at all, it must be by attacking the citadel, not the mere out-works. I might have commented on the monkish austerity of rendering the narrow path still narrower, by the use of their peculiar dialect: I might have remarked on the absurdity of making that which was the ordinary attire of sober matrons of the reign of James the Second, the standard for those of the reign of William the Fourth—to prove the inefficiency of rules, where the letter may be preserved and the spirit evaded. I might have observed on the tolerance of pink cotton, and the *in*tolerance of pink silk: I might have animadverted on their rejection of that pure source of enjoyment, music, on the sole plea that it was so liable to be abused; but I undertook, not to defend their principles, but to delineate their "outward seeming." If

I have not pointed out where they are vulnerable, neither have I borne my testimony (as well I might) to their great domestic virtues; to their solid intellectual endowments; to their meek endurance of "the world's dread laugh;" nor to their active spirit of benevolence: for it was THEY who suggested that beautiful axiom of the first female writer of this, or perhaps of any age, that "the care of the poor is the profession of the ladies."* Yes, if they are seldom recognised on the *highways* of charity bazaars, sure am I that their presence is not wanting in the *hedges*, where unfriended suffering makes its pitiless abode.

I have furnished the *pour*, the *contra* I leave to be supplied by another hand.

Z. M. W.

* Hannah More.

THE DOOMED KING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The voice of an archangel spake—
"A dark one draweth near,
Covered with guilt as with a robe;—
Wherefore doth he appear?"
And another answered solemnly—
"He comes for judgment here!"

Through myriad, myriad shapes of bliss,
On went the Spectre King,
And stood before the judgment-seat,
A guilty, trembling thing!

"I was an earthly king last night,"
With a hollow voice he spoke;
"I drank the wine, I sank to sleep—
Oh! how have I awoke!

"Alas! my life has been a dream—
A sinful dream: 't is o'er!
And through eternity my soul
Shall slumber never more!

"Back through the past my soul is urged;
Back through each guilty stain;
And every thought, and word, and deed,
Unperished lives again!

"For, as a leaf before the storm
Is bowed and borne away,
Some mighty power compelleth me,
And it must have its way;
Though every word condemn my soul,
I dare not disobey!

"I see a white, low village-home;
I see a woman there;
And a little child kneels at her knee,
And murmurs out its prayer.

"It is the first-born of her love—
Fairest, and most caressed;
Heaven only has a second place
Within that woman's breast.

"Mother, dear mother! by thy love,
Thy sorrowings and thy truth,
Plead for me in my hour of need!
Think on my sinless youth!

"Ah, no! thou canst not plead for me!
A dark and fearful time
Hath parted us, and death hath oped
The mystery of my crime!

"I made thy nights a weary watch;
I gloomed thy days with shame;
And a dark word by which men are cursed,
I made my father's name!

"I was the eldest of our house;
Beside me there were three;
And pure and simple had they lived,
Had it not been for me!
But now their blood unto my soul
Doth cleave like leprosy!

"I stood as in a father's place;
As the sun before their sight,
Beloved of all; and in their eyes
Whate'er I did was right.

"Alas! my heart was a cursed thing!
I lured them on to sin;
I lured them to a dark abyss,
And plunged them headlong in!

"Bodies and souls I ruined them;
Yet in men's sight I kept
My name unstained — on theirs alone
The infamy was heaped.

"They were my tools, and subtly
I wrought them to my will;
A tyrant to the wretched slaves
I bound to me for ill!

"No, no! for me thou canst not plead!
I spoke not for the three;
And in thy broken-heartedness,
I kept them far from thee,
With cruel, specious lies!—no, no,
Thou canst not plead for me!

"The first, he died a dreadful death
Of lingering, horrid pain;
I saw him as a stealthy spy—
His soul had broke my chain;

"Therefore I gave him to a power
More fell than death,—and he
Was racked for crime he had not wrought;—
And so died cruelly.

"The second had a feebler soul;
A gentle, timid thing;
A child in spirit, to whose heart
Good never ceased to cling.

"'T was vain I crushed him, scorned him, spurned;
His was a truth unchanged;
Fallen as he was, his stedfast love
Kept with me unestranged!

"And, in my after misery,
When evil days came down,
He saved me; and my coward life
He ransomed with his own!

"Brothers! why rise ye not, each one,
Upon this judgment-day;
The bitter wrongs I heaped on you,
Had power my soul to slay!

"The third, a spirit like to mine;
The nearest to my heart;
The only one I counselled with,—
Who in my power had part:

"He sate with me at the board last night,
He took from me the wine;
Traitor, there 's blood upon thy hand,
And judgment will be thine!

"Ah, no! the guilt is mine — is mine!
I drew the three from Heaven;
I sold them to work wickedness,
And may not be forgiven!

"Talents and time — the noblest gifts
Ever on man bestowed,
Were mine; a soft and winning speech,
And beauty like a god!

"All, all were passion's vilest slaves;—
All ministered to crime;
And now a dark eternity
Doth make account with time!

"I had a power, an awful power
Over men's minds; I wove,
Base as I was, around all hearts
A chain, half fear, half love.

"They were as clay; I moulded them
With the light words of my tongue;
Old men and wise alike obeyed:
And thence ambition sprung.

" The sin of angels was my sin;
And, bold as was my thought,
Men, weak and willing instruments,
They gave me what I sought!

" Then woke the tyrant stern and proud;
And, as unto the three,
I did to them,—I raised myself
On weak humanity.

" Rapine and outrage, and despair,
Over the land spread wide;
And what was wrung from poverty
My luxury supplied.

" The little that the poor man had,
In vain he guarded well;
Mine eye was as the basilisk's,
That withered where it fell.

" My sceptre was an iron rod!
The suffering people's groan,
Like sullen thunders heard afar,
Was echoed to the throne:

" To me it was a mockery!
I scoffed at wise men's lore;
And to the madness of my power
I gave myself still more.

"Of seven dark and deadly sins,
Like plague-spots on the past—
Of seven dark and deadly sins,
I must recount the last:—

"There was a maid—a fair young thing—
High-born, and undefiled
By thought of sin; so meek, so wise;
In heart so like a child!

"In the beauty of her innocence,
She had no earthly fear:
The blackness of my evil heart
I masked when she was near.

"With subtle mockery of good,
Her pure soul did I win;
And fervent, lying vows I paid,
Ere she was lured to sin.

"I brought destruction on her house—
The blameless and the brave!
And its grey-headed sire went down
Dishonoured to the grave.

"This was the triumph of my art;
This gave her to my power;
Poor slave to passion's tyranny,—
The idol of an hour!

" Vain was her passionate despair,
My callous heart to wring;
I left her to her misery—
A lorn, heart-broken thing!

" I took of her no further thought—
My life was in its prime;
And in a wild carouse I lived
Of luxury and crime.

" 'T was, staggering from a long debauch,
From some impure retreat,
At midnight, in a dark disguise,
Along the city street,

" And I and my companions saw,
Amid our shameless mirth,
A small train of poor men, who bore
Some child of clay to earth.

" A thought of mad impiety
Rushed through my drunken brain;
I seized the foremost by the arm,
And stopped the funeral train.

" 'Let 's look upon the dead!' I cried;
No answering word they said;
But gazed on me upbraidingly,
And then unveiled the dead!

"The dead! yes, on the dead I looked!
Oh, sight of woe to me!
The one I drew as down from heaven,
And cast to infamy!

"Not in her beauty was she laid,
As for the high-born meet;
The coarsest garb of poverty
Was her poor winding-sheet!

"The drunken frenzy of my brain
Was gone—and through my soul
A wild, remorseful agony,
Like a fierce weapon stole!

"From that night, life became a pang:
A dark, upbraiding sprite
Seemed ever nigh, for that one sin
Reproaching day and night.

"The gnawing sense of evil done,
Was as a desert beast
Above its prey—my living soul
Its unconsumed feast!

"I plunged into yet madder guilt,
To hush the ceaseless cry;
I matched my strength against remorse,
And sinned more recklessly!

"Vain, vain! through war, through civil strife;
Kept with me in each place,
The broken-hearted wretchedness
Of that dead woman's face!

"So, doomed to hopeless misery,
I loathed the light of day;
I loathed the sight of human eye,
And gave the passion way!

"It grew a cruel moodiness;
The tyrant's jealous sense,
To which the joy of other hearts
Becomes a black offence.

"Thus I was hated, feared, and shunned;
And hatred filled my mind
For all my race; and long I lived
In warfare with mankind.

"The cup I drained was a poisoned cup—
'T was red wine at the brim;
I took it from my brother's hand—
I had no fear of him!

"I sank down on the couch to rest,
The while he watched near;
I slept—I woke—oh, awful Judge!
I woke—and I am here!"

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY IN THE TOWER.

"The Queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send Dr. Fecknam, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, to reason with her, and endeavour to reconcile her to the Church of Rome; and even a respite of three days was granted, in hopes of accomplishing the design. Other priests also visited her, and harassed her with disputations; but her constancy remained unshaken."

I.

Oh! thus it is! the fool, with solemn face,
Stands in the presence of the mighty wise!
Stands full of pity, or of scorn; no trace
Of a high soul before him he descries.
'T is pure,—'t is meek,—'t is simple; and his eyes,
Dimmed with the blaze of mortal pageantry,
See not the glory that all time shall see.

II.

Get to thy cell, thou man of empty sound!—
Thou tool of State! whose soul doth wear the hue
Of the dull creed, or rite with which 't was found
Thy yielding youth convenient to imbue.
Go! why wilt thou that bleeding dove pursue?
That stricken, gentle dove, caught in the snare
Of worldly souls, and doomed their crimes to bear.

III.

Go! go! she needs thee not! for she has seen
Far into life thou canst not comprehend:
Her hidden and delicious youth has been
Steeped in the dews of ancient thought, that lend
A winged vigour to the heart, and send
Into the tender spirit such a glow,
As dims even crowns, and darkens all below.

IV.

And hither is she come, from her still woods;
From the fair mansion of her long, high line;
Where the spring-flowers did send their joyous floods
Of fragrance through her casement; where the shine
Of peaceful suns awoke her; the dark pine
Waved murmuring round her; and the cuckoo's hail
Came, like a fairy shouting up the dale.

V.

There, lulled in Plato's dreams of heavenly thought,
Or that diviner lore, that on the hills
Of Galilee a lowly Hebrew taught,—
That wondrous lore, which every bosom thrills
With love, deep love, and quenchless hope, and fills
The world that once did scorn it,—there she grew,
A hidden life, that its own sweetness knew.

VI.

The world was her's all freshly to partake;
But far into the spirit-realms unseen
She went, her soul's deep thirst of life to slake;
And thence, with calmest heart, and eyes serene,
She gazed on earth, but as a cloud between
Her spirit and its purpose; and became
Gentle, and wise, but with no mortal aim.

VII.

What had the world with such a soul to do?
Or she with its dark quest of guilty glory?
Its base and selfish heart?—its demon crew,
Who blast the earth, and blacken all its story
With contests mean—or terrible and gory?
She asked, she sought alone to glide through life,
Linked with its love;—the daughter, sister, wife!

VIII.

Yet here she kneels in her unfolding years!
All yet unreached the height of womanhood!
Kneels face to face with Death, and feels no fears,
Though the keen axe be soon to drink her blood.
Calm looks she as the seaman on the flood,
Which, though it loudly rage and wildly foam,
Shall bear him bravely to his distant home.

IX.

Oh, deeply-wronged, yet unresenting!—wise
Beyond thy day and people—it is past!
What now are all thy sorrows? Centuries
Of death's enduring calm are on them cast.
Hushed in *thy* bosom,—yet in *ours* they last;
And to the youthful eye, thy name appears
A household word,—still honoured by its tears.

X.

And wherefore is this homage?—It is not
Twined with the fleeting splendour of thy crown:
Nor that thou soughtest to illume thy lot
By feverish struggles for a frail renown.
We couple not thy name with field, or town
Drenched with men's blood; nor with the peaceful pride
Of pencil, pen, nor harp resounding wide.

XI.

No, there are souls that come—and such was thine!—
So clothed in greatness from the' Almighty's hand,
They breathe, and are immortal! All divine,
In starry brightness on the earth they stand,
Pure spirit-flames;—then back to their own land!
Leaving to Time's succeeding tribes to greet
The spot once touched and hallowed by their feet!

THE HIGHLANDS OF OUAQUAHENEGOW.

BY JOHN HOWISON, ESQ.

On the borders of Georgia and East Florida there is a vast swamp or marsh, called by the Indians Ouaquahenegow. Its circumference is supposed to exceed three hundred miles, but its limits being neither well known nor accurately defined, any statements that can be given respecting its size, are the result of conjecture rather than of observation. The country in its immediate neighbourhood is low, flat, and unhealthy, and had no European inhabitants at the time that the events about to be narrated took place. And though wild animals of all kinds abounded there in a remarkable degree, the Indian hunters never disturbed them except in cases of extreme necessity; for a certain superstitious belief connected with the marsh made them averse to approach it, particularly at night, lest some fearful accident or mysterious encounter should be the punishment of their temerity.

Among the fresh emigrants that came from England to people Georgia, was a young man named Derbond, of respectable parentage and good education, who might have followed some profession or line of business at home with reasonable hopes of success, had not his inclinations led him to seek his fortune abroad, in opposition to the wishes and advice of his relatives. He was bold, enterprising, and fond of adventure; but that romantic enthusiasm, and those lofty principles, which often belong to a character of the kind, did not enter into his nature, which, though far from being either vicious, unfeeling, or malignant, was still too irregular, wayward, and impetuous, to be depended upon in cases where self-denial was required, or sacrifices were to be made. He imagined that success, in anything that a man might undertake, was an undeniable proof of talent and virtue; and that failure was more humiliating and disgraceful than the employment of dishonest and unworthy means to attain the particular object in view.

Derbond entertained various wild and fantastic designs relative to the country in which he now proposed to settle, and regarded with contempt his fellow emigrants, whose ambition was confined to the acquisition of a few hundred acres of land, and the easy enjoyment of the necessaries of life. His objects were indeed ostensibly of a similar kind, but he had sufficient capital at command to place him in independence

at once, and if prudently managed, to lead the way to future prosperity. He intended to enter upon a specific agricultural speculation, as soon after his arrival in North America as circumstances would admit; and having commenced his operations, and laid matters in train for its advancement, he thought he should be able to turn his mind to schemes of conquest or discovery, or whatever else seemed most calculated to gratify his restless spirit and aspiring propensities.

One of his fellow-passengers on the voyage out, was Emily Valance, a girl about twenty-two years of age, and possessing considerable personal attractions, the effect and agreeableness of which, however, were much diminished by the boldness and haughtiness of her demeanour, and the louring and discontented expression of her countenance. She had, it is true, many causes for dissatisfaction and uneasiness; for her parents having been reduced from comparative affluence to the verge of poverty, by unmerited misfortunes, were obliged to quit their native country, carrying her along with them, and permanently withdrawing her from all the objects and pleasures that had afforded her either interest or delight.

She looked forward with dread and aversion to the change of scene that awaited her in North America, and constantly indulged in vain regrets and irritating recollections, instead of endeavouring to prepare her mind for the new sphere of life in which she was

about to be placed for probably the remainder of her days. She spurned the society of those persons of her own sex who were in the ship; but the superiority of her manners, perhaps, rendered this accountable and excusable; and she seldom spoke, except to anticipate evil, and complain of the inconveniences around her. She was, at the same time, imperious in deportment, and affected in her style of dress; and her reserve and abstraction evidently did not proceed from an indifference to admiration, but from her placing no value upon that of her companions on board.

These peculiarities of behaviour and disposition in Emily Valance, excited Derbond's interest and attention more than her external appearance; and perceiving that she was no common person, he sought her acquaintance, and cultivated her good graces with so much success, that they soon became more than friends, and found deep and satisfactory pleasure in each other's society. To him she bewailed the hardness of her fate in being doomed to reside in a land of savages, where there was nothing worth enjoying or wishing for; and he, on the other hand, confessed to her his most secret views and purposes; and by so doing, pleased her imagination and flattered her vanity. Before the voyage was concluded, it may be said that they mutually loved, though not to such a degree as to lead to any promise or engagement on either side, the prospects of both parties being too unsettled to

admit of their thinking of marriage, even had they been so disposed.

All the emigrants landed at Savannah in Georgia, and presently disposed themselves over the neighbouring country; and Derbond then bade Emily farewell, declaring that he should often think of her, and would return to visit her when he had chosen his place of abode and determined upon his future course of life.

Derbond's views were directed towards forming a cotton plantation, the soil and climate of Georgia being considered peculiarly adapted for it; and he had brought with him the necessary implements for that species of agriculture, and now purchased three negroes to work for him and enable him to pursue it. But he could not find any unoccupied land near Savannah suited to his purposes, and he therefore proceeded southward in search of what he wanted; and at length chose a tract of ground lying on a branch of the Sitilla River. He obtained a grant of it from the local government, and immediately removed to the spot with his slaves; where, having built a log-house for his residence, he began to inclose part of his estate, and plant cotton-trees and tobacco.

The place was eighty miles distant from Savannah, and his nearest neighbour was an emigrant who had settled ten miles off, in a northerly direction. Towards the south of his property lay the great marsh of Ouaquahenegow, already mentioned, whose confines were

totally unknown to any one, except through the report of the Indians, while its interior was supposed by them to be altogether inaccessible. Derbond did not dislike the solitariness of his situation, for he knew that even in the town of Savannah itself, he would have been in a manner equally detached from society, on account of his feeling no sympathy in the pursuits and pleasures of the generality of its inhabitants, or indeed of those of any other part of Georgia.

He passed much of his time in superintending the progress of his cotton plantation, and often hunted in the neighbouring forests, or made excursions along the banks of the river which formed the northern boundary of his estate. On these and similar occasions, he often met small parties of Indians, and he always took care to conciliate them by presents and gentle treatment, and to impress them with the idea that he considered himself under their protection, and trusted to it. He would sometimes carry one or two of these people home with him, and give them food and shelter as long as they pleased to remain; asking them to requite him by teaching him their language, which he was, for various reasons, extremely desirous of acquiring.

Derbond led this kind of life nearly a year, never once seeing an European during that time. His plantation prospered, his slaves proved faithful and industrious, and he began to have some idea of in-

trusting it to their care and management, and undertaking a journey to Savannah, to make preparation for an expedition of discovery which he had meditated for several weeks, and which had been suggested by a certain piece of information obtained by him in conversation with an Indian; for he now spoke the language sufficiently well for all common purposes, and was much beloved by the people from whom he had learned it. They had at different times related to him a variety of superstitious fables concerning the marsh of Ouaquahenegow, the substance of which was, that the spirits of deceased persons of their own race and of both sexes inhabited its interior, and that the hunters who had on several occasions penetrated beyond its borders, either by accident or design, had encountered these mysterious beings, and been warned by them to retrace their steps, and to expect death if they hesitated or disobeyed. The females, who were reported to be exceedingly beautiful, had always fled on seeing these intruders, and apparently given notice of their approach to their male friends or husbands, who never failed to appear soon afterwards, armed with bows and arrows and lances, frowning awfully, and using menacing gestures. Two intrepid Indians, who had entered the marsh for the purpose of satisfying themselves and their countrymen of the truth of these reports, had never returned or been heard of, though some of their relatives had gone in search of them,

and followed their footsteps as far as they were discernible.

Derbond listened to these details with intense interest, but did not well know what conclusion to draw from them, for he sometimes suspected that the narrators had a special reason for wishing to deter him from visiting or exploring the marsh, which they might think he was likely to do, inasmuch as his daily wanderings and excursions shewed an inquisitive and restless spirit; and that these superstitious tales were invented to restrain his curiosity and keep him at home. But supposing this idea to be correct, it was still an object for him to discover what there was in the Ouaquahenegow that the Indians wished to conceal from European eyes; and he tried every means to obtain information upon the subject, taking care at the same time that they should not imagine he felt any personal or private interest in it, for the least suspicion of the kind would have redoubled their natural caution and reserve.

At length an old Indian, with whom he was particularly intimate, and who often came to visit him of his own accord, made a disclosure which seemed to throw sufficient light upon the whole affair.

"About forty years ago," said he, "the Apalachees possessed the lands bordering on both sides of the Savannah River; but their neighbours, the Mamikas made war upon them, and defeated them, and drove

them from their natural territories, appropriating these to their own use, and threatening to exterminate any of the conquered tribe who should ever attempt to return and re-occupy them. The Apalachees thus found themselves deprived of their country, and unable to choose a new one, for all the lands to the northward and westward of their ancient possessions belonged to nations sufficiently powerful to resist invasion, and too numerous and proud to allow a body of fugitives and strangers to incorporate itself with them. Under these perplexing circumstances, it occurred to one of their chiefs, that the great marsh Ouaquahenegow was still untenanted, and that tradition reported that its interior consisted of high, fertile, and habitable lands, that were accessible by one path only, the situation and direction of which, however, were no longer remembered by any one. The Apalachees nevertheless secretly sent a mission to discover it, though how far they succeeded is uncertain; but the whole tribe disappeared shortly afterwards, and it was supposed at the time, that having found out the secret avenue, they had retired into the recesses of Ouaquahenegow, and settled themselves there, concealing or closing up the entrance to their territories, in order that they might for the future avoid the assaults and encroachments of their enemies, whether Indian or European. The occasional appearance of unknown people within the confines of the marsh, seems to con-

firm the truth of all this; and instead of being spirits, as is commonly reported, they are doubtless Apalachee men and women, hunting or travelling there, and prepared to terrify or put to death any stranger that may shew himself near their territories, lest he should find access to them, or instruct others how to do so, and thus lead to their race being a second time exposed to the miseries of war, subjugation, and expulsion. When I was a young warrior, I often thought of trying to penetrate into the marsh, to discover whether or not the lost tribe of Apalachees exist there, and if they do, what their condition is, and how far their seclusion from the rest of the world has affected their manners, customs, laws, and institutions. I even once engaged several friends to accompany me in an expedition of the kind, but they afterwards drew back, fearing the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise; and perhaps they did right, for the very borders of the Ouaquahenegow are so thickly wooded, and so much intersected by swamps, that one might wander among them weeks or months, without advancing five miles in the proper direction; and indeed it is likely that the greatest perseverance would be of no avail, unless the explorer happened to strike upon that particular avenue which, we are told, alone affords access to the beautiful highlands of the interior, on arriving at which he would stand every chance of being tomahawked for his presumption, or made a slave for life."

Derbond found some difficulty in concealing from the Indian the strong interest and emotion which his narrative had excited, for he did not think it prudent to confide to him the hopes, wishes, and designs which the subject had already suggested; and he merely inquired whether the Apalachees spoke the same language as their neighbours, and was answered in the affirmative. No sooner had his guest departed, than he began to consider what use he could best make of the intelligence he had received respecting the Ouaquahenegow and its inhabitants; for having long meditated some kind of enterprise, he thought that a fair opportunity to execute one now offered, and the more so, as the scene of action absolutely lay, as it were, at his own door.

To endeavour to get access to the highlands of the Ouaquahenegow and ascertain the condition and character of their inhabitants, was a first and essential step in the scheme which he had in view, but far from being the leading and principal one; for it struck him that he might, by some means or other, acquire the confidence and respect of the Apalachees, and advance himself so high in their estimation, as to enable him eventually to become a kind of sovereign amongst them, and even to make himself master of their country, in which there could be no Europeans to circumvent him, and oppose or counteract his designs. But it was vain to calculate whether these objects were

attainable, and how they were to be pursued, till he had learned something definite of the people with whom he would have to deal; which could only be done by his personally visiting and associating with them. And he flattered himself, that being a white man, he would run less risk in entering their territories than an Indian would do, because the Apalachees having had little or no intercourse with Europeans, and having, it was to be supposed, no reason to regard them in the light of enemies, would consider an intruder of the kind rather as an object of curiosity than as a secret foe or a designing spy. The chief difficulty then seemed to lie in the discovery of the avenue to the interior of the marsh; for even those Indians, who professed to have explored its borders, said that they knew nothing of the direction of the path in question: nor was Derbond willing to make specific inquiries upon the subject, lest he should lead any one to suspect his designs. But it being the autumn, and a very unfit time for his expedition, on account of the heavy rains and flatness of the country, he perceived the necessity of deferring it till winter, when the ground would be hard and dry, and the leaflessness of the trees would render it easier to travel through the forests, and to observe every thing that they might present to view.

The prospect of a delay of two months little suited the impatient spirit of Derbond, though he was aware that he could employ the time very profitably in ob-

taining all possible information that was likely to facilitate his projected enterprise. But a piece of news which one of his slaves brought him, increased his anxiety to forward its execution, for he was informed that an emigrant had purchased a tract of land two miles distant from his own estate, and was daily expected to come and settle upon it. At any other time, the idea of having so near a neighbour would have been agreeable enough to Derbond, but now he felt inclined to regard every stranger as a rival in his schemes, or a spy upon his actions and purposes; and as he desired no companion to share his dangers, neither could he bear the idea that any one should be a partaker in their results.

One morning, nine or ten days subsequent to his conversation with the old Indian, as he was standing in front of his house, an European rode up to him, and introduced himself by the name of Markham, saying, that he and his wife had lately taken up their abode in the neighbourhood, and that he had come to pay his respects to him, and to express a hope that they might soon be better acquainted. Derbond, though far from being gratified by his visit, begged him to dismount, and received him with all the civility in his power. Mr. Markham was a tall, thin man, about thirty years old. His hair was very light, and inclining to a red colour; his eyes light blue, his complexion fair and ruddy, his figure awkward and languid in its motions,

and his general appearance strongly characteristic of feebleness and imbecility. He spoke with hesitation and timid embarrassment and downcast looks, and as if apprehensive of saying something that might offend the person whom he addressed.

It would be difficult to imagine two individuals affording a stronger contrast to each other, than did Derbond and his guest; the countenance of the former being dark, firm in its outline, and full of energy and intelligence, and his nervous and athletic figure exhibiting muscular strength, just proportions, and activity combined. His jealousy of Markham soon declined into contempt, and he accepted an invitation to visit him and his wife the ensuing day without reluctance; for he perceived that he was a person whose society and acquaintance he should find it easy to shake off, whenever they happened to become troublesome or disagreeable to him.

Next day, according to appointment, Derbond rode to Markham's estate, and on reaching the house, found that he had gone out; but a slave told him that the lady was at home, and would be happy to see him. In a few moments she made her appearance—Derbond started back, and she did the same—Emily Valance stood before him! He rushed towards her, calling her by name; but she waved him off, saying, with much agitation—"I am not what I was—I am married—Mr. Markham is my husband."

Derbond was struck to the heart by this intelligence, and he gazed upon her silently and incredulously. It seemed beyond belief, that a girl so haughty, high-spirited, and ambitious, should have allied herself with one, who, apparently, did not possess a single quality calculated to please any woman of common judgment and penetration; beside being actually her reverse in habits, ideas, manners, and shades of character. Emily remained motionless, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, as if conscious of what was passing in his mind, and ashamed of herself and her situation: but hearing her husband approach, she recovered some degree of composure, and said hurriedly to Derbond—"I will explain every thing soon: meanwhile do not speak as if you had ever before seen or known me."

Markham now entered, and an insipid conversation commenced; in the course of which, he betrayed his weakness and ignorance in Derbond's opinion, even more than he had done on the preceding day. Emily seemed to be fully sensible of his deficiences, and often interrupted and silenced him, when she fancied he was about to say a foolish thing; looking at the same time inquisitively towards Derbond, to see whether he suspected her motives in so doing. At length her husband left the house, to give some orders to his slaves, and she took that opportunity of acquainting Derbond with the circumstances that had led to her marriage. Her parents had settled in Savannah, but both of them dying within

a few months after their arrival there, she was left utterly destitute of friends and property; and the fear of poverty and abandonment, had led her to favour the addresses of Markham, and become his wife. She unhesitatingly made these disclosures to a man whom she had formerly regarded as a lover, and he listened to them with satisfaction, because his vanity was flattered by perceiving that she regretted her imprudence, and even then liked him still infinitely better than her husband.

Derbond returned home agitated and perplexed, and in a manner sorry and irritated, that Emily should live so near him, when her presence could add nothing to his happiness. During the first months of his residence on his plantation, he frequently thought of her, and had once or twice been on the eve of setting out for Savannah to inquire after her, and make her an offer of marriage; but latterly, the Ouaquahenegow scheme had exclusively occupied his mind, and he now looked upon her as likely to prove a hindrance to its execution, though he could not tell why it should be so; however, he perceived that his best and most prudent line of conduct, would be to avoid her society altogether, and to banish her from his recollection, by preparing for his expedition into the marsh, and commencing it earlier than he had at first intended.

Derbond would probably have adhered to these good resolutions had it depended upon himself, but Mark-

ham was in the habit of coming to his house every two or three days, and asking him to ride home with him, and give his opinion and advice on some point connected with the management of his plantation. Derbond generally complied; but nevertheless, always avoided being much alone with Emily, or having any serious conversation with her. One day, when her husband was out of the way, she taxed him with reserve and unkindness, saying, "Why do you shun my society?—It is true that I am a married woman, but need that debar me from enjoying your friendship, which would indeed be a source of consolation to me, for I am very unhappy: Markham and myself have few or no tastes or sympathies in common, and I spend the day in cheerless solitude, fondly remembering the past, and dreading to anticipate the evils which futurity must have in store for me—let us then be to one another what we were while on board ship."

"That is impossible!" returned Derbond sadly; "our respective circumstances will not admit of it without imminent danger to both parties; but I am ever ready and willing to be your friend; and if I have lately been negligent, it is because I am busy preparing for a distant journey."

"A journey!" exclaimed Emily,—"when? where? how long will you be absent?

"Every thing is uncertain," replied he with embarrassment, "and perfect secresy is requisite."

"Surely not, as far as I am concerned," rejoined she. "Tell me, I entreat you, what you propose to do."

"No," answered Derbond, "I will not be so indiscreet as to burthen you with a secret which must be concealed from your husband."

"Miserable evasion!" said Emily, bursting into tears. "Insulting cruelty!—Is it thus that you repay the interest I take in your welfare? There was a time when you would have disclosed every thing to me; but now, because I am unfortunate and unhappy, you withdraw your confidence.—Derbond, I swear never to reveal what you may tell me. It is my affection for you that makes me thus urgent—speak—if you do not utterly disregard and despise me."

"Listen then, unreasonable woman," replied Derbond; "I am about to explore the marsh of Ouaquahenegow, in search of a people who inhabit its interior."

"I understand you," cried Emily with rapidity and eagerness, "you will take up your abode amongst them, and never return here. Make me then the companion of your journey, and the partaker of your dangers and hardships. I am wretched in my present situation, and could be happy—yes—inexpressibly happy with you any where. I will forsake my husband, and fly into your arms,—I love you more than woman ever yet loved man. We are far removed from the European world, and why should we be restrained in our actions by its opinions or usages? Let us hasten then into the

recesses of the Ouaquahenegow, and there forget what we have been: I know your heart too well to believe that you can be happy without the endearments of female affection. — Take me then with you, and trust me that you will experience them in my society."

Derbond would hear no more: he rushed from the house, and mounting his horse, galloped home, agitated by a strange mixture of pain and delight, of love and abhorrence. His passion for Emily, at one time nearly extinct, now revived with greater force than ever; but nevertheless, her declarations had excited sentiments of repugnance towards herself, which in such a degree modified and neutralized the feeling, that he scarcely knew whether he most disliked or doated upon her. The result of these conflicting emotions, was a determination to save her honour and his own, by setting out on his expedition of discovery the following day, without seeing, or acquainting her with his design. He spent a great part of the night in making preparations to that effect, and struggled to banish Emily from his thoughts; for when he recalled her distress, her passionate looks, and her complaints, he felt inclined to break his resolutions, and to hasten to her for the purpose of consoling her and reasoning with her against the criminal predilection, which she had unfortunately expressed.

Having given directions to his slaves how to manage the plantation during his absence, he began his journey at sunrise. He travelled on foot, and his equipment

consisted merely of a rifle and a quantity of ammunition; a pocket compass, two knives, a hatchet, and a bag containing several pounds of maize flour, mixed with a small proportion of maple sugar. This was to serve for his subsistence in case it might not suit his purpose to alarm the Indians, and discover himself by shooting game, of which he supposed he should find no scarcity in the course of his excursion. At first his path lay through a tract of forest that formed part of his own estate; and having passed this, and forced his way through a dark grove of hemlock trees, encumbered with brushwood, he found himself on the borders of the great marsh Ouaquahenegow. He stopped and looked into its recesses. The grey light of morning had scarcely yet penetrated the foggy air, and every thing appeared indistinct and undefined; and the leafless branches of the trees seemed blended into an obscure and dense mass, forbidding all advance, and gloomily shading the country lying beyond it. The most profound silence prevailed, and Derbond felt himself thrilled by sentiments of mysterious awe.

He had no intention of losing time in seeking the reported Indian avenue, for he justly considered that as the Apalachees, from all accounts, never passed out of the marsh, it must have been allowed to close up, or had more likely been so effectually barricaded that entrance by that route would be impossible. His plan was to travel across the Ouaquahenegow in as direct a

line as he found practicable, by which means he could not fail of reaching its interior, and that at no very distant period either, for its utmost breadth did not exceed seventy or eighty miles. It would be useless to describe the hardships and fatigues which he endured in the prosecution of this plan, and the incessant and harassing anxiety with which he watched for any indications of the presence or neighbourhood of man. He sometimes struggled knee-deep through black morasses; sometimes waded for miles together in marshes and pools of stagnant water; and sometimes forced his way with the help of his axe, amidst thickets of thorny and interlacing plants. During the night he hardly dared resign himself to sleep, lest an enemy should surprise, and put him to death before he had time to explain who and what he was.

On the evening of the fourth day of his journey, he estimated that he had advanced in a direct course seventeen miles from the borders of the marsh, and he was beginning to prepare a resting place for the night, when he heard several strokes of an axe close by, and shortly afterwards a shrill whoop. Now is the critical moment thought Derbond, when every thing must be either lost or won, and he replied by another shout, and soon perceived three Indians approaching him. Assuming a fearless and joyful air, he hastened to meet them, and saluting them in the general language of that part of America, found by their returning the

civility that they understood him well enough. But it was soon evident that they had at first mistaken him for a brother Indian; for on viewing him closely, and discovering that he was of a race different from themselves, they seemed struck with a kind of panic, and encircled him as if to prevent his escape, at the same time calling to some of their friends who were at a distance to hasten towards them. In a few minutes the party had increased to seven individuals, who, after much whispering consultation, informed him that he must accompany them to their village, and thither they immediately proceeded, Derbond walking in silence in the midst of the group; for as they had paid no regard to the questions of various kinds which he had at first addressed to them, he thought it best to say nothing more until called upon to speak for himself.

Having advanced about a mile, they reached the edge of the forest, and Derbond saw before him an open and clear tract of country, rising with a gentle and agreeable slope, into a wide expanse of table land of considerable elevation, the declivities of which were furrowed and intersected with many beautiful rivulets. On a level space at the top stood a large assemblage of houses of different dimensions, and formed of wicker-work plaistered with clay, and thatched with rushes. The hum of many voices, and a concourse of passengers in the neighbourhood of the village, shewed that it was thickly peopled; while the neatness and commodiousness

of the buildings, proved the industry and easy circumstances of its inhabitants.

Derbond was conducted to the centre of the village, and under a large shed, evidently intended for public meetings, where, having remained for some time exposed to the scrutiny of multitudes of Indians, none of whom had apparently ever before seen an European, he was removed into a hall, and presently some old men assembled in the same place, and seated themselves upon the ground, which was covered with mats. The door being then closed against spectators or intruders, they began to consult together in a low voice, directing towards him, from time to time, many inquisitive and significant glances.

"Who are you? and whence came you?" demanded one of the party.

"I have a plantation," replied Derbond, "in the neighbourhood of the marsh Ouaquahenegow. I lost myself while hunting in the forests three days ago, and have been wandering ever since."

"Do you know where you now are?" continued his first interrogator.

"Only in so far as my eyes instruct me," returned Derbond.

"And what do you now propose to do?" inquired the old man.

"I wish to rest here a few days," answered Derbond, "in order to recover my exhausted strength, and

then to be furnished with a guide to conduct me home."

"Unhappy youth!" said the Indian chief. "Cruel is thy destiny; but we will not delude thee with false hopes. Know then, that thou hast forfeited thy life by coming here, and that yonder sunset is the last which thou shalt ever behold on this side of the great lake which separates us from the land of spirits. Thou art now amongst the Apalachees, and in the highlands of the Ouaquahenegow. Whether accident led thee hither as thou hast said, or a fatal curiosity to discover our place of retreat, matters not. Forty years ago, when harassed by long wars, and driven from its ancient possessions, our tribe sought refuge here, the leading men formed a sacred resolution, that in order to preserve our liberties and property inviolate, we should forego all intercourse or communication, direct or indirect, with other nations of Indians and with white men; and that any stranger of either description arriving here, on any pretext whatever, should suffer death, lest on returning to his home and people, he might instruct them how to reach the interior of the Ouaquahenegow, and introduce war, bloodshed, and desolation into the peaceful and secluded territories which we now occupy. In making thee a victim to this established rule, we merely perform an act of duty to our forefathers and ourselves. We pity thee, and weep for thee; but justice must be done. Three

strangers, as rash or as unfortunate as thyself, have been executed by us at different times, for the reason already assigned. Prepare then to follow them by an easy and an honorable death!"

Derbond remained some moments without the power of utterance, so much was he astonished and disturbed by the tenor of the Indian's speech. He had, indeed, always expected that the Apalachees would threaten to punish his temerity in entering their country, but he was any thing but prepared to hear sentence of immediate death pronounced upon him, and that too in a style of calmness, decision, and simplicity, which seemed to shew that its execution was inevitable. The chiefs surveyed him with pitying composure, and appeared to await his reply more from courtesy, than from any idea that it might induce them to change the resolution they had formed.

"Apalachees, hear me!" exclaimed Derbond. "I perceive that justice and mercy are attributes which your forefathers thought fit to leave behind them when they conducted you into the recesses of the Ouaquahenegow. I have a lonely hut in the forest, in and around which is to be found all my worldly wealth and possessions, and no one to defend them except myself and three slaves. Had an Apalachee happened to stray beyond the marsh, and visited my plantation, and sought my hospitality, would I have put him to death lest he should return home and bring a party of his

countrymen to plunder and destroy me? No! I would have said, 'Brother, be my guest, and I will be thy protector. Rest thee under my roof, and in due time thou shalt have a guide to conduct thee to the confines of thy country, and all that I shall ask in return will be the word farewell! Apalachees, do I speak the truth? If you believe that I would have acted thus, it must be your duty to do the like unto me: but if you think that I would have played the part of a betrayer and executioner, then it will be noble and magnanimous in you to spare my life, and thus give me an impressive lesson in those principles of forbearance and humanity, which all of us, of whatever race we be, ought to practise towards each other. But I further demand my life on the plea that it is in my power to benefit your nation: I perceive that your people are already many, and that they must be rapidly increasing in number, and that game is proportionably scarce within the confines of the Ouaquahenegow; it forms your only subsistence, and therefore cannot fail sooner or later to be altogether extirpated. What will then become of yourselves and your children?—you must either perish with them, or quit the secure and isolated highlands of the great marsh, and seek an asylum in some neighbouring country, where new struggles, wars, and contests will attend your steps.—I can prevent the possibility of these evils occurring. Allow me to go home, escorted by a party of Apala-

chees, and I will shortly return here, bringing along with me a quantity of maize, and wheat, and other kinds of grain, which, if sown in these fertile fields, will produce an annual and abundant supply of excellent food, and render you henceforth totally independent of the products of a fatiguing and precarious chase. I will thenceforth reside amongst you, and instruct the young generation in the art of agriculture, which is alone calculated to render a nation great, prosperous, happy, and unconquerable. My life will always be in your hands, and I only ask you to spare it for the present, in order that I may do you a lasting and invaluable good."

The chiefs desired him to retire from the hut, in order that they might consult more freely together on the subject of his proposal. In less than an hour he was readmitted, and informed that his suggestions were approved, and that next day he should depart homewards, attended by a certain number of Indians, who would receive orders to put him to death, in case he attempted to escape from them, or failed in quickly obtaining the promised supply of corn. Derbond thanked his judges, for he was glad to save his life on any terms, though he had reason to suspect that his greatest difficulties and dangers were only then commencing. Having no grain at home, his sole resource would be to apply to Markham for some, and this, at best, would bring him into contact with Emily, and lead to disagreeable ex-

planations; but it was even doubtful if his conductors would allow him to have the least intercourse with any European, from a fear of his betraying them and their countrymen; and supposing they prohibited this, his life would no longer be worth an hour's purchase.

Next day Derbond's rifle, knives, hatchets, etc. were taken from him by the chiefs, and he started on the journey homewards, attended by ten Apalachees, who, previous to their departure, had received many instructions respecting him. Their route lay in a very different direction from the one that he had chosen; and though indistinct and intricate, was neither dangerous nor very fatiguing. About two leagues within the borders of the marsh they came to a large expanse of water; this they crossed in a canoe, which lay in readiness, and which, after disembarking on the opposite side, they carefully concealed under some brushwood, and three hours more travelling brought them to the immediate neighbourhood of Derbond's plantation. The whole journey occupied only a day and a half, and was performed for the most part in silence, the Indians having declined entering into conversation with their prisoner, who boded no good to himself from their unsociableness and taciturnity.

The party halted in a thicket, while Derbond having pointed out the site of his house, one of them went to reconnoitre, and to ascertain whether his account of its solitariness was correct, for they had been instructed

not to venture into a populous neighbourhood under any circumstances whatever. The scout quickly returned, and having assured his companions that they might safely advance, they proceeded directly to the plantation with Derbond, who soon found himself once more under his own roof, but surrounded by guests with whose company he would gladly have dispensed. The Apalachees now desired him to lose no time in bringing forth the promised grain, in order that they might divide it into convenient packages for carriage, and hasten back with it to the Ouaquahenegow. When he acknowledged that he had it not, and that he must obtain it from a friend residing two miles off, they imagined that they had all along been his dupes, and that he now proposed to betray them to his countrymen.

Impressed with this idea, it was long before they would listen to Derbond's entreaties that he might be allowed to proceed to Markham's plantation; for they supposed that by accompanying him there, they would only approach nearer the snare intended to effect their destruction. At length an Indian offered to go to reconnoitre as before, which he did; and his companions, encouraged by his report, again placed themselves under the guidance of their prisoner, who at once conducted them to Markham's house.

Neither he nor any of his male slaves were at home, and Derbond quickly gained admittance to Emily, who

received him with a mixture of joy, anger, and astonishment; for his sudden and unexpected departure had incensed her against him, while she had at the same time dreaded that he would never return to his estate, nor ever acquaint her with his designs and place of abode. He instantly related his recent adventures, and his then critical situation, and requested her to allow him to take a supply of grain from the quantity which he knew that her husband had in store.

"Do you return to the Ouaquahenegow to remain for life?" inquired Emily.

"I must return, and that too without one day's delay," replied Derbond; "otherwise these Apalachees will put me to death. What may afterwards happen is uncertain. I may, perhaps, choose to live among them; or perhaps I may try to escape from their territories. But, dearest Emily, let us have no further parley—lead me to the granary."

"Nay," said Emily, "not until I have made my conditions:—remember my former declarations; I now repeat them.—Take me with you!—My life has been a scene of constant misery since we last parted, and chiefly owing to yourself. The day after you quitted me so abruptly, I sent you a note, asking an explanation of your conduct; but the slave who carried it to your house, learning there that you had set out on a long journey, brought it back, and accidentally delivered it to my husband instead of to myself. His suspicions

were awakened; he opened and read it, and erroneously believed from the contents that I had been unfaithful to him. The meek Markham was in a moment transformed into a ferocious tiger, and we have lived in bitter hostility ever since. Derbond, I know that you love me—I am not to be mistaken on that point.—What folly is it then in you to refuse my companionship! Let all the shame—all the disgrace—all the dishonour rest with me. And of what import are these terms to us? We go amongst savages, who have no fantastic theories of right and wrong, and who would not disapprove of what I propose; but even supposing the contrary, it matters not; for they can never know the relation in which we stand to each other. Accept me as yours for ever, and you shall instantly have what you demand. Scorn and reject me, and I will leave you to be dealt with by the Apalachees!" "Time presses," said one of the Indians to Derbond, "we can wait but a few moments longer; and if you do not speedily fulfil your engagements, I will fulfil mine."

"Mistress of my fate, lead on!" cried Derbond; and Emily made a sign to the Apalachees to follow her, and conducted them to the apartment where the grain was stored. Here, with the assistance of Derbond, the proper quantity of each kind was quickly selected and carried out; and Emily, having wrapped herself in a large cloak, and placed a bundle of clothes in charge of one of the Indians, told Derbond that she was prepared to depart.

He heard her words, but was scarcely sensible that they were addressed to himself; for the distracting circumstances of his situation had deprived him of all collectedness or self-possession, and he quietly suffered himself to be hurried along by her who was the author of his misery and his ruin. The Indians with their burthens preceded them; and they themselves were about to pass out of the house, when Markham appeared at the doorway. If he was astonished at seeing strange men carrying away his property, he became much more so when he discovered his wife evidently dressed for flight, and clasping the arm of him whom he regarded as her seducer. The shock of this seemed at first entirely to paralyse him; and the guilty pair also stood still and did not attempt to speak.

"Villain and robber!" cried Markham, "the curse of God be upon thee." These words had scarcely escaped his lips, when he raised a double-barrelled gun, which he had before carried in his hand, and fired at Derbond, who, finding himself stunned, but not wounded, and observing his assailant pointing the other barrel at his head, seized a bayonet that hung upon the wall close by, and rushing forwards, merely with a view to terrify and disarm him, stumbled when within a few feet of him, and in his fall accidentally struck the weapon into the lower part of his left side. Markham dropped upon his face, and died without a struggle.

The Indians hearing the shots, returned into the

house, and saw the murdered man extended upon the ground, and Derbond still holding in his grasp the bloody bayonet. But at that moment the noise of Markham's slaves running towards the spot alarmed them, because they neither knew who, nor how numerous the approaching party might be; and they hastened into the adjoining forest, dragging Derbond and Emily along with them. These two wretched beings followed their conductors in a state of mental imbecility, produced by the horrid events of the day; and did not even seem to be aware of each other's presence, till the Apalachees, having gained the borders of the marsh, made a halt, considering themselves then safe from pursuit or discovery. Here they inquired of Derbond, what was to be done with his female companion, as they did not conceive themselves authorised to carry her into the interior of the Ouaquahenegow; but he replied, that she should not be separated from him, and that they might kill him on the spot if they pleased, as he would resist advancing a step further, unless she was permitted to accompany him.

The Apalachees said no more upon the subject, and soon after proceeded with Derbond and Emily on their journey to the highlands, by the same route as they had formerly pursued; and the whole party arrived in the village not many hours later than the time which the chiefs had prescribed for its return. The two prisoners were immediately conducted to a de-

tached hut, where they were supplied with food and every thing necessary for their accommodation, while the ten Indians who had escorted them and carried the grain, went to present themselves before the chiefs, and to give a particular account of their expedition. They related how Derbond had deceived them in declaring that the promised grain was in his own house; and described his having conducted them to that of Markham, where, assisted by the wife of the latter, he had obtained what he wanted, evidently without the knowledge, and against the will of the owner, who, arriving at the moment, and seeing himself plundered, and his wife about to elope with the robber, had fired at him, and had been afterwards killed by Derbond.

Derbond felt himself indescribably wretched, and the presence of Emily only rendered his agonies more incessant and acute. Had Markham been still alive, or had he fallen by any other hand, he fancied that he should easily have made himself callous to the past, and even have found a kind of satisfaction in Emily's society; but the reflection that he was a murderer in deed though not in intention, haunted him perpetually, and like a hideous nightmare, chained and depressed his energies, and annihilated all those ambitious schemes and bold designs in reference to the Apalachees, which he had long cherished and indulged, and which his admission into their country in the character of a benefactor (as he thought) seemed to render of comparatively easy and certain execution.

Emily had continued panic-struck as it were, ever since the fatal affray between her husband and Derbond, and instead of addressing the latter in the language of affection, or attempting to console him, she never spoke but to utter execrations against herself as his seducer and the cause of his misery—she would sometimes steal a look at him, in the hope that he would return at least a glance of pity, and when his averted countenance explained what was passing in his mind, she would burst into tears, and cover her face with her hands, and fling herself upon the ground.

Two days passed without their being visited by any one, but every thing in the way of food and attendance was carefully provided for them, though they were not allowed to go far from the hut, several Indians being constantly on guard in its immediate neighbourhood. On the afternoon of the second day, however, one of the chiefs came to see them, and desired them to be in readiness to proceed a short way beyond the village one hour after sunset. Neither Derbond nor Emily could imagine what was meant by this intimation, and they somewhat fearfully prepared to obey it.

About eight in the evening they perceived a strong glare of light in the centre of the village, and heard a confused noise of voices and of people passing backwards and forwards. Presently it was announced to them that they were waited for at the council-house, and they proceeded thither and found six chiefs assembled

beside it, and twice as many other Indians, half the number of the latter, bearing upon their shoulders the grain that Derbond had procured for them, and the remainder carrying torches of hickory bark. The other inhabitants of the place, whether male or female, stood at a distance looking on, for it appeared that they had not the privilege of joining the group just described, or of taking any part in the ceremony that was about to be performed.

Every thing being arrayed, a signal was given that the whole party should go forward, and those laden with the grain advanced in front, while Derbond and Emily were instructed to walk close behind them, the chiefs closing the procession, and the torch-bearers distributing themselves on each side to shew the way, which lay through the adjoining forest. The night was as dark as it well could be, for the sky was covered with dense and heavy clouds which rolled rapidly along before a strong breeze, that was wholly confined to the upper regions of the air; a profound and oppressive calmness prevailing upon the earth below. It is true that a gust of wind sometimes sighed among the leafless trees, but so faintly that it would have been unheard had not every individual of the party maintained perfect silence, which a pair of night plovers seemed disposed to take advantage of, for they obstinately followed the travellers, incessantly circling round them, and repeating their melancholy and monotonous cries.

Derbond and Emily had hitherto advanced without attempting to learn their destination, for the reserved and solemn countenances of their companions and attendants, did not encourage them to ask any questions, while depressing fears and terrible presentiments made them almost dread to hear the truth.

"What means this mysterious pageantry;" cried she, "will no one speak? Nature seems to shudder at our presence, and I am inclined to fancy that every ancient and moss-whitened tree that gleams in the torch light, waves its boughs to warn me of some horrible and nearly impending doom."

"Whither are you leading us?" inquired Derbond of one of the Indian chiefs; "why do you carry forth the grain at this untimely hour?"

"You shall soon understand these things," was the reply: "ours is an ungrateful soil, which refuses to accept your gift, or bring it to maturity. Young man, be not weary or faint-hearted—you and your associate have yet a long journey to perform, to a far distant country, where you will be required to give an account of your deeds to a being who, is greater than I, or any one of us now present. Should he approve what you have done, and permit you to return here, you shall be received with honour—yes, and be pre-eminent among the Apalachees. Meanwhile shut thy lips and commune with thyself."

Having proceeded nearly two miles through a part of

the forest whose thickness and intricacy rendered their progress exceedingly slow, they came to a small mound beside a pool of water, and halted there. The Indians laid down the bags of grain, and began to collect wood, and to form it into a heap of considerable size, which on its being completed they set fire to. When it was well kindled, and blazed pretty strongly, the chiefs threw all the grain upon it, while several others of the party seized Derbond and Emily, and binding their hands behind their backs, forced them to kneel upon the top of the mound with their faces towards the burning pile. The Indians at the same time formed a circle round them, and the senior chief thus addressed the terror-stricken pair.

"Children of guilt! the most distant thing that lives in my memory, is a warning which I heard my father receive from a Sitilla brother, to shun all intercourse with white men, and to regard them as beings who are incapable of bestowing any good, unmixed with an overwhelming proportion of evil. My personal experience has not confirmed this till the present time, because I have not before had any direct communication with the race; but now I see in you an instance illustrating the truth of the remark, and I intend that my children and their descendants shall long remember your history and your fate, and learn to dread the sight of an European countenance, and to distrust the reality of any benefits that he may propose to confer. We

were promised a supply of grain, sufficient with proper management to afford an uninterrupted succession of abundant harvests. We have received it—yes, and with it, *a murderer* and an *adultress*. Shall we pollute the virtuous and peaceful recesses of the Ouaquahenegow by rendering them an asylum for criminals? Shall we corrupt our children by introducing into our society beings who have outraged and violated all that is best, and most valuable in human life; no, our resolution is fixed. Derbond and Emily! you shall both die. But while we utterly reject any companionship with you, we equally refuse to receive any good from your hands, and the corn which you brought us is even now rapidly consuming in yonder fire, which is emblematic of the duration of your lives, for the tomahawk shall descend upon you as soon as its last flame expires.—But do not suppose that we arrogate to ourselves the right of punishing your crimes. A due regard for our own safety forces us to this act of severity, for were we to permit you to live and depart hence, you would undoubtedly betray us, and conduct hither hundreds of your countrymen to dispossess us of these fertile lands. In you we have seen sufficient of your race, and shall henceforth be doubly on our guard against their daring intrigues and interested intrusions."

"Mercy! have mercy," exclaimed Derbond; "spare our lives, and we will solemnly swear never to reveal the secrets of the Ouaquahenegow."

"Peace!" returned the chief; "he who has killed a brother, and she who has betrayed her husband—will these regard the sacredness of an oath? The flame expires—let justice be done!"

Two Indians stood behind the condemned victims, with uplifted tomahawks. In a moment these descended and clove their skulls, and they fell back lifeless upon the ground. The chiefs, assisted by their companions, threw the bodies into the pond, and covered its surface with boughs and brushwood, and then, followed by the others retraced their way to the Highlands of the Ouaquahenegow.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

"The Tower!" How many pleasing and melancholy incidents are associated with the history of this once formidable and still imposing fortress! Here are to be seen the supposed spoils of that grand "Armada," which received the benediction of the Pope, and was by him presumptuously pronounced "invincible;"—and in the same room, and mingling as it were with those proud military trophies, is shewn the axe which, we are gravely told, terminated the unmerited sufferings of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, although we are informed by Stowe, that a sword and not an axe was used on that occasion. The spot is exhibited in the inner court, where her execution took place; and the heartless monster who murdered her, as if to prevent another Englishman from being stained with her blood, hired the Calais hangman to act the part of her assassin! In the catalogue of our monarchs, there is not one steeped deeper in sanguinary guilt than Henry VIII. He presented that amiable and fascinating princess, with

"the great house of Newhall," near Chelmsford—now a convent for nuns of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, —and from that house, whilst Anne Boleyn was confined in the Tower, he communicated the order for her decapitation, by signal-guns placed along the line of road to London.

In an architectural point of view there is little to be seen in the Tower worthy of particular notice:—the most ancient part is unquestionably the White Tower —the great building occupying the centre of the fortress. This was "The Tower" properly so called—the other portions being of a much later date; and there is no doubt, from the Anglo-Norman style of the interior, and more especially of the Chapel, that it forms part of the original building erected by William I., whom some of our historians delight to call *The Conqueror*, but who never distinguished himself by that title. The Martin Tower, and the By-Ward Tower, which are the two principal entrances from Tower Hill, are probably of the date of the fourteenth century—the latter flanked by two round towers, in the Saracenic style, said to have been introduced into this country by the Crusaders. The Bloody Tower was built about the same period; it forms the principal entrance to the great or inner court; and, in the upper apartment, says history as well as tradition, the two young Princes were smothered by order of their inhuman uncle, Richard III. The tragic story, however, is somewhat

questionable, as is also the episode as to the discovery of their remains under the stair-case of the Tower, for it is quite certain that the bones, said to be theirs, were found at a considerable depth beneath the stairs of the Chapel in the White Tower.

No one should leave London without visiting the Tower; the *Horse Armoury* is one of its most attractive features, and has within the last four or five years been arranged and classified by Dr. Meyrick, whose antiquarian researches well qualified him for the task. Previously, the whole was a series of blunders and anachronisms: the mailed coat of the 17th century, the helm, guantlet, and sword, being transferred to an era some hundreds of years nearer to the Norman line of our kings,—these have now fallen into their proper places, and Henry VIII. is no longer taken for Richard I.; Charles I. for Dudley Earl of Leicester; or Sir Henry Lee for William the Conqueror. There were many other delusive absurdities propagated by the warders who shew the Armoury, and none more glaring than their recapitulation of the Armada trophies, very few, if any of them, ever having belonged to that *invincible* effort of disappointed Spanish pride.

The large building on the north side of the Inner Court, which is called the *Small Armoury*, is one of the finest rooms in Europe; and contains nearly two hundred thousand stand of arms, fit for immediate service. It was the magnificent display of the "munitions of

war" in the Tower, and at Woolwich, that excited the admiration of the late Emperor of Russia and the Allied Sovereigns, during their visit to this country in 1815; the former expressing his surprise that there should remain such apparently exhaustless resources in England, after having supplied nearly all Europe during a war of unexampled duration, and adding, that it must be "worse than folly to think of subjugating such a country."*

The notions which our ancestors had of a royal palace, differed very materially from those we now entertain. The dark and gloomy turrets which here present themselves, seem but ill-adapted for scenes of royal hospitality and courtly carousal. Yet within these walls "solemn feasts" have been given; and from the frowning portals of the "Bloody Tower" and the grinning portcullis of the "By-ward Gate," have sallied forth gallant and splendid trains of England's nobles, and high-crested chivalry, and proceeding along the narrow and contracted streets of ancient London, astonished its inhabitants of that day in their progress to Westminster, with all the state and grandeur of a coronation cavalcade. But those days are gone by; nor is it very likely that the Tower of London will again be

* This anecdote has been communicated to us by the writer of the above notes, a gentleman who attended the Sovereigns in their "progress."

selected by any of our future monarchs as "a fit and proper place" for matrimonial festivities.

The annexed view is engraved from one of the happiest efforts of Turner's pencil, and represents the ancient palace of our kings as seen from the Thames. Traitor's Gate is in the foreground, and the "White Tower" forms a prominent object in the centre.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. R. F. BARBE.

Beauty of holiness, thou handmaid fair
Of acceptable worship! where and when
Lift'st thou thy brow among assembled men?
Is it beneath cathedral arches, where
A fretwork stall enshrines the worshipper,
Whose lips, in prayers and praises, not disdain
To intone their utterance by measured strain?
Or wendest thou with lowlier guise and air
To village church, where hinds and shepherd sires
Shape out their road to Heaven? Nay, hast thou not
Joined in the hymns of persecuted men
In central moor or labyrinthine glen?
"With all, with all; wherever faith inspires
The upright heart and pure, I haunt the spot."

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

A FRAGMENT.

A truant, like that Pleiad fair,
That dropped from heaven the Lord knows where,
The Lord knows why, on earth to glimmer,
Unless for L. E. L. to hymn her;
To be by classic Hemans sainted,
And tasteful, graceful Howard painted;*
My gadding muse hath left the place
So many shining planets grace,—
And, somewhat tired of Gods and Goddesses,
"Whether in pantaloons or bodices;"
(For even those denizens of heaven,
To strife and quarrelling are given;
And oft with hate and envy swelling,
Can make their skies too hot to dwell in;)

* Miss Landon has written a poem of considerable merit, on "The Lost Pleiad," and the same fallen divinity has also inspired the muse of Mrs. Hemans. Miss Landon's poem has suggested two very charming pictures to the imaginative pencil of Howard.

Hath fled that bright, immortal sphere,
To breathe a little quiet here,
In one of nature's leafiest nooks;
Where, mid her favourite thoughts and books,
She sits enthroned, like Jacky Horner,
Six scanty miles from Hyde Park Corner:
Just near enough the mighty city,
To be pronounced by Scotchmen witty,
A sort of cockney suburb ("blow it!"*)
Fit only for a cockney poet.
For 't is decreed, who runs may read,
We all are cockneys south of Tweed!
How strange, that Scottish bards by dozens,
With all their uncles, aunts and cousins,
Should leave the Muses' own domain,
To cluster round despised Cockaigne!
Here wield the goose's pliant quill,
"Claw and be clawed," in clover still!—
Like "Honest Allan," write in all
Our "cockney journals," great and small;
And eulogise with liberal vein,
All who 've the power to puff again! †

* A Cockney adjuration.

† The system of "reciprocal panegyric" has, at length, reached such a pitch, as to render it no longer possible for its "practitioners" to carry on their trade unobserved. Mr. A. cannot indulge in exalted eulogiums on the work of his brother Editor, Mr. B., in his Magazine, a week or too previous to the publication of some splendid efforts of his own genius, without exciting

Till every Magazine's a stye,
With Ettrick Jamie's eulogy;
And Hogg the fulsome praise returns,
And, eulogising Robert Burns,
Informs his friends—he's surely funning 'em—
That "Rab" was nought to Allan Cunningham!*
Whilst both proscribe with savage rigour,
All Southron Bards for want of vigour,—

a suspicion as to the ultimate object of his flattery. And Mr. B.'s puffs of his friend stand some chance of being received *cum grano salis*, whilst the ink is yet wet which proclaims him the most accomplished master of his language in England, and the most impartial and enlightened critic in the world!—

Many have been the periodicals which have professed to despise and to expose this conspiracy against the best interests of literature; but like some modern politicians, their plans of reform seem to have been designed only for their neighbours; for they have, for the most part, acted as though they considered themselves perfectly independent of the operation of their own professed principles. There are some editors, too, who pay their contributors by allowing them to puff themselves and their friends in their columns,—a practice which may not improperly be designated the "literary truck system;" and which calls imperatively for the reprobation of every honest and well-meaning critic. But I feel that I am treading on dangerous ground.

* See Hogg's praise of Cunningham in the Edinburgh Literary Journal, etc.; and Allan's praise of the Shepherd in the Athenæum, etc. No honest critic, on this side of the Tweed, would wish to withhold a fair proportion of praise from the Bard of Kilmeny and his friend; but it is somewhat too much to find them eternally comparing each other to Robert Burns, and sneering at all poets whose minds do not seem to have been cast in the same mould with their own.

A smooth and "capernoitie" race,
That scarcely dare a "howdy" face!*
Too "prudent" and "discreet" a throng,
To revel o'er a prurient song;†
And all unskilled to hide a flaw,
Beneath a veil of Scotch patois.

But to return: you ask, my friend,
How I contrive my hours to spend—

* In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, Hogg complains of the capernoitiness (see Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary) of some of the editors of Annuals, in declining to publish his happiest efforts. He must, however, admit that his "Baboon Legend," and his "Seeking a Howdy," are not altogether adapted for drawing-room perusal. What Christopher North could have been about to have admitted into his Magazine such a farrago of unmeaning trash, as the article in which the Shepherd grunts forth his anathemas, I am at a loss to conceive. Hogg talks about "conceit," too, which reminds one forcibly of the old epigram:—

"Joe hates conceited bards, which shews
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's!"

† See Mr. Cunningham's mode of apologizing for the indecencies he has thought proper to publish in his collection of Scottish Songs. I suppose I shall be ranked among the "discreet," "prudent," and "delicate" critics he denounces, if I confess that his book does not impress me with a very exalted notion of the purity of Scottish pastoral manners. It does not demand a very fastidious taste, to be disgusted with the obscenities (I can call them by no other name) with which these songs abound. If, therefore, he disapproves of my *smoothness* (see his sneers in various periodicals), I am no less opposed to his *coarseness*; and thus, if he pleases, we are even.

How I can manage to forego,
Good Lady B.'s *galante* shew ;
Where miracles of wit and art
" Appear like shadows, so depart ;"—
A sort of Fantoccini crew,
As hollow, and as wooden too !
Practitioners from Blarney Hall ;*
And critics, smallest of the small ;
Whose tongues no honeyed verbiage lack,—
Save when you chance—to turn your back !
Where " pocket poets,"† numberless,
And lords and ladies of the Press,
Are trotted out to shew their paces,
And practise learned airs and graces ;
Or else are marshalled, Bard by Blue,
Like pictures at " a private view ! "
Where embryo Lawrences are thronging,
And painters, to no school belonging ;
Where Poetasters raise our wonder,
By robbing Croly of his thunder ;
And swarms of Scotch and Irish Editors
Make bards for promised praise their creditors ;
While spinsters marvel—simple folk,
That puff-born fame should end in smoke !

* Castle, methinks, I should have said,
But that the stubborn rhyme forbade.

† A pet phrase of Lady Morgan.

And scarce a single gala night,
But brings some prodigy to light;
Some Pantaloon turned Oxford Scholar,
With frenzied eye and loose shirt collar;
Whom silly, simpering girls environ,
And deem a sort of second Byron;
Or, Jerdan's head be all the guilt on,*
Call (save the mark!) the modern Milton!
Or, haply, some young artless dame,
All "sighs," "love," "kisses," "tears," and "flame,"
Who, at the age of sweet sixteen,
Makes love as warmly as "Thigheen;"
Upon her race poetic, starts,
With volumes full of "darts" and "hearts;"
And lest the world should fail to heed them,
Sends "Pa" about the town to read them;—
All buried in a bag as green
As that which bothered once a queen;
And full enough of "young desire,"
To set the very Thames on fire!

What is a *Conversazione?*†
List, and its picture shall be shewn ye:

* See the extravagant praise of Robert Montgomery, in the Literary Gazette.

† It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary for me to disclaim an intention of alluding to any Conversazione in particular. Some of my *dramatis personæ* are common to all assemblies of the kind; and are too much accustomed to criticise their neighbours, to be entitled to exemption from criticism themselves.

It is a print be-littered room,
Where light is taught to mimic gloom;
As full as ever it can cram—
All heat, confusion, jabber, jam:
A bustling group of busy men,
Knights of the pencil and the pen;—
Professors of all sorts of arts;
Mustachioed apes from foreign parts;
With here and there a lady sitting,
Or through the lettered chaos flitting,
Lorn as a lover's maiden lay,
Or angel, that has lost her way!
Where, ranged in order due, are seen
All sorts of beasts, unclean and clean;
Each specimen of Nature's work,—
Jew, Christian, Atheist, Brahmin, Turk;
With many a bird of kindred feather,
All huddled in the ark together!
Philosophers of vast pretence,
Without a grain of common sense;
Anatomists of books and men,
Who cut and cut, and come again!
And Scientifics, full of learning,
With breeches so inured to burning,
So very incombustible,
They scarcely fear to go to h—ll!*

* The worthy Chevalier Aldini has, I am informed, constructed a pair of *asbestos* inexpressibles, which will enable him to take

Critics of every rank and hue,
From him who sways the great Review,
To them whose penny trumpets squeak
Their panegyrics once a week.
Poets of great and small regard,
From Hohenlinden's matchless Bard;
('T is now the fashion to abuse him,*
Therefore I shall genteelly use him),
Down to that thing of trick and flummery,
The maudlin, mawkish, mock-Montgomery!†

his seat upon a blazing fire without the slightest inconvenience! These, however, are only sported upon state occasions; he being content to exhibit at conversazioni in merely a pair of gloves composed of the same material.

* The recent attempts to insult Mr. Campbell in the New Monthly Magazine, have excited unqualified disgust among persons of all politics, and have certainly failed to effect the object their instigator seems to have had in view. It would be a strange anomaly in human nature, if it should turn out that the author of these miserable sneers is the sycophant whose fulsome flattery of the poet used formerly to excite such universal nausea in literary circles! The writer of this note is no flatterer of Mr. Campbell, and may, therefore, have credit for sincerity, when he congratulates him on his emancipation from the trammels of the Burlington-street *coterie*.

† This modest youth, who, after having given me a nickname in one of his lampoons, subsequently charges me with having stolen it, is, I am told, the son of Gomery, the well known clown, of Bath. Those who may happen to remember the trick by which public attention was first directed to his flimsy verses, will know how to appreciate the motives that led him to appropriate the name of Montgomery. A more flagrant instance of the effects of newspaper puffing was never exemplified, than in

Scribblers of "Fashionable Novels,"
Who write of halls, and live in hovels;
Who of *haut-ton* and fashion prate,
And make their heroes dine off plate,
Whilst they, in wit as pocket small,
Can scarce contrive to dine at all!
Topographers, who do each street
Into smart novels, by the sheet;
Romanticise each Western square,
And spend whole volumes on "May-Fair;"
And pimp and pry about each kitchen,
For "personal anecdotes," to hitch in:
Nay, rather than their genius mock,
Will break a seal, or pick a lock!*

the (short-lived) success of this person's impostures. He has, however, at length found his proper level, and may, if he pleases, console himself with the notion, that nineteen-twentieths of the critical world are engaged in a conspiracy against him. For a thorough exposure of his pretensions, the public is indebted to the Edinburgh Review.

As Mr. Montgomery, not content with reviling me on several occasions in terms of the most rancorous scurrility, has, I am told, accused me of aiding in the exposure of his literary frauds, I think it as well to mention that, up to the present moment, I have never written one word about him—good, bad, or indifferent. I will not promise him that I shall exhibit an equal degree of forbearance for the future; for I begin to think with Leigh Hunt, that it is impolitic to allow even the meanest assailant to attack one with impunity.

* The above allusion will be readily understood by the admirers of a certain fashionable novelist, who having been

No matter how the traits may fit—
The greater lie, the greater wit.*

Contributors to Colburn's Journal,†
By wicked imps ycleped "The Infernal;"

allowed to occupy the house of a friend during his temporary absence, repaid the obligation by breaking open his escrutoire, and transcribing his private diary.

* In a novel lately published by Messrs. Colburn and Co., attributed to the pen of Mr. Patmore (and extravagantly puffed by him in the "Court Journal"), a character is introduced, which, by an accidental blunder of the press, and the aid of a "damned good-natured friend," in the "Literary Gazette," I find was intended for me; in which I am described as deriving considerable emolument from the publication of libels on the Aristocracy in the "John Bull" and "Age" newspapers! My unoffending wife is also lampooned as a pretender to exalted musical talent! If Hazlitt's definition of humour be correct, that "the greater the lie, the greater the wit," this production will be considered as inimitable, when I state, that I had never the honour to write a single line either in the "John Bull" or "Age" newspapers; and that my wife, as a member of a society in which music is strictly forbidden, will scarcely be mistaken for the harp player of Mr. Patmore's "Fashionable Novel!" Mr. Colburn's mode of manufacturing a personal anecdote, is too well known to need characterising in this place. He will find, however, to his cost, that the risks which attend this branch of his trade, do not end with the hire of the libeller, and the expense of paper and print! To make the wit the more *piquant*, it is stated in the preface to this precious *romaunt*, that the "originals" of the "characters are living," and that the "scenes are transcripts from reality."

† The Court Journal has been until lately under the direction of Mr. Patmore, better known as the Count Tims of Black-

Though why, I should be glad to know,
Unless that 't is exceeding low;
For what, I ask, with due civility,
Can be so vile as mock gentility?
Or what so apt to stir our gall,
As high life in the servants' hall!

A pensive shop-boy, with a passion
Taste to direct, and set the fashion;
Who 'll chatter "by the card" about
Lord Presslove's *fête*, my Lady's rout:
And prate of the *distingué* air
Of some illustrious *celibataire*,
With whom he vows he 's wondrous thick,
In terms that almost turn one sick!
Who mourns—for he despises duns—
The hapless fate of "second sons!"
An oracle in *faux pas*,—duels,—
A skilful judge of ladies' jewels,
He pauses as minutely on them
As if he had to *lend* upon them!

That men, whose names all lustre lacking,
Who live by puffing Warren's blacking,

wood's Magazine). The dynasty of the Tims's, however, is at an end, at least in this periodical; and as I have no ground of complaint against the Count's successors, they will be pleased to consider the anathemas of my text as levelled wholly at the *ancien regime*; that is to say, if they have reformed their system of government, and dismissed the more obnoxious of their libellers.

And Mr. Colburn's novels, too,
Should cater for his Court Review;—
That men, accustomed filth to handle,
Should undertake to furnish scandal;
And gather, 't is their dirty trade,
The stuff of which his life is made:
The inuendo dark and sly,
The slanderous hint, the prurient lie! *
With slip-slop, filched from evening papers,
Enough to give a cat the vapours;—
Will startle, will astonish none,
To whom that desperate gang is known.
But if a lady, formed to shine
A heroine in the foremost line
Of modern novelists, should stoop
To mingle with that dirty troop,
Employ the means her rank affords
Of visiting with Dukes and Lords;
And by the sheet or week engages
To forage for its famished pages,

* Vide the infamous attack upon Lady L. in this journal, by a reverend calumniator whom her husband had not found it convenient to present to a living, in requital of his fulsome praise of him in newspapers and magazines. What adulation failed to extract from Lord Lyndhurst, however, a long course of bitter reviling has, I am told, extorted from his successor. The literary Cerberus has, after much seeking at length got a sop, in the shape of a tolerable living! I wish him joy of his consistency!

And note the tittle-tattle down
That floats in hear-say on the Town;—
Who Lady A. is going to wed,
When Mrs. B. was put to bed,
And what 's the kind of *liason*
'Twixt Captain White and Mrs. Brown;—
How the "bend sinister" got place
Upon the 'scutcheon of his Grace;
And whether Lady C.'s *faux pas*
Is like or not to end in law;
With all the racy anecdotes
Outpoured from "Rumour's" thousand throats,
Of husband, brother, friend, or wife,
Condemned to fashionable life!
If such a dame, so free and easy
With others' characters, grow queasy
The instant that her own 's assailed,
It is a fact to be bewailed;
But ladies hence should take a hint,
Nor scatter dirt—at least, in print!

Song writers, an amphibious band,
In yonder crowded corner stand;
Vocal as linnets in the spring,
Each waiting to be asked to sing;
And in that hallowed circle sits
That first of playwrights and of wits—

So says he o'er and o'er again—
Who robs the French for Drury Lane;
But lest such deeds should rivals harden,
Decries the thieves of Covent Garden!

And near to them, from Cork's gay city,
Two funny rogues who do the witty,
Inspired by gin and true "potheen,"
For Mister Fraser's Magazine; *
And think by aping "Philip, drunk,"
To prove their wit and "shew their spunk;"
Though did they strive till next October,
They 'd fail in aping "Philip, sober;"
Who borrow for their sign, "the Thistle,"—
They 'd better take "the Pig-and-Whistle." †

* The Scotch contributor to this work, who volunteered his services to the Literary Souvenir, *with the promise of a favourable review in the Magazine if they were received,* and who, by a trick, obtained admission to Mr. Bulwer's house, for the purpose of lampooning that gentleman, had better keep his tongue "from evil-speaking," if he would avoid the chastisement due to such offences, for the future!

† The Pig-and-Whistle is a pot-house in St. Paul's Church-Yard, where these wags used, in former days, to hold their symposia. I am told, but cannot vouch for the fact, that at this cheap repository of wit and whiskey, the aspiring contributor may become as stupid as he pleases for a shilling, and as drunk as a lord for eighteen-pence, supper included. I lament to add, that the Orestes and Pylades mentioned in my text, are the only survivors of their illustrious association: they have outlasted

First of the train, see Crofton Croker,
That dull, inveterate, would-be joker;
I wish he 'd take a friendly hint,
And when he next appears in print,
Would tell us how he came to claim,
And to the book prefix his name,—
Those Fairy Legends, terse and smart,
Of which he penned so small a part;
Wherefore he owned them all himself,
And gave his friends nor fame, nor pelf;
When this is done, 't will be my whim,
To pluck another crow with him.*

And, cheek-by-jowl, his brother twin,
In all but dulness, Pat Maginn;
Who though he write the LL.D.
After his name, will never be
A whit the graver than he is—
Less fond of drunken "deevilries;"
Less ready for a vulgar hoax;
Addicted less to pot-house jokes;
And all the rough, plebeian horse-play,
He will so oft without remorse play!

three several sets of their friends; and probably suggested the admirable series of papers in Blackwood, entitled "First and Last."

* The Authors of the Fairy Legends are some seven or eight in number; among them may be mentioned Messrs. Keithley, Humphries, Maginn, Lynch, and Mr. Crofton Croker.

Give him a glass or two of whiskey,
And in a trice he grows so frisky,
So full of frolic, fun, and satire,
So ready dirt around to scatter;
And so impartial in his blows,
They fall alike on friends and foes;
Nay, rather than his humour balk,
His mother's son he 'd tomahawk!
And so he can but set once more
His boon-companions "in a roar,"
Will scruple not, good-natured elf,
To libel his illustrious self!
A task so difficult, I own
It can be done by him alone!
And yet, to give the devil his due,
He 'd neither slander me nor you,
From any abstract love of malice,
But only in his humorous sallies;
For of his friends he 'd lose the best,
Much rather than his vilest jest!

But for that booby by his side,
Regina's namesake, not her pride,*
That parasitic fish beneath
That picks its larger brethren's teeth;
Dines in some shark's pestiferous maw,
Sups on a whale's encumbered jaw;

* A namesake, but no connexion of the amiable and excellent author of "The Kuzzilbash," *J. B.* Frazer.

And prone in offal still to wallow,
Bolts what its patrons cannot swallow;
Even so, by garbage fed alone,
Too foul for even Maginn to own;
He builds his pyramid of fame
On ribald jests, without a name;
Sticks to the Standard-bearer's skirt,
And apes his knack of throwing dirt;
Steals his nick-names for every body,
Copies his taste in whiskey-toddy!
Retails his jokes with wondrous pains;
And borrows all things—but his brains!
Who ventured with the Ensign's backing,
To take the charge till sent a-packing,
Of Messrs. Treuttel's Foreign Quarterly;
Used Black and Co. so very martyrly;
Then kept the world on tenterhooks,
All waiting for a set of books,
Which they who seldom money stint,
Refused to pay for, or to print; *
And left, though they had given the order,
On hand, "in most admired disorder."
The Theban deep, who undertook
For C. and B. to write a book;
Which when the manuscript was sent,
Proved in the same predicament!

* Where are the *Resumés* of History, which Messrs. Whittaker announced from the pen of this gentleman?

And that it ne'er could day-light see,
Was plain to them as A, B, C.
Therefore he used their "firm," ungently,
Colburn reviled, and slandered Bentley.
And like the toad that whispered Eve,
Did fair Regina's ear deceive;
Of rancour full as Bell, * or fuller—
Suborned attacks on Lytton Bulwer,
Which though he read with vast delight,
Poor as they were, he could not write.

Thus have I seen some blow-fly small,
Over a noble sirloin crawl—
On Giblett's ample counter placed,
Tainting the meat it could not taste;
And thus, for even the meanest things
Can void their filth and use their stings,
The veriest vermin of the press,
The power of mischief still possess;
For jests inflict a double smart,
"When some low blockhead points the dart;"

* This person must not be confounded with a cleverer and honester man, Mr. H. G. Bell, the author of "Summer and Winter Hours," nor with any other Mr. Bell; for "none but himself can be his parallel." He is the dictatorial, pragmatical, vigilant (see his libels on Lord and Lady Lyndhurst), and acrimonious editor of the "largest newspaper in England:" and as the chief supporter of such an Atlas, must of necessity be a person of no ordinary muscle; for if it be the "largest," it is no less certainly the heaviest newspaper in Great Britain.

And dirt is dirt, and mud annoys,
Even from a knot of blackguard boys
Collected in the public street,
To run-a-muck at all they meet:
Who as their ordure round they scatter,
And every decent coat bespatter,
Conceive themselves—the more 's the pity—
Youths of a vein immensely witty;
And deem no humour half so good
As calling names, and throwing mud!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Yes, it is sweet from care and toil,
The busy Babel's wild turmoil,
The hollow and obstreperous crowd,
Its Io Pæans long and loud,
To steal away and taste the bliss
Of quiet, in a nook like this!
With all that can to earth endear me,
And only fondly loved ones near me;
All that to life enjoyment lends,—
Books, leisure, health, and cherished friends;
With nothing in the world to do,
But range my ample garden through;
Or loiter in the chequered shade,
By these wide-spreading branches made;—

Suspend the dashing oar, and dream
Hour after hour on yonder stream,
That sweeps its flowery meads among,
Glorious as Hope when Hope is young;
With all the rainbow colours rife,
That sometimes make a heaven of life!
With one young Palinure, whose pride
Is still his father's skiff to guide,
And skilless strand me on the shore
As he has often done before:
Nor let my graver Mentors blame,
Since older pilots do the same.

Or else, to while the lingering day
With some antique romantic lay
Of maiden fair and baron bold,
Hallowed alike to young and old;
And watch that cherry cheek grow pale,
As shifts from joy to grief the tale;
See gladness in his watery eyes,
Like sunshine flashed from April skies,—
Childhood's first bliss without alloy,—
Whene'er the story breathes of joy;
Of hopes no longer overcast,
And perils now for ever past.
I would my bitterest foe could come,
And see my rural Tusculum;

And stay awhile, and learn the art
Of living in that world—the heart;
Which from enchantment seems to win
Its flowers without and peace within!

A low-roofed cot embowered in trees,
So sheltered from the sun and breeze,
That if the radiance bursts its screen,
'T is but to chequer o'er the green
With evening's mild, attempered light,
A flood of glory, calm as bright;
Or when some sudden storm-blast blows,
Piercing its interlacing boughs,
It does but stir spring's sweet perfume,
And bathe our brows with falling bloom;
The apple-blossom's fragrant flower,
The Catherine pear-tree's shining shower;
And strew them on our out-spread page,
Thick as the timeless snows of age,—
When grief forestalls the spoiler's part,
Whitens the brow and cools the heart.

But bend your head, and pass between
Yon clustering jasmine's tendrils green;
Put thoughts of grandeur and of pride
With those intrusive boughs aside;
And each sublimer fancy quelling,
Enter your poet's humble dwelling!

And, sight unknown to vulgar ken,
Pierce, if you will, his inmost den!
Nor startle, should you chance to find
Some tokens of his heart and mind;
Which, howsoe'er his foes may blame,
Are far less Gothic than his name.
Another step! now shut the door,
And tread with care the encumbered floor;
Lest, pacing on before you look,
You kill a child, or spoil a book;—
Lest into dark eclipse you throw
Barret's calm twilight, Turner's glow;
Mar one of Leslie's loveliest faces,
Or put your foot through Chalon's graces!
For, strewn above, below, around,
They made this chamber haunted ground.
Not stay! by every Muse you must,
So hang your hat on Wordsworth's bust.
What! not a chair unoccupied!
Then lay that cracked guitar aside;
No civil faces, sit you down,
And tell me all the news of town!
But mind, I 've no desire to hear
What 's doing in "Reform" or "Beer;"—
Whether the Lords will pass the "Bill;"
The effect of honest Chandos' pill;—
Whether the "Times" has ceased to urge
The virtues of the Russell Purge;—

If pot and kettle raise a pother,
By vilifying one another;*
Or the brave Belgians run away,
"To fight again another day!"
All this, and more—let Whigs condemn me!—
I gather from my staunch "St. Jemmy!"
Whose honest face I duly seek
Three days of each revolving week;
For 't is a dose against the vapours,
Worth some half dozen "morning papers."
This is a puff—I own it too;
Would that all puffs were half as true!†

But give me, if you can or will,
Some tidings of the "Sacred Hill;"
By which I mean, as well you know,
Of Murray, Colburn, and "the Row!"
Of pictures—taste—of wits and asses;
The "mould of form and fashion's glasses."
Is Bulwer's last accomplished rogue,
Or Siam and its Twins, the vogue?
(I trust, when next he tries a hit,
He 'll shew his heart, as well as wit!)

* See the controversy lately carried on between the Times and Courier, as to their respective claims to ministerial patronage.

† The masterly talent of the leading editor of the St. James's Chronicle and Standard is, I believe, recognised in all political circles. Whatever may be a man's principles, it is pleasant to find him advocating them with a steady and straight forward integrity of purpose.

Has Hood worked out his vein of jokes? *
Will Colburn dare a second hoax
So shameless, and with fraud so rife,
As Lawrence's catch-guinea Life?
Or patrons print his private letters,
To shew how poor may be their betters.
Will Paganini e'er go from us,
Or Rothwell prove a new Sir Thomas?
Will Fraser e'er a fortune gain,
By manufacturing mock champagne;
Roberts convince us by his strictures,
That sketches rival finished pictures;
And that an artist's worth is small,
Unless he takes no pains at all? †

* It must not be supposed that there is any covert sneer in this inquiry. No one jokes with more perfect good humour than Hood: there is much wit, and no malice whatever in his composition. He can *shine* whenever he pleases, without the adventitious assistance of *blacking*. Long may he live, as the worthy Shepherd would say, to "rax the jaws" of the rising generation with all the quiddities and oddities of which his cachinnatory genius is susceptible. Those who take Hood for a mere buffoon, however, will do him a grave injustice; for although the public will not allow a dependant upon its smiles, who is skilful in one kind of performance, to attempt another with any chance of success, it is a truth, of which all who will refer to his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" may easily satisfy themselves, that he is entitled to take a high rank as a writer of serious poetry. Barring a few affectations of the quaintnesses of our early poets, I scarcely know a more graceful and imaginative poem, than the one referred to.

† An extensive dealer in water-colour paintings (not the artist of the same name), who has been mainly instrumental

Will England's Claude forswear his passion
For yellow—Patmore set a fashion?
Or Chalon paint a lady's face,
Nor stamp it with an added grace?
Has empty * * * * become a thinker,
Or Pat Maginn a water-drinker?
Is T. K. Hervey gone to work?
Will humour ever leave a Smirke?
Collins untrue to Nature prove,
Or Sapphos sing of aught but love?
Will any painter yet to be,
Write with more sterling sense than Shee!
Rival Fuseli's demonology,
Or classic Howard's Greek mythology!
Conceive and paint a new Creation,
With Martin's fine imagination;
Or canvass with more meaning fill,
Wrought richly out, than Pickersgill,
When he depicts an eastern lady,
Or Grecian girl, like Byron's Haidee?
Will Stothard's genius cease to charm,
Or truthful Constable take harm,

in promoting the present taste for pictorial crudities. Sketches seem to be valued by some modern collectors in exact proportion to their incompleteness. The first idea of a man of genius is, no doubt, valuable; not less as a matter of curiosity, than for its artistical qualities; but the finished work must be incomparably more worthy of attention. There can be no reasonable objection to sketches, save when they are sold at the price of finished pictures.

Because some Grub-street scribe may choose
Their taste to scorn, their art abuse?
Let judges, such as this, in future,
Keep to their courts, or else be neuter,—
Reserve their low and ribald jeers,
To tickle sweet St. Giles's ears;
Nor wander farther west to teach
Their rules of art—and flowers of speech! *
Has Brougham stopped Dr. Croly's mouth?
Have Scotchmen ceased to travel south?
Will Sporus 'scape another kicking;
Cochrane grow rich by Mr. Picken; †

* I allude to some very gross personalities in the newspapers, professing to be criticisms of pictures in the Exhibitions of Somerset-house and Suffolk-street, and attributed to the pen of one of the judges of a certain court, not a hundred miles from the purlieus of St. Giles's. It is really revolting to every sentiment of common decency, to see the successful results of many months of anxious consideration and labour, decried and prejudiced, merely because the name of the painter or his subject may happen to suggest *materiel* for a vulgar sarcasm or an indecent pun. I have known several amiable and highly-gifted artists, whose sensitive minds have been so much disgusted by the application to their pictures, of some low and ribald equivoque, as to have been incapacitated from pursuing their profession for weeks. Censure, confined within the legitimate bounds of criticism, every person who caters for the public taste, must be content to endure; but let us have strictures on the Art, and not vulgar libels on its Professors.

† See the Club Book—a triad of volumes, formed by the eleemosynary contributions of various acquaintances of the Editor. I rather suspect that Mr. Bulwer might have purchased the

Colburn and Co. abandon quacking,
Or Mr. Whiting leave off blacking? *
Sooner, methinks, I hear you say
Will C——e his debts of honour pay;
Barnes cease to bully, Bell to libel, †
Or Satan's chaplain ‡ read the Bible.
Sooner, will "see-saw critics" learn
The "puff reciprocal" to spurn;

good word of Mr. P.'s associates in the mock-Blackwood, and at an easy rate, had he considered it worth his while so to do. Let the tyro in the art of reciprocal puffing, look at some of the reviews of this book, for as happy specimens of the system as are to be met with in even these piping times of disinterested praise.

* This gentleman, who is the proprietor of the "Atlas" newspaper, refused to require the people in his employ to contradict a statement they had made respecting me, although the proofs of its utter *falsehood* were volunteered to him; but kindly offered to publish my private letter on the subject! I suppose the word "advertisement" would have been placed at the head of it, and a charge of five or ten guineas demanded, after the custom of the "Times," for its insertion. Lord Tenterden was right, when he pronounced this trade to be a thriving one. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to remark that Mr. Moore's autograph of the poem which these people accused me of forging, with such vindictive scurrility, has been offered to their inspection.

† One of the underlings of the "Times" wrote a letter to the "Globe" newspaper some time ago, complaining of being identified with his employers. He thought it the extreme of bad taste to mention the name of the editor of a newspaper! I do not recognise this gentleman's principles of inviolability.

‡ The Rev. Robert Taylor.

To eulogise a poet's strain
Who boasts no power to praise again,—
Takes not the slightest pains to woo them,
And does not even contribute to them!*

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I have but imped the wings of time
In weaving this unstudied rhyme;

* Why does not the "Literary Union," which seems to be a sort of "Common Hall" of literature, devise some plan of reform in the world of letters. It is very certain that a species of boroughmongering has grown up therein, which places the critical influence of the press almost entirely in the hands of some half-dozen individuals; and whether the power they possess be applied in a spirit of venality or good-nature, the effects of the system are the same. Thus the accredited contributor to one or two popular periodicals is all but secure of the favourable suffrages of most contemporary journals, if the editors happen to be, as is usually the case, authors themselves. I scarcely ever remember to have seen a really critical examination of any of the voluminous writings of Mr. Allan Cunningham, and it may fairly be inferred that he is not altogether infallible. What is the probable reason? Why, truly, he writes in the "Literary Gazette," "Athenæum," "Fraser," "New Monthly," "Metropolitan," "Englishman," and a dozen other periodicals; and whoever should have the temerity to indulge in unpleasant strictures upon a volume from his pen, would stand a chance to receive a dozen points in his target for his presumption; whereas on the other hand, if he were a "canny critic," and did his "spiriting gently," it would be more than probable that some work of his own would, ere long, come under the notice of so universal a reviewer, and be treated with grateful respect in return!

And if I've dipped my pen in gall,
I bear no malice after all!
Nor e'er till now have penned a strain,
Foredoomed to give the weakest pain;
But if a cur in wanton spite
Will turn upon my heels and bite;
A viper by my folly nursed,
Trail o'er my name its slime accursed;
To wormwood kindest feelings wring,
And but because I warmed it, sting;—
If some smooth, prating, specious knave,
Libeller, sycophant, and slave,
(Who 'd for his master do for lucre,
What Andrews, gratis, did for Blucher*)
Proud of his mushroom power, be drawn
To slander where he used to fawn;—
Or some low reprobate think fit,
(Potent in name if not in wit,)
To rate me in his Monthly hash,
Because I scorned to print his trash;†

* An allusion to the benevolent politeness of a great London bookseller to the venerable barbarian Blucher, at the fête at Carlton Palace, in 1815, at which he, (the bibliopole,) officiated as a waiter.

† There is, I am told, an illustrious obscure of the name of Churchill (with two qualities, at least, in common with his great namesake), who is one of the second-hand wits of the mock-Blackwood. I can only refer his enmity to me, to the circumstance of my refusing to admit his contributions into the

If such a crew at length provoke
Arrow for arrow—stroke for stroke;
The bitter jest or angry line,
'T is more for others' sakes than mine;
Unwillingly the bow is bent,
Their's be the guilt and chastisement!

A. A. W.

"Literary Souvenir;" for which, with all his affected contempt for Annuals, he would have been but too happy to have been allowed to write! The favourite joke of this man and his associates is to dub me Alaric *Attila* Watts; a jest, (if the mere calling names can be entitled to be so characterised) borrowed from the quiver of Mr. Lockhart, the editor of the Quarterly Review! So delighted does the Editor of the Atlas appear to be with this unanswerable stroke of wit, that in one of his notices of the Literary Souvenir, of half a column in length, he prints the words "Mr. Alaric Attila Watts" no less than *twelve* times!!!

"OH! PROMISE ME TO SING."

BY G. M. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

Oh! promise me to sing, love,
My songs in after years,
When the quiet eve shall bring, love,
The hour for blissful tears:
When the busy world is still, love,
When a few dear friends are nigh,
When the moon is on the hill, love,
And the stars are in the sky!

When the hearts where I would dwell, love,
With a thought of me may thrill,—
When the eyes that knew me well, love,
With silent tears may fill:
When the few who ne'er forget, love,
Will fondly name my name,
Or should they blame me, yet, love,
Will love me, while they blame.

I care not for the praise, love,
So sweet to minstrel's ear,
For the laurel, and the bays, love,
The critic, or his sneer:
For the plaudit wealth can buy, love,
Or the wreath that fame can bring,
When you sing them, if you sigh, love,
And sigh them when you sing!

THE TARANTELLA.

BENEDETTO MANGONE;

OR,

The Brigand of Eboli.

BY CHARLES MACFARLANE, ESQ.

Who that has ever been in the Campagna Fèlice, and at Naples, can forget that clime of sunshine and festivity, and the Tarantella or national dance, which is the principal feature of every Neapolitan festival? Who, that has attended at the festa of Piede-di Grotto, of La Madonna del Monte, or any one of the great annual festivals, to be taken to which by their husbands, has been from time immemorial, one of the few stipulations in the simple marriage contract of the Neapolitan peasantry; who that has seen them making the journey, whatever may be its length, to and from the church or the mountain shrine, a continuous dance, and has heard their shrill, joyous voices, accompanying as they bound along, the music of the tamborino, and the motion of their elastic feet—but will recognise at a glance the characteristic fidelity of Montvoisin's picture

of the Tarantella. To myself it recalls with the force of reality a scene long familiar to me, and by-gone days hallowed by a thousand recollections and endearing connexions: as I look upon the buoyant figure of the maiden, and at the kneeling swain at her feet, I almost hear the *Sei bella sei buona, sei tutt' amorosa*, one of the common burthens of the Tarantella song. I catch the happy love-whispers from the reposing couples behind,—I breathe the perfumed air of the sunny south, and feel again the genial warmth and brilliant light of the sun of Naples upon me, and about me. I follow the festive figures in imagination, as I have often done in reality similar groups on a bright summer evening by the enchanting routes of Portici, Poggio Reale, Posilippo, or away to Pozuoli. I, loitering on horse-back by the road's side, whilst they danced along the middle of it, couple after couple, or trio after trio, in unceasing succession, as though fatigue were a feeling, a stranger to their joyous natures. And imagination can realise memory, and renew the pleasures that I used often to experience when riding homeward from the festive scene: the hearty peals of laughter, and the Bacchanalian shout, the tones of the tambour and the choral song, all softened and harmonized by distance, come to my ear with the evening breeze, so luxuriantly refreshing after a summer's day; when the broad silver moon rose over the blue waves of the calm, hushed bay, and the *lucciole*,

or fire-flies, hung in bright festoons from the brake, or the cliff by the road side, or flitted across my path in lambent, playful troops, and when the dark red flame of the volcanic Vesuvius peered over the ridges of the vine-clad hills of Posilippo, or between the stems of the picturesque Italian pine trees on the height of Capo di Monte, or Capo di Chino.

Few things in this mutable world of ours are less subject to change, than popular amusements and national dances: the Greeks of to-day still bound in the Pyrrhic as did their remote ancestors; the games and familiar amusements of the ancient Romans may still be traced throughout Italy; and the Tarantella of the Neapolitans seems to be the same dance that we see depicted on vases and relievi, dug from the recesses of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Without descending so far into the depths of ages, it may be assumed as a certainty, that the national dance existed at the period of our tale, or in the sixteenth century; and we have the ample testimony of poetry and history, to prove that the Neapolitans were the same thoughtless, joyous race then, that they are now.

It was on a fine afternoon early in summer, the day of the annual festival of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that a troop of peasants, coming in the direction of Salerno, took the steep mountain path leading to the far-famed sanctuary of the Madonna, which stands on the loftiest peak of the grand chain of Apennine that extends

between Avellino and the Salernitan gulf. They passed on with hurried steps, though they were far too late to witness the miracle performed every year by the uncouth wooden statue of the virgin, or to have any part in the devotions of the day and sport, which were always finished long before noon. Perhaps they were only anxious to lose as little as possible of the feasting and dancing, that always closely follow the offices of religion in the gay south, on days like these; but the way-farers did not look so gay and careless as men usually do when repairing on such pleasant business. Their dark rough brows were knit, their large coal-black eyes were darting and restless, as though habitually so, from fear or vigilance; and though they failed not most devoutly to cross themselves at every one of the innumerable crucifixes, and little white chapels, that formed from the mountain's root an avenue to its summit, the words on their tongues were unholy and ungentle.

One among them, indeed, seemed more light-hearted and unconcerned; he went on carolling some simple ditty, but the theme of the song was a robber's exploit, and the boldness depicted on his bronzed countenance, partook of ferocity, and was bordered by an expression of wiliness or cunning. To judge from his figure, which was much exposed, as he wore only a loose shirt open at the neck, and drawers that descended no lower than the knee, he must have been a young man; but the lines of his face had the depth and rigidity that

older years, or that hard life and violent passions, which can anticipate the work of age, impress on the human countenance. His form was cast in a fine manly mould, and his face, sun-burnt as it was, would have been handsome, but for those deep passion-furrows, and that rigidity;—indeed, it was handsome at moments when some soothing feeling occupied him; as it would now and then on his way, when emerging from a thick wood of ilex, or turning some obstructing rock, the view of the rich and smiling plain at his feet would burst upon him, or a glimpse of the white façade of the Sanctuary of the Madonna, high above his head, with the crowding, festive groups before it.

When they drew nearer to the sanctuary, the merry sounds of the tabor and the zampogna (a sort of bag-pipe, which primitive instrument highly modified, is found in the higher regions of the Neapolitan kingdom, as well as in nearly every mountainous district of Europe), somewhat cleared up the countenances, and tranquillized the uneasy eyes of the other peasants, who walked towards the attractive scene with quickened steps.

"We shall get a tune and a dance, and a draught of good wine under the shadow of the Virgin, if we get nothing better," said one of the way-farers.

"Ay, ay, a cup of Lacrima Christi, and a slice of *presciutto*, and a *terraglio* or so," said another.

"And a squeeze of the hand, and a smile from a pretty girl or two!" joyfully cried the least ill-looking one of the party.

"Those pretty girls will be thy ruin sooner or later!" said one of the sourest-visaged of the peasantry, "take my word for it, will they, unless thou changest thy fantasies, and ceasest to be caught by the rustle of female garments after this guise."

"Peace to thee—bird of evil augury!" replied the other, and he added after a short reflective pause:—"But even if it should be so, what matters it? Some take their way to the devil's mansion by cards and dice, some with the wine-cup, some go one way, some another—and if woman be as sure a way as any, it is certainly as pleasant a one! But we are near the sanctuary!—a prayer to the Madonna, my comrades!"

And in the next moment, these men who seemed occupied by anything rather than sentiments of religion and peace, devoutly crossed themselves, and pronounced an "Ave Maria," with much fervour. They were now in a thick grove of hardy mountain ash, and finishing their prayer to the Virgin, they advanced to its extremity, at which they paused to observe the scene. It was picturesque and animated. Before the snow-white sanctuary which stood on a peak of bare rock, that was ascended by a winding stair-case, cut in the rock's face, there was an esplanade, partly natural, and in part artificial, of considerable extent. On this elevated flat, the devotees from all the neighbouring country, and many from distant parts of the kingdom, and on the slopes of the mountain, immediately beneath it, were

assembled in gay confusion, which was increased and rendered the pleasanter to the eye, by the variety of costume; for then, as now, nearly every district had its peculiar mode of dress, and that of the females was frequently graceful and striking to an extreme degree. There were the women from the islands of Ischia and Procita, with their truly Greek and beautiful countenances, shaded by linen, curiously arranged, folded flat on their heads, and descending mid-way down their long necks; the folds of the linen, white as the driven snow, contrasting most admirably with the rich southern glow of their complexions: there were other fair ones, from certain *casali* in the Terra di Lavoro, with their luxuriant hair, confined in a net of golden thread, their only head dress; others, with a long pin of gold, fashioned like an arrow, put gracefully through their knotted hair, and extending on either side beyond the line of the head; some with a wreath of flowers round their brows, and their rich black hair floating down their backs; others, with silken handkerchiefs, striped with gold or with silver, confining their gathered locks; others, with drapery fastened with ribbons on the crown of the head, and descending backwards to the waist, like an inverted veil; and some there were, of a bolder bearing than the rest, from Bojano, Venafro, and other regions of the mountainous Samnium, who wore broad plates of burnished copper on their foreheads, and in their attire, their persons and demeanour,

might have reminded one of a warlike race,—of the mothers who bore the hardy Samnites, whom the old Romans found it so difficult to conquer. The inhabitants of the different districts were distinguished not only by their *coiffure*, but by the fashion and colours of their bodices and the rest of their garments. The *chaussure* was a further distinction; but the prettiest of the variety was the ancient sandal, worn by many of the women of the Campagna Fèlice, and the province of Principato. As nearly all the dresses were of the brightest colours, and as these varied, when mingled in confused crowds, the female peasants looked at a distance like beds of extraordinary tulips or other vivid flowers. There was a variety in their occupations too; but enjoyment—full, thoughtless enjoyment, seemed to be the business of nearly every one of those gathered thousands. Some groups were refreshing themselves with provisions or dainties, furnished copiously by certain itinerant venders or other more sedate dealers, who had erected temporary kitchens in the open air; others were exclusively engaged with the wine flask, that passed rapidly round with a *brindisi* or rhymed toast or sentiment, supposed at least to be an impromptu, from each gay Bacchanalian; whilst the sweet nuts that grow so plentifully in the romantic district of Avellino, and the *torrioni* or almonds candied in honey, from Aversa or from Benevento, were munched now and then as an accompaniment to the juice of the grape. Conjurers, mounte-

banks and story-tellers, for whose extravagant narratives the Neapolitans have always had an extreme taste, occupied several of the company. One of these ingenious narrators seemed to be very successful in his calling; and though a rival in the profession immediately opposite to him was discoursing of Rinaldo, whom the Neapolitans claim as their countryman, and in the measureless superiority of whose valour over all the other Crusaders they are so deeply interested that they will brawl and fight to maintain it; yes, even though his theme was, "Rinaldo nostro," he was, one by one, abandoned by his auditors, who went to listen to the more modern, and somewhat more probable history of the life and wonderful adventures of the Brigand chief, Benedetto Mangone,* the celebrated peasant of Eboli.

The popular Canta-Storia, for, like his successors, who captivate the mariners and Lazzaroni at this day, on the Molo of Naples, he sang his themes in a sort of *recitativo*, was near the edge of the little wood of mountain ash, where our acquaintances had so lately arrived, and he went on, in their hearing, to tell how Mangone was a lion in courage, a fox in cunning, a wolf in rapacity, a tiger in cruelty; how he had attacked whole hosts of travellers; how he had beaten the nobles and

* "Quel famoso bandito Benedetto Mangone, di cui rimane ancora l'infame memoria per le tante scelleratezze commesse nella campagna d'Eboli."

Giannone Storia Civile del Regno, etc.

their *armigeri;* how all the Spanish troops of the Viceroy that had ever gone against him, had been foiled and cut to pieces in detail; and he wound up the hair-breadth escapes and the surprising adventures of his hero, by an hypothesis of his own, that king Mangone must be the devil, or a direct lineal descendant of his satanic majesty; for otherwise how could he do such deeds, and escape?

"I would shew to that Don Bugiardo, that Benedetto Mangone has no cloven feet," said one of the new comers in the wood.

"Pr'ythee, be still, and don't let the devil get the upper hand of thee, here," whispered one of his companions, and pointing to a dancing group, which, one among many others, occupied another part of the esplanade, he added, "by Saint Gennaro, that's a pretty tarantella, and better worth heeding than this old ballad-monger!"

"We will even go nearer, and see those free-legged maidens," said the man who had first spoken; "it is clear there are none of the Viceroy's most valiant maccaroni eaters here, and as for any of the few peasants who may have the honour to know us personally, why we are safe in their fears, or indeed just as likely to find friends as foes." Saying this he walked out to the open esplanade, and was followed by some of his comrades, whilst others still hesitated in the wood.

As this man, whom I have described as being the

handsomest of the party we have seen ascending the mountain, walked through the festive crowd, nobody seemed to notice him, or if they did, it was but to remark that he was a good-natured looking fellow, for he had put on his fair-weather countenance, and smoothed his features to a holiday smile. But as he approached a party of peasants, whom their dress shewed to be inhabitants of some of the villages in the vast open plain that extends between Salerno and Eboli and the sea, the faces of every one of them waxed pale as death, and an old man muttered unconsciously, "Benedetto Mangone!" "Well! and what of that," said Benedetto in his ear, "cannot I come to the Madonna's shrine, and pray my prayer as well as thou, and dance a turn or two in the tarantella as well as any lout here?—hold thy peace, good master Shepherd—I am not here with evil intentions—my coffers are too well filled with the gold of nobles and Spaniards to feel the want of a peasant's purse of copper, or his wife's trinkets. Hold thy peace, I say, and no harm shall be done here by me, or mine!"

"We are thy slaves, and here to do thy bidding!" replied the old man, in a low, faltering voice, to Mangone, who had turned round with a laughing face to watch the merry dance.

"Had we not better retire hence, with the Madonna to our aid?" inquired one of the pale peasants,—a woman who was but too well acquainted, from the

circumstance of near neighbourhood, with the exploits and freaks of the formidable banditti.

"Not so, Annarella," replied the old man; "the devil is not so black as he is painted. Mangone always keeps his word; and be it said between us, is often a better friend to the poor peasants than their baron's steward, or the Spaniards, and the tax-gatherers of his Excellency the Viceroy."

The group of dancers which had attracted the attention and admiration of the robbers, reposed for awhile, but now began again with a fresh infusion of glee and vigour. There were several pretty girls engaged in this tarantella, but one among them absorbed the faculties of Mangone. She was the most youthful and graceful of the party, and a life of labour and exposure to the scorching sun had not been able to spoil the beauty and delicacy of her face and complexion. There was an expression of innocence mixed with her really heartfelt gaiety, that might have charmed any heart; and, as vice does not necessarily destroy our taste for that quality in others, but on the contrary rather increases it, the bandit gazed on the thoughtless girl with looks of intense interest; and when her joyful, laughing eyes met his, and were fixed, wondering by them, his heart became her captive.

"By San Benedetto, I will try a tarantella with that maiden, though all her kindred should say nay!" whispered Mangone to his companion; and at the very

next stop in the dance, heedless of the frowns of her previous partner, and of her father and mother, who did not approve of a stranger's attentions, he placed himself before her.

Had the young creature acted as propriety required, for strange as it may appear, the peasantry of Italy have very strict notions on that head, she would have refused to dance with a man unknown to her, even though at a public festival; but she was fascinated by Mangone's ardent gaze, and perhaps felt already, although all unconscious of it, that mysterious influence which will not allow a being passionately loved, not to love again.* The robber, be it remembered, as something relevant, was a handsome man, and the southern temperament is generally waked into passion by an object at once, or never.

With one momentary, deprecating look at her displeased parents, the innocent creature responded to the animated motions of Mangone; and if ever a dance could express, or favour and forward the passion of love, it is assuredly the tarantella! For some time the maiden, as the forms of the dance required, and as the feelings of her heart would have dictated, moved at a distance from her partner; then by degrees she approached him, or permitted his approach; then with pretty coquetry she bounded back from him, and danced again afar off;

* Amor ch' a nullo amato amar perdona.—*Dante. L'Inferno.*

then she came nearer—nearer than before—then again glided from him. After this alternation of fond advance and coy retreat, the maiden, as if vanquished, sank on her knee, and the triumphant Mangone danced round her; but bounding from the ground the next minute, and clapping her hands together as if in joyful defiance, she renewed the coquetry and the dance until her partner dropped on his knee at her feet, and she finished the tarantella by dancing round him in her turn.

Whilst kneeling at her feet, the enamoured bandit whispered some fond words, caught by no ear save that of the young Nicoletta. Whatever they were, they were evidently effective. When the dance was over, Mangone went back to his comrades, who had all now come to the spot. They procured and discussed some of the choice refreshments the place afforded; but while he partook of them, Mangone joined not the merry remarks and hearty laughs of his fellows, and never took his eye from her, who he had sworn already should be his love-mate or his victim.

In the course of the afternoon, Benedetto, in spite of some opposition, contrived to dance another tarantella with Nicoletta, and to pour more words of passion and temptation into her innocent ear. He learned from her, moreover, the village she belonged to, and the road she was to take homeward. This was all the information he required; and having obtained it, he despatched one of his trusty band to bring round

horses, and to await him at a certain point at the mountain's base.

At the approach of evening, the festive parties began to break up from the holy, but most jocund spot, and to take their separate roads to their frequently distant homes, whence they had started the preceding night, with the discharge of fireworks and long-echoing acclamations, for the mountain-shrine of the blessed Virgin. Their retreat was picturesque, and otherwise impressive. Long troops were seen, marching two by two, down the steep and narrow mountain paths; they chaunted a hymn to the Madonna as they went. A few flaunting banners were distributed along their lines; and their slowly-moving figures, the rough mountain top, and wooded or rocky bare sides, the white sanctuary high over all, the rapid tolling of the church bell, and the mingling sounds of hundreds and hundreds of voices, produced altogether the most romantic effect.

Benedetto Mangone, with his comrades, mingled with one of these troops, closely following the fair Nicoletta, until the descent of the mountain was performed, and the plain, traversed by numerous diverging paths, was before them. They did not go much further with the peaceful peasants, for at the point fixed they found the messenger and several others of Mangone's robbers armed to the teeth, waiting with a horse for each of them.

The peasants were thrown into consternation; the

women screamed;—but Nicoletta, who little suspected the part he had in this sudden and alarming apparition, instinctively rushed to her bold-looking admirer,—to the handsome stranger,—to Mangone himself,—for protection.

"Fear not, my sweet one! it is pleasanter and fitter for pretty feet like thine to ride than to walk; this is only an escort for thee, and this thy steed," said Mangone, bending his face to hers. The next moment his arm was round her waist, and he had leaped into his saddle with the maiden, who had screamed and fainted, before him; and the movements of his companions being almost as quick, they at once cantered from the peasants, among whom the bereaved parents of Nicoletta shrieked and tore their hair with the wildest demonstrations of grief.

For a quarter of an hour the robbers rode at a rapid pace; but being then far away from the villagers, and at the foot of a mountain they had to cross, they relaxed their speed, and Mangone stopping for a few minutes, attended to his fair burthen. Nicoletta recovered her senses, but her alarm was extreme, and she piteously begged to know who he was that had such a command of men and of horses, and whither he was carrying her, away from her father and her dear mother.

"I am not what I seem," said Benedetto; "instead of this poor labourer's attire, I can clothe myself in the noble's mantle, or the cavalier's inlaid armour, and I

am carrying thee where I will deck that pretty head and neck of thine with gold and jewels, such as few princesses possess, an' thou wilt but love me!"

"I did love thee but now," said the artless girl, "but tell me who—what art thou?" and as waiting for his reply she gazed on his face which indeed wore the touching expressions of love, and love for her, she felt her own impetuous feeling revive in spite of her fears and affliction.

"Whatever I may be, I will be thy fond lover, thy husband, an' thou wilt," said the bandit—"there! cheer thee, and tremble no more! is not wealth better than poverty—ease and luxury, where others shall do thy every bidding, better than hard labour and subjection? my love better than"—

"True, true," interrupted the maiden; "but how is that wealth acquired? and—Oh tell me! who art thou?"

"The wealth," he replied, "is the bleeding of our oppressors, and I am"—

"Benedetto Mangone! why loiterest thou? brave captain, our road is long," exclaimed one of the banditti, who were all impatient to reach their homes.

"Mangone!—dost thou answer to that dreadful name, thou so gentle?"—wildly inquired the poor girl.

"For want of a better, I do," replied the robber composedly.

The maiden again screamed and fainted, and when

she recovered at length in the robber's embrace, she so struggled to escape from him, that they had both well nigh fallen from the horse. His mild persuasive voice, his vows and assurances that to her he meant nothing but good, and the utter impossibility of doing anything to avert her fate, whatever it might be, at length tranquillized her, and she rode on with him in the silence of woe and despair, and that agonizing sentiment that must accompany the disclosure that the being who has warmed the heart to love, is the object of the world's detestation, and cannot be loved without risking one's happiness here and hereafter.

Night had now closed in, but the broad bright moon shone on the robbers' mountain paths, which they pursued for many hours, until they crossed the lofty and extended chain, and reached a secluded village on the borders of a far spreading and apparently desolate level. Here they seemed on a perfectly good understanding with the inhabitants, who were all shepherds and goatherds, and Mangone not only procured refreshments for her, which she refused to partake of, but allowed Nicoletta time for that repose, of which she stood in need.

When they continued their journey the day dawned, and the wondering maiden found that she was crossing a wide plain bounded semicircularly by mountains, and edged afar off, by the blue sea. Nothing could well be wilder or more solitary than these regions. A vast heath, rich in brushwood and shrubs, and in dense *macchioni*, or

thickets of gigantic wild myrtle, spread before her as far as the eye could reach; but no villages, not a house could she see, and the only living creatures there, were large herds of savage-looking buffaloes that ranged at will the lords of the wild. As the sun rose higher and dissipated the vapours, so dense in these southern parts on a hot morning of summer, she saw indeed as her fearful eye glanced backward, the white walls of a large town, and some villages in the mountains or at their feet; but they were distant, and all unknown to her, whose travels from her sequestered home had never extended further than the shrine of the Madonna, where in an evil moment she had attracted the eyes of Mangone.

The robbers went on at a rapid pace; the mountains on the opposite side of the plain which had seemed unapproachably remote, gradually became higher, bolder and nearer to the eye; a rapid river was crossed by a difficult ferry kept by men, evidently the comrades of Mangone's troop, and the party plunged into a deep thick wood. They had advanced for some time in this mysterious neighbourhood, when Nicoletta's ears were assailed by a tremendous barking of dogs.

"Our faithful friends keep good watch over our woodland homes, where we shall presently be, and where thou shalt be as queen!" said the robber-chief, who had not failed at frequent intervals of the hurried journey, to speak kindly and encouragingly to his prize, and to endeavour to reconcile her to her destiny.

And in a few minutes having passed a strange looking edifice, and some ranged columns which seemed to the peasant girl like skeletons of some giant's abode, she found herself in the midst of a group of cabins and huts, that formed a little hamlet in the depth of the wood, where no eye could see them, until so near that the hand might almost touch them. A number of ferocious-looking men and some women and children came out to welcome the returning troop and their chief Mangone, who with briefer courtesy to them than he usually practised, lifted Nicoletta from the horse, and carried her terrified and almost lifeless as she was, into the largest and best of these sylvan abodes.

The interior of this cabin was far different from anything she had ever seen; and when with timid eyes she had glanced over the bright arms, and the wolf skins that hung on its walls; on the huge chests—rich garments, inlaid cuirasses, and massive plate, piled with picturesque confusion in open recesses or in the corners of the room, she threw herself on its earthen floor, and wept for her own poor cottage home among the mountains of Atripalda. Mangone seeing he laboured in vain to cheer her drooping spirits and dissipate her alarm, after he had with difficulty prevailed upon her to take some goat's milk and bread, left her to repose. He did not again intrude upon her for some hours; but when he did, instead of finding her in the enjoyment of restoring and tranquil sleep, or refreshed by

its genial effects, he found his beautiful prize burning with a tremendous fever, and almost delirious.

Every assistance that he, aided by an old woman of the lawless colony, to which she was sole medical practitioner, could bestow, was lavished on the young Nicoletta; but in spite of all this, which was, perhaps, not always of the most judicious nature, she continued to suffer from the fever brought on by the excitement of the mind, and the fatigues of the rapid journey: nor was it until several days had elapsed, that she was so far convalescent as to leave the couch of wolf and sheep skin that her dreaded host had affectionately prepared for her. On the evening of that day that she felt so far recovered, as she was sitting alone in the robber's cabin, wondering at the wealth it contained, and almost forgetting by what unlawful means that wealth had been acquired, Mangone appeared suddenly before her, humanized by the feeling of love, and with the same expression of countenance, the same attitude, and the same sweet tones of voice with which he had captivated her simple heart in the tarantella, at the Monte degli Angioli. She had been sensible of his tender, unwearying care, during her illness—she had caught his sighs on her lip—she had seen the tears in his eyes, which had never glanced with their fatal ferocity on her, or on any one in her presence—and now, uninformed as she was, wanting of that strong moral feeling which only education can give, and which,

even in the educated, cannot always subdue the passion of love for an unworthy object, it is not surprising if her heart softened towards her captor, and she regarded with less horror her separation from her family and friends—the condition he proposed to her of becoming a robber's bride. Indeed, it ought to be remembered that the estimation in which the *fuorusciti*, or banditti, of the kingdom of Naples were generally held by the peasantry, differed essentially from our notions on the subject. The country and the government were in the hands of foreign masters—the oppressive Spaniards; the Barons exercised their feudal tyrannies with impunity; and the peasants, too poor to attract the depredators, saw them with malignant, but natural satisfaction, despoil their common oppressors. This was the case in all countries in the dark days of anarchy, misgovernment, and oppression; and, like Robin Hood and his freebooters of old Sherwood, the Italian bandits were frequently the objects of popular admiration and sympathy. But Mangone was reported to have disgraced his bold calling, by the perpetration of horrid cruelties—this it was that made Nicoletta so shudder at his name, and the evidences of them now smothered for ever her growing love, and saved her from participating in his lawless life.

That night, being possessed with the restlessness which fever generally leaves, and which was increased by her peculiar situation, the young peasant opened the door of the cabin, and remarking that the whole of

the robber-hamlet was buried in deep repose, issued from the confined apartment to breathe the cool nocturnal air. It was a calm, lovely night, the broad moon illuminated an open glade of the deep wood, which ran immediately before her hut; she walked along this with slow, meditating steps, until she came to an ancient edifice, like that she had passed in another part of the wood, when carried thither by Mangone. This, like its fellow, was one of the three glorious temples of Pæstum: those sublime remains of antiquity which have since attracted the wondering travellers from all the civilised countries of the world; but which were then, as they remained for many after years,* buried in a wild wood, and unknown, save to the robbers who made them their haunt, or to the wandering goat-herd, or the fisherman who might catch a glimpse of them peering over the trees, from the contiguous coast. Ignorant and pre-occupied as was the mind of the lovely maiden, she could not gaze on these solemn grey, massive, firm-set columns, that looked as no mortal hand had ever placed them there—as if nothing but a tremendous earthquake could ever prostrate their pride—she could not see them rising from amidst the dusky wood in the clear moonlight, without a sensation of wonderment and awe. To obtain a nearer view of them, to endea-

* It is said that the merit of discovering, or rather of bringing these sublime works of antiquity into notice, was due to an English traveller, not quite a century since.

vour to touch what she almost thought might be an illusion of her troubled brain—so sublime did they appear, and so unlike anything that had as yet fallen under the observation of her senses,—she was proceeding with hurried steps, when her attention was distracted by an object that lay on the ground beside one of these moonlit columns. Whatever it was, it gleamed with a wax-like ghastly hue, in the rays of the sweet planet—she stooped to ascertain it, and saw with horror, a human body streaked with blood! With her own young blood congealing in her veins, she rushed onward without purpose,—but what other object was that, glaring at her from the diverging branches of an old tree? It was another human body in the attitude of crucifixion, with the writhed countenance of one who had died in torture, displayed by the pale moon-light. With the fascination of horror—with eyes starting out of her head, she stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the spectacle of atrocity. Then she ran wildly forward to escape its sight, to the temple; but there, even on the holy *ara*, other objects of dread disgust met her sight; and at her sudden intrusion, a swarm of ravens and night-birds that were battening on the mutilated victims of the robbers' barbarity, flew on high to the architraves of the ancient edifice, where they croaked and screamed in wild, horrific discord. This was too much for Nicoletta to bear, and with a shriek she fainted and fell on the floor of the temple.

How long she remained in this state she knew not; but with her returning senses came the dreary conviction of Mangone's hellish guilt, and the firm determination to escape from him or die. Not knowing whither she went, she ran through the thick wood that closed immediately beyond the open space in which the temple stood. For a long time she wandered in its intricacies, but at length, guided by chance, followed a narrow opening that led to its issue, near the sea shore. Day was now beginning to dawn on the beautiful and tranquil gulf, and she saw by its light the little town of Acropoli, standing on a cliff that is washed by the sea. Thitherward she was directing her steps, when she perceived a fisherman's bark preparing to leave the shore, close at hand. With a supplicating, piteous cry, and with tottering limbs, she ran towards it — she reached it breathless, and a grey-headed mariner was easily persuaded to receive the exhausted, pallid, horror-stricken maiden on board his bark, which instantly glided from the atrocious neighbourhood.

It was not until several hours after her escape, that Mangone, previously to starting on an expedition to intercept the Viceroy's *procaccio*, or mail, repaired to the cabin to commune in gentleness and love with his captive, whom he destined for his wife as soon as she should be well. His consternation and rage at finding her not in the hut—not in the hamlet, were such as only a fiery, volcanic nature like his, could feel with

such intensity. The expedition was abandoned, and himself and his somewhat murmuring comrades went off in different directions, to scour the country in quest of the peasant girl.

But Nicoletta was safe with the old fisherman, who carried her to his own town of Salerno, at the opposite end of the gulf; nor was it until weeks after that her tiger-lover, who never gave up his endeavours to recover her, learned from one of his numerous emissaries, that a girl answering to her description had been received into the service of a nobleman of that fair city. With this intimation, and under cover of a skilful disguise, the daring, fearless Mangone flew from his retreat to Salerno, and ventured within the walls of the city, where he soon traced out the fugitive, who, dreading to return among her kindred and friends with the suspicion of dishonour upon her, so readily entertained by these jealous, susceptible people of the south, and so acutely felt by the female peasantry, and by all the *lower* classes of Italians (whatever be the morals of their superiors), had indeed determined to live among strangers, and had obtained service in the noble mansion to which he had traced her. His ever-ready wits, now sharpened by the value he attached to the prize at stake—by the passion that raged in his breast, and aggravated by disappointment—at once busied themselves in devising the means of decoying Nicoletta from the town, and carrying her again off to his haunt. He watched

about the nobleman's house in which he supposed her to be, during the whole day. A glance he caught of her beautiful face at a window almost maddened him, and his prudence could scarcely prevent him from rushing into the mansion and seizing her at that moment. The gloom and stillness of night fell on the town of Salerno; the inhabitants had gone to their peaceful slumbers, and the robber Mangone was still prowling round the dark walls which contained the object of his fierce affection, when he saw a person enveloped in a large Spanish cloak approach the silent mansion. He glided into a deep shadow, where he remained unseen, but whence he could watch the proceedings of the mysterious visitor.

Presently, the man in the cloak clapped his hands; the signal was answered by opening of a window: the man threw up the ends of a rope ladder he carried concealed under his mantle, and in the next instant, before Mangone could reach him and stab him to the heart, he ascended with the active steps of youth and love, and entered the house.

It never entered into Mangone's maddened brain, that in the mansion there must be other women: absorbed himself by one image, he felt that the beautiful Nicoletta must be the object of this night visit, and burning with furious jealousy and revenge, he stayed to kill his fancied rival when he should descend into the street. Just at this moment of absolute madness,

a Spanish patrol approached the spot, and the robber bethought himself of a recent and sanguinary law:—to put a stop to the immoralities and intrigues carried to a shameful excess by the lawless young nobles of that day, the Viceroy had decreed that any individual found entering another's house, or even detected carrying a rope ladder by night, should be instantly punished with death;* and the Spartan-severity of this law, as the robber well knew, had been really put in practice. Now, therefore, fearful of being apprehended himself—fearful that his rival might escape the vengeance of his arm—blinded and mastered by the jealousy of the moment—he rushed to the guard, and informed them of what he had so unwillingly witnessed. The captain of the Spaniards instantly roused the house, and while he entered with part of the men the gate the porter opened, the rest remained stationary under the window, or went to the rear of the mansion to intercept the retreat of the offending lover. In a few seconds, a young man in the garb of a cavalier, for he had thrown off the large mantle that impeded his flight, appeared at the window where Mangone had seen him enter; and though he perceived but too plainly the Spanish guard in the street, he threw out the cords, and drawing his sword, glided down in the midst of them. However strong and expert his arm, and valiant his

* Giannone. *Storia Civile del Regno, etc. Vol. IV.*

spirit, he could in no respect have offered a successful resistance; but as he reached the ground, he stumbled and fell, and was at once pinioned by the soldiers. He was scarcely secured, when a young lady—a very different person indeed from Nicoletta—for she was the daughter of the noble owner of the mansion, to escape the first fury of her dishonoured father, and perhaps still more, to witness her lover's fate, or to intercede for him, descended into the street by the same giddy, unsafe rope ladder, and calling piteously on the name of Luigi—her dear Luigi—she rushed to the captive youth.

At this sight, which proved to him his jealousy had committed an awkward mistake, Mangone would have gone off and evaded inquiries as to himself, which he felt would be rather difficult to answer. But as he was slinking round the corner of the mansion, some of the Spanish guards stopped him, and told him he must go with them to the guard-house. And away therefore he went, with the weeping lady and the astounded, enraged knight.

They had scarcely entered this strong-hold, whose iron-bound doors and iron gratings somewhat damped the spirit of the imprudent robber, when the lady's infuriated father arrived with the captain of the guard. On perceiving who was the lover,—that he was noble as himself, though estranged by a family feud, and unmarried and free,—the old baron's heart relented, and

as his passion cooled he listened to the cavalier Luigi, who represented, that not only might he be saved from the law's severity, but the honour of all parties preserved, by his immediate marriage with the young lady, whom he had wooed and won in secresy, solely because the existing enmities of their families prevented him from pursuing any other course. The captain of the guard, who now found that in arresting Luigi he had placed a friend's life in jeopardy, joined him in his endeavours to conciliate the old nobleman, and to make up matters at once.

"We must thus avoid further scandal and remark," said he; "none but my faithful men here, and a few of your own domestics, as yet know aught of the unpleasant occurrence, except indeed this fellow, who turned informer."

"And who is he?" cried Luigi.

"Ay, who is he?" echoed the guard, and some of them rushed to bring the robber (who would have sunk in the earth or buried himself in eternal darkness) to the light of a cresset lamp that hung from the high roof of the apartment.

But though thus caught in his own trap—though confused with the sense of his own folly, and pent up, and surrounded by armed men—the bandit's presence of mind did not quite forsake him: approaching the captain, he said, boldly—"I am a peasant of Apulia, poor and houseless, and seeking for work, but a faith-

ful subject of his Majesty the King of Spain, to whom I did my duty in obeying the orders of his Excellency the Viceroy!"

One thing, however, he forgot; he did not disguise his natural voice, which was but too well known to one present and most deeply interested.

"By the saints! I have heard the tones of that voice before now, and thou art not what thou sayest," exclaimed Luigi, coming forward to the light, and confronting the robber,—"if thou art not he who once held me captive, until released by a ransom,—if thou art not Benedetto Mangone, hold out thy right hand!"

"Benedetto Mangone! on whose head is a *taglio* of a thousand golden ducats! is our fate so fortunate?" cried the Spanish soldiers, closing round the robber, who did not hold out his hand, but pale as ashes, gazed with fixed eyes on the cavalier whom he indeed, and too late, recognised as one whom he had robbed and captured not many weeks before.

"The villain is well disguised," continued the cavalier; "but I know that peculiar voice, and I could swear to Mangone, among thousands, by an extraordinary wound under his wrist,—let him hold out his right hand!"

"'T is here!" said the robber, gnashing his teeth, and drawing his arm forth from his bosom on which it had been crossed; but he drew a dagger from beneath his vest, with it, and would have stabbed his detector to the

heart, but for one of the guards, who levelled him to the earth with a tremendous blow of his halbert.

In falling, his high conical cap, and a quantity of false red hair, flew from his bleeding head; the soldiers who stooped to remove him, found a breast-plate under his peasant's dress, and Luigi recognised the wounded hand of Mangone.

When the robber came to his senses, he muttered, "Old Pasquale's prediction is verified, and I am lost for woman!" but no other words could be forced from him. On the morrow, when hundreds of the Salernitans attracted by the astounding news, that the long dreaded Mangone was at length taken, thronged to the prison, his person was sworn to by many, and he was sent under a formidable guard to Naples, to meet the death he so richly merited. But the horrid tortures that preceded that death, and the mode in which it was finally inflicted, are such as humanity shudders to think of. He was dragged through the street on a hurdle, executioners tearing his skin as he went, with iron pincers, and after months of captivity, was broken on a wheel by blows of hammers, in the Mercato, or great market-place of Naples. "And of no avail," says the Neapolitan historian, Giannone, "was this dreadful spectacle, and horrid example, for others: almost immediately after Mangone's death, another famous robber, called Marco Sciarra, took the field, and in imitation of King Marcone of Calabria, another bandit styled himself the

King of Campagna, and with a troop of six hundred men, surpassed the exploits and the atrocities of his predecessors."

But, to conclude my tale with pleasanter matter, the young cavalier Luigi was united to the fair daughter of the Salernitan baron, and the pretty Nicoletta, instead of being a robber's wife, soon made a more fitting match with one of the pages of her mistress's husband.

SONNET.

Yes! I have slept—and then there came a dream
Sweet to my soul—a retrospective gleam
Of life's fair morn: I seemed again a boy,
Bounding through flowery meadows, wild with joy,
To seek the hedge where nuts and berries grew;
Around me all was bright, and o'er my brow
The passing breeze delicious coolness threw.
Alas! why did I wake? where am I now?
Weak, weary, moaning on the couch of pain,
Feeling I cannot breathe the blessed air
In pleasant fields or garden-bowers again:
Darkness is closing round me ere life's noon,
Shrouding each object from my love or care;
And yet I may not murmur, "'T is too soon!"

REMINISCENCES OF ANDALUSIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

I.

Seville—gay Seville,—with its serenades,
And masks, and convent chimes, and castanets,
And flashing eyes of Andalusian maids,
And Gothic towers, and Moorish minarets:

II.

Bright orange groves, and light acacia bowers,
Whose tufted blossoms far their fragrance throw,
And stately palm, that like a giant, towers
Above the dwarfish trees that cower below:

III.

Desert sierras, where the ilex spreads
On rocky steeps; where odours, strange, yet sweet,
Are wafted from the aromatic beds
Of thousand flowers that spring beneath the feet:

IV.

A train of straggling mules,—a muleteer,
Winding their way adown some mountain side;
And sound of tinkling bells, that on the ear
Fall sweetly, at the hour of eventide:

V.

A group of boys, seated beneath a tree—
Such as Murillo sketched—urchins at play,
With ragged coats, but faces full of glee,
With bread and melon, making holiday:

VI.

Goats, milk-white, feeding 'mid rosemary bushes,
On prickly pear, upon a craggy steep;
And the half-naked goatherd, plaiting rushes,*
Or stretched beneath an olive tree, asleep:

VII.

An Andaluz, with gun upon his shoulder,
Wading,† with sturdy stride, at close of day;
Or bandit, with an eye, and step yet bolder,
Starting from out a thicket in your way:

* Plaiting the Esparto rush, for sandals or baskets, is a common occupation of the goatherd.

† Walking through the wilds of Andalusia, is *wading* knee deep among shrubs.

VIII.

Grey-bearded friars, with idle step, and slow,
Strolling in pairs about their convent gates;
Or tattered beggar, looking up, to throw
A well-aimed stone among the clustering dates:*

IX.

A dark-eyed girl, within her doorway sitting,
Singing wild snatches to her cracked guitar;
While peasant, with an air and smile befitting,
Stands listening to the song of love or war.

X.

Bright land of sunshine,—clime of cloudless skies;
Fairest and loveliest of the lands that be—
How many pictures to my fancy rise,
When memory turns,—as turn it will,—to thee!

* A ragged peasant seldom passes a clump of date trees without aiming a stone at some of the lowest clusters.

SKETCHES OF MODERN POETS.

I.

WORDSWORTH.

High-Priest of the Nine! Poet, Prophet, and Sage,
What deep lessons of wisdom are poured in thy page;
Where the old and the young, sad and mirthful, may find,
Each reflected in sunshine, some "mood of his mind;"
Where the simple may learn with kind feelings to glow,
And the wise may discover how little they know!
Whence the broken in spirit may drink solace and balm,
And the tempest-tossed bosom be taught to grow calm:
The rich — there are treasures that gold cannot buy;
The poor — that there is but *one* rank in the sky!
The guileless, their whiteness of spirit to keep,
And the guilty, that vengeance not always will sleep!
There the spell-bound Enthusiast, whose mind has been sown
With pure poesy's pearls, some soft feeling may own;

Some loved dream, in his heart cherished fondly and long,
Which he wanted the science to weave into song.
Thence the pilgrim of nature in fancy may stray
Where the silver-bright Duddon winds calmly away;
By its flower-fringed margin to muse and to dream,
Till his thoughts are as gentle and pure as its stream!
Or, if 't is his pastime to linger among
Such wild scenes as Salvator has painted and sung,
He may climb green Helvellyn's proud summit of snow,
And look down on the blue gleaming waters below,
That lie smiling, new beauties for ever disclosing,
Like a babe at the feet of some Titan reposing!
There the dreamer, who tracks the dark footsteps of Time,
And for ever would muse 'mid its ruins sublime;
Who delights to the deeds of past ages to turn;
Will find lore that his spirit hath panted to learn.
From the song of proud Dion, so solemn and sweet,
To thy Silver-white Doe and her Sabbath Retreat:—
Each high theme of the Lyre hath awoke at thy call,
Every chord hast thou touched, and drawn music from all!

II.

CAMPBELL.

Graceful Poet of Hope, who hast charmed us so long,
With a stream of home-music, sweet, solemn, and strong;
Now smooth as the wave when 't is chained and at rest,
And the hues of the sky lie like flowers on its breast;
Now sweeping in glory and might on its way;
And now struggling from silence and darkness, to day!
Though the freshness of feeling that prompted in youth
Those heart-stirring measures, hath died, and the truth
That is shrined in the soul when life's race is begun,
May be something impaired ere the haven be won;—
Though the visions be fled that gave light to thy spring,
And thy heart and thy harp both have broken a string;—
Like the leaves on the tree that no tempest may kill,
There are feelings unwithered that cling to thee still!
Alas! that a poet, so gifted, should leave
Life's calm vale of repose, 'mid the many to weave
Lays, that whisper too oft of the crowd whence they spring;—
How unlike the wild wood-notes he once used to sing!
What marvel his Muse's bright pinion should sink,
When so turbid the waters her spirit must drink?

Can we wonder her plumage should lose its proud dyes,
When she trails on the earth, what was formed for the skies!
No! the Poet's a planet that's brightest apart—
Let him revel at will in the world of the heart;
But the moment he strives 'mid the crush of the throng,
Like a bird too much handled, he loses his song;
And the fools wont to worship his light from afar,
Are the first to proclaim him no longer a star.
Hie thee back to the Harp that beguiled thee of yore,
And return to the strife of the many no more!
Dismiss the small junta that wait on thy nod—
Such a *coterie* deserve no such Bard for their god;
To some idol congenial, like * * * *, let them turn,
Nor thus live by the light that they steal from thy urn.
For the novice whose self-love their arts have beguiled,
Will be lucky indeed if he 'scape undefiled:
Have a care—though at present 't is incense they fling,
He who fawns like a slave, like a serpent will sting!

[It may be proper to mention that the above lines were written previously to Mr. Campbell's connexion with the "Metropolitan."]

III.

COLERIDGE.

Wild mystic! whose life lapses on like a dream,
Or the changeful repose of some sun-chequered stream;
Now shaded with clouds that will darken the heart,
When some bosom-nursed hope spreads its wing to depart;
Now reflecting the gleam of some sunshiny face,
That still flits round thy pillow an angel of grace;
Thy wishes forestalled, and thy sadness subdued,
And the feelings that many would wrong, understood;
Why sleeps the high strain once so solemn and strong?
Let thy heart and thy harp once more waken in song!
Is love the fond theme? We will listen and grieve,
So the strain bring us tidings of fair Genevieve;
Or if regions untrod, save by thee, thou would'st try,
Hold us breathless once more with thy Mariner's eye!
Would'st thou murmur a hymn, let thy harpings arise
Where the monarch of mountains looks out from the skies!
Still silent!—Thy counsel, at least, let us share,
And gain wisdom and strength life's vexations to bear;
For, none ever bent to thy converse or lay,
But came mended in knowledge and spirit away.

IV.

CHARLES LAMB.

QUAINT masker! why hide, 'neath a garb so uncouth,
A well-spring of song, and a day-star of truth?
Why struggle, to bury a heart-cherished brood
Of fine fancies and feelings, in crambo so rude?
Yet thy "faces familiar" are welcome to all,
And a host of warm wishes arise at their call.
For what if thy Muse will be sometimes perverse,
And present us with prose, when she means to give verse?
For her freak to atone, and her critics to pose,
She 'll as often vouchsafe us a poem in prose;
So sparkling with dew from the fountain sublime,
That we drink in its beauty, and miss not the rhyme.
Henceforth may the plant 't is thy joy to illume,
For thee ever send forth its mildest perfume;
"Dream Children," revisit thy slumbers, and play
In the light of thy love, till morn melts them away.
For this, may thy fortune be often to list
To thy worthy "Aunt Battle's" opinions of whist;
Thine ears ne'er be pestered again with a jig,
And thy stomach become a depôt for "Roast Pig!"

A. A. W.

[The preceding fragments were written in the fly-leaves of the works of the Poets to whom they refer.]

SKETCH.

The child was at her feet, a fairy thing
With large blue eyes, as if the April rain,
Lighted with sunshine, lingered in those orbs,
And the small hands were raised with all the grace
Of early childhood, asking some slight boon:
How easy those delight, alas! those years,
The blest, the brief, the buoyant, when, if grief
Starts to the eyes, it cries itself to sleep.
When pleasures are all active ones, and hope
Is rather eagerness, than that pale fear
Which takes the name of hope in after life.
That fair child mirrored in her earnest eyes,
Watching with all affection's anxiousness;—
But the young mother,—ah! how beautiful,
A picture of herself was at her side;
'T was strange—the contrast, yet the likeness too.
The miniature was of a bright-cheeked girl,
A beauty conscious of her beauty's pride,
And the rose lip was curled with laughing scorn.
But now a change had passed across the face,
Of altered, but of added loveliness;

Softened, refined, as if the heart secure
In its election, now could only seek
That glad content, which, like moonbeams, must be
Reflected light; the smile, like music, seems
Now conscious of an echo. Loveliest one
I bear thy image with me like a gift;
A blessing be with thee and that sweet child!
And be your future like a fairy tale,
Or lover's message, only told in flowers.

L.

STATUE OF NEWTON.

TRINITY-COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

CAN Sculpture think? or hath the soaring mind
Left here behind the mere corporeal mould,
Not now more statue-like, than when of old
Entranced in contemplation he divined
The mysteries of earth and heaven; assigned
Laws to the planetary spheres, controlled
The comets; bade the sun his blaze unfold
Into the many-coloured hues that bind
The showery arch; and onward pressed alone
Into the firmamental worlds of light,
Where even the seraphim with trembling trod;
Then turning, at the footstool of the throne,
Up-called us, through the radiant infinite,
To prostrate prayer before the mount of God.

Painted by W. Boxall. Engraved by W. H. Watt.

VESPERS

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INVOCATION
TO THE EVENING STAR.

" Gem of the crimson coloured even,
Companion of retiring day!"

CAMPBELL.

O thou! whose holy light is softly streaming
Forth from the portals of the fading west!
Lulling the wild heart, by thy placid beaming,
To rest—yet not to calm and dreamless rest—
But twined with many a vision from afar—
What art thou—wondrous star?

Parent of many thoughts! that—upward swelling—
Spurn the thick veil which wrapped them all day long;—
And round the Spirit's throne—their silent dwelling—
In vivid, freshening lustre, brightly throng!
Whence is thy mighty power—thine influence?—say,
What art thou—glorious ray?

Whence—and what art thou?—What the secret spell
That binds the burning bosom still to thee?
Whence are the visions in thy train that dwell—
The crowding thoughts that strive for mastery?
How art *thou* linked, in thy distant reign,
With human bliss or pain?

How art thou blent with all mysterious things—
And aspirations of the glowing breast?
With all the dreams that spread their lightning wings,
And vainly, vainly seek on earth for rest?
Why turns to thee, all heaven's bright host above,
The burning gaze of love?

Why, when thy thrilling beams are nightly trembling
Far in the distance of the blue serene,—
Then crowd the memories of the heart, assembling
To tell the soul of all that once hath been?
Or bright, or desolate, whate'er they be—
Why come they still with thee?

Why bring'st thou voices that have long been fled?
And beams from eyes—that *now* are beaming not?
Why call'st thou back the dead—or worse than dead—
The lost—the false—but ah!—the unforgot?
And bidst the heart—companionless—again
Pine for the past in vain?

How is thy speaking ray—thus sad—yet dear?
How doth the spirit—all alone—below—
The fiery soul, that finds no kindred here,
Pour forth to night and thee its love—and woe?
How doomed, the cold and heartless world to flee,
Finds it a friend in thee?

Strange—that it should be thus!—is *thine* the place
Where all the soul's young dreams are garnered in?
Its warm first loves, that scarce retained a trace
Of human selfishness, or grief, or sin?
All—all of bright, of holy, and of pure,
That might not here endure?

Art thou a part of that mysterious flame
That lives and burns within the human breast?
Another—a more glorious—yet the same—
So—worn with earth—we turn to thee for rest;
Turn from the turbid streams of care and strife—
To quaff thy fount of life?

Whate'er thou be, whom hallowed dreams surround—
Hail to thee—hail! Love's own—his guardian star!
Thine is the lustre, 'mid the blue profound—
Than all the orbs of night more glorious far—
Thine is the power to speak—with thrilling tone;—
Unto the heart alone.

THE PARTING

BETWEEN THE PRINCESS BRIDGET PLANTAGENET,
AFTERWARDS ABBESS OF DARTFORD,
AND HER ROYAL MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

"And must I leave thee, mother,—leave
My sports, my playmates frank and free?
Oh! who will soothe me when I grieve,
And hold me fondly on her knee?
And who will strain me to her breast,
And who will give that nightly kiss
Which lulls me now so well to rest,
And charms my sleep with dreams of bliss!"

II.

"Yes! thou must go, my blessed child;
Henceforth the Temple of thy God
Shall guard thee pure and undefiled,
Enfolded in its blest abode.
There, heavenly sounds alone are heard;
There, heavenly thoughts prevail alone."
"But are they worth one gentle word
Breathed in mine own sweet mother's tone?"

III.

" Daughter of kings! a holier love
Will thy maturer thoughts employ;
Faith such as cloistered maidens prove,
Exalts the heart to mightier joy;
Lo! brightly glows each glorious shrine;
Lo! countless splendours round thee rise!"
" But will they ever learn to shine
Bright as mine own sweet mother's eyes?

IV.

" I shall not grieve for fair array,—
I shall not miss my toys of gold,
Mother! I shall but pine away
In secret tears, in grief untold;—
Pine, but to feel our hands enlaced
Softly, as tenderly as now;
Or know thine own more firmly placed,
In silent blessings, on my brow!

V.

" Oh, mother! wipe not thence the tears,—
They are our last together shed!
Mine, must be nursed in lonely fears,
Thine, like the summer dew-drops fed.
But *wilt* thou weep, in sooth? Ah! no,
Thou wouldst not part me from thy side
Were but one pleading tear to flow,
And thaw thy bosom's frozen tide!

VI.

"Send me not forth! I'll sit so still
Beside thee—watch thy looks, thy words
With prompter zeal, with readier will
Than all the slaves thy state affords.
They may be, like thy gem-wreathed crown,
Lost, laid aside, or spurned as vain;
But Nature binds me as thine own,
By ties 't were sin to rend in twain.

VII.

"Send me not forth! I may not dwell
'Mid yon cold, lowering looks I see."
"Peace, gentlest babe! nor thus rebel
Against Heaven's unreversed decree.
Nor grieve thee, pretty one! nor weep;
A mother's arms await thee here,—
A mother's love will watch thy sleep,—
A mother's voice thy tasks endear.

VIII.

"Mighty to aid—prompt to forgive—
Who, ere she sought her kindred sky,
In pity unto all who live,
Resigned her *Son*, that none might die;—
Who, from her bright beatitude,
Long-suffering, tender, meek and mild,
Gives ease to hearts by grief subdued—
Gives shelter to the orphaned child!"

IX.

"Sister! repeat those words of peace!
Oh! guide me to that mother's feet;
There my repining tears shall cease,—
There shall I find her service sweet!
There shall I breathe, with humblest zeal,
Fond prayers for her who gave me birth;
Content to win *her* heavenly weal,
By rendering up mine own on earth."

ASKEYTON ABBEY.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

How oft in youth I loved to muse beneath
The shadow of this ancient cloister dim;
And through that ivied arch, shattered and grim,
Mark, 'mid the gloom, yon river's shining breadth,
Like hope on Sorrow smiling!—But, time fleeth!
Now with vain bitterness my eyelids swim—
These peopled quays, towers, bridge, no more to him
Give joy, whose hope lies yonder veiled in death.
Yet let me wrestle with these pangs—and look
Steadfast to heaven, with hand upon that book,
Whence not alone through holy lips are heard
Precept and law of sage and saint departed,
But the deep breath of God's consoling word,
Out-pouring, sweet as tears, to soothe the weary-hearted.

THE TRIBUTE OF ARMS.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

There is a legend connected with the Church of Notre-Dame, that one of the earlier French kings rode into that cathedral after a victorious battle, and left there his horse and arms, as an offering to God and the Virgin for his success. Up to the period of the first Revolution, there existed an equestrian statue of a knight armed cap-a-pee, who is supposed to have been this hero. Historians are agreed as to the fact, but differ respecting the identity of the individual.

I.

There came a knight in his armour dight, to the
Church of Notre-Dame;
The victor heir of proud Navarre, and the sun-bright
Oriflamme;
The chancel rang 'neath his courser's tread, where the
priests were bowed in prayer,
And the mitred Abbot raised his head, for a princely
guest was there.

II.

He greeted not that holy band, but made the' accustomed sign,
And reined his barb with a practised hand, at the foot of St. Mary's shrine;
Then lightly leaped from his saddle down, the monks stood mute the while,
And his kingly brow was lighted now, with a bright triumphant smile.

III.

As he bowed him there on the altar-stair, and his devoir duly paid,
For added glory to his crest, and fame to his battle-blade;
Then laid aside his helm of pride, nor shunned the gazing crowd,
But kneeling near, where all might hear, his homage breathed aloud:—

IV.

"Mother of God! to thee I bring this hacked and dinted shield,
And this red reaping-hook of death, from Cassel's bloody field;
These trophies true are sure thy due, to whom all honour be;
The strife is done, the battle won, by might derived from thee!

V.

"I offer here my victor spear, my proud and gallant steed;
The horse and lance, how dearly proved! that served my sorest need;
Yes, Mary Mother! unto thee such gifts of right belong,
For the race it is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

VI.

"What most I prize, I proffer thee; accept the tribute meet;
My sword, my shield, my spear, my steed, all prostrate at thy feet;
There let them lie before thy shrine, that all the world may see,
We know who nerved the conqueror's arm, and gave the victory!"

THE POET.

BY THOMAS MAUDE, ESQ.

What is the poet's power? Is it alone
To make thought, passion, fancy, feeling known
In tuneful numbers; heightening with the breath
Of song, each bloom beyond the chill of death?
Is it not, too, all nature to invest
With hues of an ideal interest;
To pour o'er living and inanimate,
The phantasy of a superior fate?
Matter to gild with mind, and mind to aid
With forms in the material mass displayed;
To paint (though truth and Shakspeare may forbid
The lily, yet) the rose with livelier red;
To give the clouds, the waves, the stars, the winds,
An interest all unknown to vulgar minds;—
A voice by uninitiated ears
Inaudible as the eternal spheres?
To throw a grace o'er all that Memory brings,
A glory o'er young Hope's aspiring wings?

In every season, every scene, to taste—
Gloomy or gay, a garden or a waste—
In all conditions, high or lowly placed,
The life-spring—silent, or to music wrought—
Of beautiful and beautifying thought?

Not in things *mighty* solely, but in mean
And trivial too, the immortal power is seen:
Nor in things *moral* solely, but in low
And sensual—which to higher import grow.
Breathed o'er and half-idealized by mind,
In thought's associating flame refined.
Here the true moral alchemy behold!
Born with the mind whose touch turns dross to gold.

Think you that, when at classic Abbotsford
The small-limbed mutton cheers the social board,
He who old Gifford's "wealth of winter cheer,"—
The sea fowl dried and savoury haunch of deer,
Solands and gammons of the tusky boar—
Sang,* feels than clown or epicure no more?
His thought, perhaps, is of the distant hill,
On whose long slopes, at freedom's vagrant will,
By many a mountain stream and broomy dell,
Known to youth's sports and truant fancy well,
Roam the black-visaged tribes—heirs of the blossomed fell,

* See Marmion, cant. iii.

Nor foams the old English ale without a ray
Of fancy glittering o'er its nut-brown spray;
Nor unillumed by fancy-sparkling gushes
The nectarous rill, that tempts the lip with blushes;
Or waves—like some fair lady of high *ton*
In brilliant paleness:—then to Loire, Garonne,
Suzon, or Rhine* his fancy wings her flight,
While towns, isles, vineyards flit before his sight:
Or to thy wild romantic stream, Douro!
Which cuts two kingdoms† with thy conquering flow,
And gav'st a chaplet for our hero's brow.
So when with him who Memory's garland wears,
The *closet-supper* kindred friendship shares,
"While blushing fruits through scattered leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light;
With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,
With water clear as his own fountain flings;"
Calls not the poet up to eye and soul,
Thoughts—forms—o'er which dim centuries vainly roll,
Those evenings worthy of the Gods!—that flew
When the famed Sabine farm its master knew,
And Castalie's o'ermatched Bandusia's dew!
But in the passions!—lo, the mightier dower—
Gales of the mind, that wake each slumbering power.
Lo, the proud Genii of the excited mood,
Lords of the soul, o'ermastering brain and blood:

* Rivers celebrated for their vineyards
† The river Douro, or Duero, rises in Old Castile, and falls into the Atlantic Ocean at Porto-Port.

These in the poet's breast sublimer burn,
Breath of his life, and incense from his urn.—
Say, does he *love*?—Oh love! romance of all,
Which can each heart of humblest bust enthrall,
Making earth Paradise despite the Fall;—
Say, does he love? To him, to him is given,
To make this earthly Paradise a Heaven—
To heighten every hue on beauty's cheek,
Bid the rose deepen and the violet speak,—
To breathe new lustre o'er the angelic mould,
From faery thoughts and influences untold.
'T is not alone the luxury to express,
In melting terms of soul-born tenderness;
'T is not the tale of passion to rehearse
In the melodious witcheries of verse:
It is the power—the privilege—to feel
With purer ardour, and a loftier zeal,—
To consecrate with spells of magic tone
Each simplest thing to love's enchantment known.

Yes! e'en each thing most transient, substanceless,
Born of love's light in fancy's sweet recess,
Finds in the poet's thought a name and place,
A shadowy semblance, an ideal grace:—
Not the mere reliques, though love-sainted all,
Of moonlight walk, quaint masque, or glittering ball,
"A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall:"*

* See Rogers' exquisite "Epistle to a Friend."

But the ethereal visions that beguile
The lonely heart from treasured *hour* or *smile:*
Such visions as the bard of Otter's stream *
Hailed in the frenzy of a youthful dream;
As when, O absence! in thy lingering night,
He hymned the coming hour of love's delight—
"Dim hour, that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar"—
Or, screened from his spirit's morning star,—
"Thou gentle look, that didst my soul beguile!"
Shaping an unborn hour—a vanished smile.

And in ambition!—mark the nobler flame,
Pure in his breast as from the God it came:
Unfostered by the fiendish thoughts that rear
Their pyramid o'er all to freedom dear;
Unsullied by the agonies that mar
Man's peace, enkindled at the trump of war.
Not his the flame that fires a Cæsar on—
He scorns all laurels *past* the Rubicon:
His are the brighter wreaths that glory reaps
In bays o'er which no widowed nation weeps!

* Coleridge.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

One of the most retired-looking spots in our thickly-peopled neighbourhood, is the pretty little nook called Sandleford Green; a small, very small patch of green-sward, formed by a casual receding of the fields at a place where two narrow shady lanes cross each other, leaving just room enough in one angle for a clear mirror-like pond, with glorious old thorns dipping into it from the surrounding hedges, whilst a village pound inclosing a noble oak, occupies another corner, and a third is completely overshadowed by two large horse-chestnut trees standing like sentinels on either side of a gate, which leads through a short, deep lane to the only dwelling within sight or hearing. No spot is, apparently, so entirely out of the way and out of the world, as Sandleford Green! And yet the well-beaten footpaths, two or three of which striking in different directions across the fields met in this spot as a common centre, intimated that the little Green was a place of some

resort, as indeed it actually was, not so much as a thoroughfare, but from its own independent attraction. The one solitary and unostentatious tenement of which it boasted, being famous all through the county for its home-brewed ale: the fine Sandleford beer, most emphatically called strong, holding so high a rank amongst the consumers of that formidable beverage, that people sent for it far and near; and the liveried groom of two or three neighbouring squires might often be seen galloping on their thorough-bred hunters to seek this only liquor worthy to wash down their master's Stilton, at the same moment that poor Dame Wheeler's little girl was crossing the style for her sick grandmother's daily half-pint; and half the rustics in the parish pouring in from north, south, east, and west, to enjoy in Joseph Dobson's own tap-room, or beneath his honeysuckled-porch, their own less moderate potations. "First come first served," was Joseph's motto, and although our moral Boniface was on the whole a man of impartiality, it is doubtful whether he had not some pleasure in keeping the lacqueys in attendance, and the grandees whom they served in expectation, whilst he administered to the wants of his humbler and more sociable customers. A chuckling, bustling, merry knave was our landlord, and a freespoken; had a vote for the county, which he regularly bestowed on the opposition candidate, be the ministers whom they might. Joseph thought no honest man could ever vote for the ministry; that was

his creed,—owed no one a shilling, and was too confident in the power of his ale to have any dread of the magistrates and the License Act:—"Old Sir Thomas can't finish his dinner without a glass of my beer," thought Joseph; "and I may be as saucy and independent as I please."

Whatever might be the merits of the Sandleford ale, of which I confess myself nowise qualified to judge, holding beer in all its varieties as an abomination even more flagrant than the other detestable drinkable called wine,—whatever might be the charms of Joseph's beverage, there could be no question as to the beauty and picturesqueness of his habitation.

It was a high, narrow, tower-like house, with chimneys like turrets, and every sort of gable-end and inequality of which a building is capable, harmonised and enriched by an old vine, which after creeping up one side of the house nearly covered the roof, garlanding the very chimneys, and wreathing its luxuriant abundance of leaf and fruit and tendril wherever a shoot could find place, until it fairly hung over on the other side—until its rich festoons nearly met the branchy honeysuckle, (Milton's "twisted eglantine,") which climbing up, shaded a rude, but fanciful and airy porch, such as is often seen in Wouverman's pictures, adding grace and lightness even to them. Nor was the garden which reached on one side to a small meandering brook, the large garden, full of beds of vegetables and berry

bushes, almost hidden by wide flower-borders, very nicely kept; or the long strip of beautiful greensward, the meadow, orchard, or pleasure ground (for it might pass for either of these), with its fine grove of old fruit trees, pear, plum, cherry and apple, terminated by its smooth bowling green and goodly arbour, at all unworthy of the picturesque dwelling to which they were appended. The territory behind, a miniature farm yard, with stabling for two, cart-room for one, a commodious cow shed, and pigsties, goose-houses, and hen-houses out of number, its populous duck pond, and its abundance of noises,—horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, geese gabbling, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, and doves cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, portly, sturdy and comely, an excellent representative of his own brown stout, with twenty pigeons fluttering about him (for Joseph, amongst other fancies, was a great pigeon fancier), and two or three pet tumblers or fantails perched on his shoulder. In short, every thing about the place, from the two rosy smiling lasses, his daughters, down to the fat yard dog and sleek tabby cat, seemed emblems of rural plenty and English independence; meet appendages to the sign of the Foaming Tankard, which swung in creaking magnificence from a post in front of the dwelling.

By far the most interesting inmate, however, of this

small village hostelry, was one, whose whole appearance formed the strongest possible contrast to the rest of that flourishing establishment. Mary Walker, the only child of the good landlord's only sister, was a tall thin young woman, with a pale, mild, serious countenance, great simplicity of dress and manner, and a general delicacy both of look and demeanour, belonging partly perhaps to ill health, but so much connected with a natural elegance of mind, that it hushed even her boisterous uncle, and his boisterous customers, into something like gentleness; just as the presence of a born gentlewoman might have done, if it were possible to fancy a born gentlewoman seated in the tap-room of the Foaming Tankard.

To say truth, the tap-room was a place that Mary seldom visited. The noise, the talking, the singing, the smell of tobacco, or even the odour of the famous Sandleford beer would have kept her from that well-frequented resort of the thirsty souls of the village; even if the dread of encountering some of her many lovers (for Mary had as many suitors as Penelope), had not been sufficient to hinder her from putting her foot across the threshold.

The cause of Mary Walker's many conquests might be found, perhaps (at least, *she* certainly thought so), in the circumstance of her being a rustic heiress, having just so many hundreds of pounds as made her a great match in her own degree; the cause of her

being, at two and twenty, unwedded, and unlikely to wed, will take rather more telling, although the story be short enough, and common enough too.

Joseph Dobson had had a son, called William, as unlike his father as possible; a gay, lively, mercurial spirit, too quick, or as his poor mother used to say, too clever to learn, too ready at many trades to stick steadily to one; and so full of varying schemes and changeful resources, that every body except that doting mother felt convinced, that in spite of William's acknowledged talent, his destiny would prove unprosperous.

The only chance for its being otherwise, lay in his strong affection for his fair cousin, Mary Walker. Her influence over him, especially after the death of his fond but misjudging mother, who had fostered his wild and expensive habits, by supplying him with money for their indulgence, formed the only counteraction to his natural and acquired unsteadiness of character. Even his father, although knowing him best and fearing him most, looked forward with some degree of hope to the period when he should be quietly married to Mary; and she herself (how strange it is, that the mildest and most reflective woman should be so often carried off her feet by the giddiest wild-goose of a man!) she herself idolised him; overturned all the disinterested objections of her uncle and guardian, to risking her money and her happiness with so flighty a swain, and

even laid aside much of her own timidity to hasten as far as her natural modesty would permit, the proposed union.

On the very evening before the intended marriage, William, who amongst his other caprices, was frequently subject to the fury of jealousy, was seized with a violent fit of that amiable passion, the object being no other than George Bailey, my lord's gamekeeper, as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, and a constant visiter at the sign of the Foaming Tankard. He had brought two tame pheasants, a cock and a hen, as a present to Mary, who was known to be fond of pet poultry; "a wedding present," as he had whispered at parting, and Mary unluckily had admired the beauty of the birds.

"You like the birds for the sake of the giver, Mary," said William, chafed at the warmth with which George had shaken hands with her in the moment of departure, and the mingled blush and smile with which she had received his whispered farewell; "you are thinking of the master's good looks, of his gay plumage, and not of the birds."

"The master thinks little of me, or I of him. You are quite mistaken as to both of us," replied Mary.

"You admire the beauty of the donor," pursued William pertinaciously; "you talk of the pheasants, but you are thinking of him."

"Not I, indeed!" exclaimed Mary.

"But you *are*, I say, madam," resumed William,

with increasing violence. "George Bailey is the beau of the parish, as you are the belle. We all know that; and for my poor part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If *you* think so, William," said poor Mary, and then, unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, madam, if I think so"—

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you, in this wide world!"

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then," said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly madam, we had better part, I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughters fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper time, or at latest by peep of dawn, William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for a temper "which carried anger as the flint doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunshiny, especially after one of these sudden

storms; so that Mary, after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people. Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforter whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passed away—the night—the next morning, that which should have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding day! and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone on board ship; he had had such a fancy in his boyhood engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumours of shipwreck, at first doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as, month after month, and year after year glided by without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive. Surely if he had been alive he would have written, was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect, and things had returned to their ordinary course with little reference to the life or death of the young man. His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope or fear, or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten indeed he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle

sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a turtle dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true: as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jem Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides at least a score more of rejected suitors, could testify,—George Bailey being nearly the only young man in the parish who had never made Mary Walker an offer, having, within three months of the pheasant present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so in the shape of an exceedingly pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have done wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgetting William Dobson; but as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile, time rolled on, and it was now some years since any thing had been heard of him. May was drawing towards its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring flowers with the summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty, and Sandleford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflected in the clear bright pond, the horse chest-nuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossom, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the arbour, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandleford was the

sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky and the green grass, and the flowery fruit trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy; when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary and Bessy and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There 's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house," added he; "make haste, lasses! make haste!"

Mary, catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to despatch some messenger for medical assistance; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the tap-room followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead; and mine host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering (for he seemed incapable either of speaking or swallowing), their various remedies.

"Who can he be, father?" said Kate; "what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor ragged famished wretch, as you see, who I suppose could crawl no farther. But I think he 'll live! He 's looking about him! and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so, good folks! Why even Neptune has crept up to him, and is

half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, ragged creature writhed on his straw, and groaned and gasped as if for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls? See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands! Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him! "William! gracious God! 't is William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided, as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught in the tap. Poor William looked from one to the other—

"Are ye married?" said he, with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "no," said Mary; both in a breath.

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be! Nobody would, but Mary. Welcome home, my boy! We'll soon set thee up again. Welcome, my own dear boy!"

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them. "Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes!" said George, smiling.

"But not to me, William! Not to me, dear William!" said Mary: and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones (Neptune fondling them all the time), and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure; and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four years' absence, were all forgotten in that moment of bliss!

STATUE OF CYRIL JACKSON.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Wisdom is on that brow: with reverence tread,
Ere he rebuke our trespass overbold:
For, lo! he wakes; the monumental cold
Warms into respiration; and the dead
Resign him back, to govern as of old
The sons of Wolsey; on each youthful head
To call down benediction, and unfold
The treasury of his mighty mind, that spread
Our path with all the pomp of Classic lore,
Or taught us to contemplate and adore.
Breathe ever thus Authority and Law,
Look thus, thou living marble, evermore;
That Folly from thy presence may withdraw,
And Vice and Riot die in holy awe.

Painted by A Devenia

Engraved by S Langster

THE DEVERIA FAMILY.

THE DEVERIA FAMILY.

Among the most distinguished members of the modern (or as it has been called, in contradistinction to the school of David, the *romantique*) school of Painting in France, are the two brothers, Achille and Eugene Deveria. No lover of art should visit Paris without endeavouring to procure an introduction to the *soirées* of this family; for at their house he may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted, in a single evening, with all the most distinguished members of the new schools of literature and painting, in that city. It is, however, during the Carnival that the Deverias are to be visited with the greatest advantage. For on these occasions the company make their appearance in the costumes of various countries and eras, selected with the most minute attention to correctness; and thus form a series of *tableaux vivans*, of the most interesting character.

The drawing from which the accompanying print has been engraved, was executed for a series of French water-colour paintings, in the possession of the Editor,

and represents Achille Deveria, his wife, brother, and sister, in the costumes worn by them at their last masquerade. The figures in the foreground are those of M. Achille and his lady. They are followed by M. Eugene and his sister. To the pencil of this gentleman, France is indebted for one of the finest pictures modern times has produced, "La Naissance d' Henri Quatre," in the gallery of the Luxembourg; as well as for several other large historical pictures of a very high character. His *chef d'œuvre* is said to have been painted when he was only twenty-one years of age; and was purchased by the French government, for the very insufficient price of four thousand francs. His elder brother, Achille, the designer of the accompanying group, is said to have produced nearly six thousand drawings; the greater part of which have been engraved. His house, which is situated in one of the most delightful *quartiers* of Paris, is decorated with a degree of taste worthy of his genius. His library contains no less than three hundred quarto volumes of prints, drawings, and tracings of costume, referring to all ages and countries, and to all ranks, from the prince to the peasant.

A CONFESSION.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

He passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was only awakened to more active exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

Rasselas.

I.

Yes, the day is almost over,
And my task is still undone,
Like the butterfly, gay rover,
Ever sporting in the sun,—
So I flit from book to book,
As she flies from flower to flower;
On a bust or picture look,
Till I find I 've lost an hour;
Then I sigh and lose another,
Mourning its departed brother.

II.

Then I praise the pleasant weather;
  Then I think how sweet 't would be,
Thou and I to roam together,
  By the ever-sounding sea!
Then I muse on days departed,
  Days in careless wandering spent,—
Far less blest, if lighter hearted,
  Far more gay, if less content;
Then I start, and think I 'm wasting
Time, whilst memory's pleasures tasting.

III.

Then I dream of shady bowers,
  With soft smiles of sun between;
Then I picture wilding flowers,
  Woven thick 'mid mosses green;
Then I bless the sons of song,
  Followers of an idle trade,
Wizards, unto whom belong
  Rock and glen, and grassy glade;
All, but chiefly thee I bless,
Gentle Bard of Idleness!

IV.

Then I marvel if earth's sages,
  Shining lights of elder Time,
Heroes of historic pages,
  Builders of the lofty rhyme,—

Always found their duty, pleasure,
  They to whom the heart doth bow,
Did they trifle but at leisure,
  Did they feel—as I do now?
Wishing I might aught pursue,
Save the thing I 'm vowed to do.

V.

Yes, the day is almost over,
  And my task is still undone;
Time, 't is true, will bring another,
  With the next revolving sun;
I shall re-resolve to-morrow,
  Shall again forget my vow;
Start once more with fruitless sorrow,
  Regret—repent, as I do now.
I shall sigh, as well I may,
And mourn I 've lost another day.

THE LETTRE-DE-CACHET.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian, "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one's life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me; and yet may end my days in a dungeon if I happen to displease a man in power.—It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastile," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, *as you conceive*," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian—"he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted; as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix.—"You have been insolent to the Count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was silent.

"Answer me, sir," cried his master.

Julian folded his arms, and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor in you, Julian," continued he; "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'T will come to more and to worse."

"May be," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the Count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the Count thought," said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How?" inquired his master.

"He changed colour," said Julian, "and he changed his mind too; for he applied his whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the chateau."

"And you think the Count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The Count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the Count?"

"I do," replied Julian; "and the character of the Count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How!"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to night!"

"Very well."

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix: "I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always *shall* love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You *have* been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous *subject.*

You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and *would* give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket: "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop; than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you."

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once

withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence: "It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old *regime*. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning,—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, and most honorable minded man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married,—and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself.—Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer, who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention, until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and

intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected, within him, symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—'T was a miniature!—a step or two nearer,—'T was his own!—He could not suppress his emotions; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him.—He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them.—In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother. As by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country, receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the Count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself, "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and sooner or later will think of nothing else." Not hesitate to strike the Count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur de Croix.

"My mother."

"Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the Count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

"Threaten the Count!—Why, sir?" said Monsieur le Croix, lowering his voice.

"Indeed I don't know," replied the child; "but the Count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you; and, as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you.

"Remain here, sir," said Monsieur le Croix, and left the study—in the act of shutting the door of which

behind him, he heard a shriek, which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing-room door. As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword—The Count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix: but the Count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the Count's attendants among the rest, who obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

* * * * * * *

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the Count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered.—Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which passed the gate of the chateau.

* * * * * * *

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him—"A lovely sunset!"

"Yes;" replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger, whom, for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix.

"What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand;" said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 't is Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband, more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of Republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward and clasped Julian round the knees.—The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

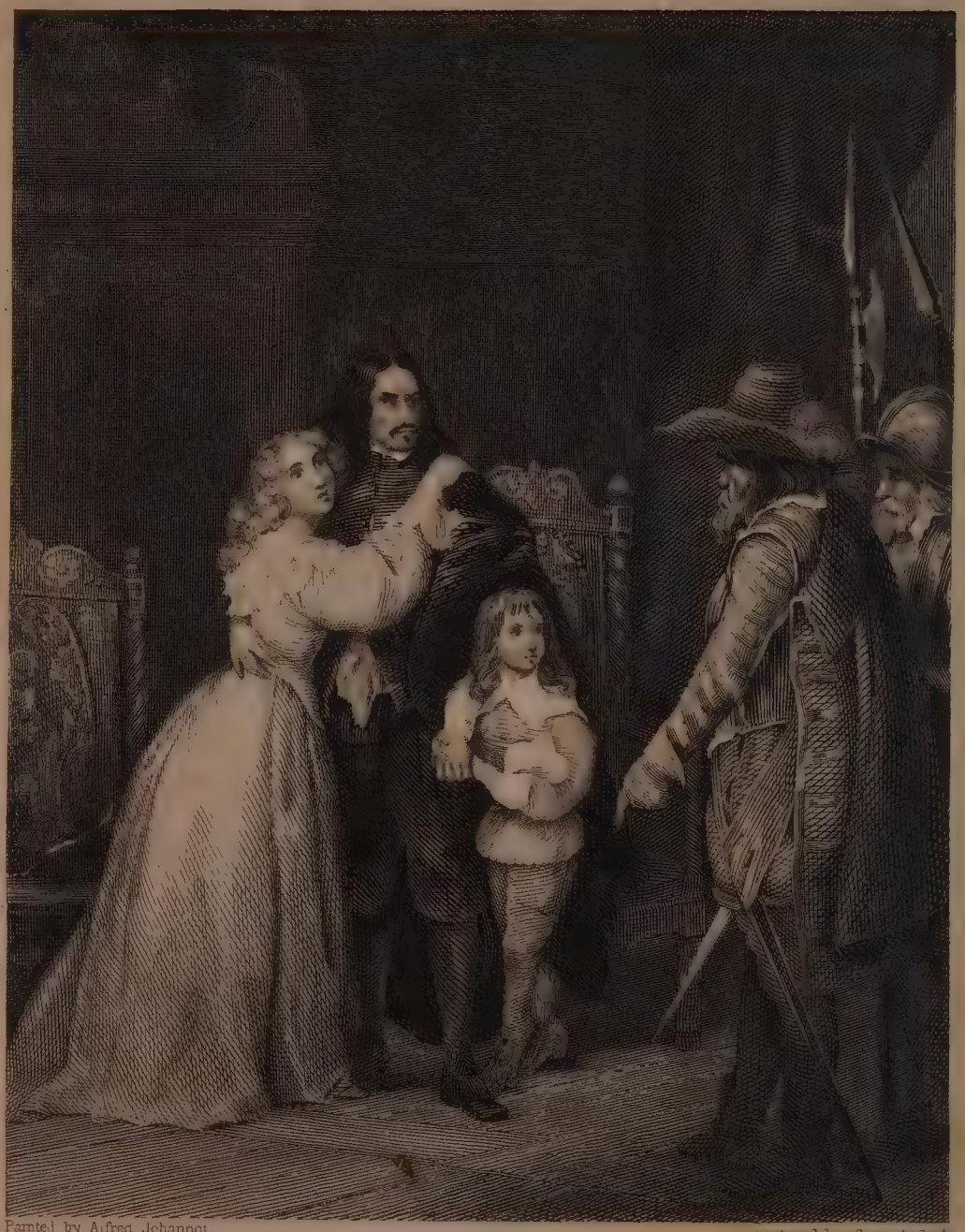
"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastile!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix.—Several steps were heard ascending the stair-case.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment.



Painted by Alfred Johannot. Engraved by Conrad Cook.

THE ARREST.

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Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy quitting Julian, ran back to his father and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader; whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Letter-de-Cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastile.

* * * * * * *

Monsieur Le Croix stood at the gate of his Chateau. How he had regained his liberty he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in them, and, short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length he arrived at the well known portal, and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who answered his summons, and let him in. He ascended the stair-case, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him! On the landing place he saw Eugene, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of his drawing-room with an indescribable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the Count were there! They did not seem to perceive him, but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of

the husband beat! They spoke, but their words he heard not; he only saw what their looks discoursed—it was pleasure. The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the Count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short; or, if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression upon him. At last he closed with the Count—they struggled—Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat.—'T was a dream! Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastile.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which, an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What

was intended?"—He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again,—"did he not hear something?—No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastile. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison; and throw down its walls and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he heard above him? or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastile beset?—It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastile has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix; "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud and confused, as

of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the keyhole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges—The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators.—He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked,—

"'Tis down!—The Bastile is down!!"

J. S. K.

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